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THE MENTOR

THE ORCHESTRA

By W. J. HENDERSON
Author and Music Critic

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

VOLUME 5
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WEAVERS OF SOUND

HE figure of the conductor, dressed in black, stood in the center; silent, impassive, firm, eloquent in its tranquil poise. With slight motions, easy and graceful as if they came without thought and required no effort, his right hand, with the little baton, gave the time and rhythm, commanding swift obedience; while his left hand lightly beckoned here and there with magical persuasion, drawing forth louder or softer notes, stirring the groups of instruments to passionate expression, or hushing them to delicate and ethereal strains.

* * *

THERE was no labor, no dramatic display in that leadership; nothing to distract the attention or to break the spell of the music. All the toil of art, the consideration of effects, the sharp and vehement assertion of authority, lay behind him in the rehearsals. Now the finished work, the noble interpretation of the composer's musical idea, flowed forth at the leader's touch, as if each motive and phrase, each period and melody, were waiting somewhere in the air to reveal itself at his slight signal. And through all the movement the orchestra answered to the master's will as if it were a single instrument.

* * *

WITH what precision the bows of the violins moved up and down together; how accurately the wood-winds came in with their gentler notes; how regularly the brazen keys of the trumpets rose and fell, and the long, shining tubes of the trombone slid out and in. Such varied motions, yet all so limited, so orderly, so certain and obedient, looked like the sure interplay of the parts of a wonderful machine.

* * *

THERE must be some strange, invisible keyboard, some secret system of communication between the leader and those various contrivances of wood and wire and sheepskin and horsehair and metal out of which he brings melody and harmony. How should one conceive of this mysterious keyboard and its hidden connections? How should one comprehend and imagine? Was it not, after all, the most wonderful thing about the great instrument on which a symphony is played?

* * *

BEHOLD a company of human beings, trained and disciplined to common action, understanding one another through the sharing of a certain technical knowledge, and bound together by a unity of will, which was expressed in their central obedience to the leader. The arms, the hands, the lips of these hundred persons were weaving together the many colored garments of music, because their minds knew the pattern, and their wills worked together in the design. Here was the wonderful hidden system of communication, more magical than any mechanism. . . . The instruments were but the tools. The composer was the master-designer. The leader and his orchestra were the weavers of the rich robe of sound, in which alone the hidden Spirit of Music becomes perceptible to mortal sense.

HENRY VAN DYKE

From "The Music Lover."

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FEBRUARY 15, 1917

THE ORCHESTRA

By W. J. HENDERSON

Music Critic of the N. Y. Sun. Author of "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music," "The Story of Music," etc., etc.

MENTOR GRAVURES

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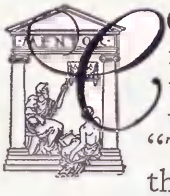

CONSIDERING the orchestra as merely a collection of instruments playing together, we might properly declare that it was as old as instrumental music. When Babylon was in the fullness of her splendor, her ruler spoke thus: "To you it is commanded, O people, nations and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up."

Nebuchadnezzar reigned in the sixth century B. C., and there is evidence that, 500 years before his time, Assyria came quite as near as he to having an orchestra. But none of these ancient nations, nor yet those of the Middle Ages, had any conception of balance or contrast in the disposition of an ensemble* of instruments. The medieval bands were based on a desire for rich, full sound. As Lavoix (la'-vwah) has said in his "History of Instrumentation," it was "mass, number, which the public sought, without troubling itself about the artistic effect."

Because music was studied only by the fathers of the Roman Catholic Church during the twelve centuries after the birth of Christ, only vocal church composition was developed. The orchestra was still an unbalanced

*Pronounced ong-sahm'-ble, and meaning here an "assembly" of instruments.

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THE WOOD-WIND CHOIR—BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

From left to right—Flutes, Bassoons, Oboes, English Horn (resting on the floor and curving upward), and Clarinets

mass of ill-assorted instruments when the Italian opera was born, at the end of the sixteenth century. Peri's "Euridice" (per'-ree's eu-re-dee'-chee) (1600) was accompanied by a harpsichord, two instruments (large and small) of the lute family, a lyre and three flutes. Claudio Monteverde's "Orfeo" (1607) used many more instruments, and the same master a little later composed for one scene in his "Il Combattimento di Tancredi (tan-cray'-dee) e Florinda," a descriptive accompaniment for three violas and a bass.

This was probably the first advance toward the string quartet, the foundation of the modern orchestra. In 1655 Cavalli (ka-val'-lee) put forth in his opera "Giasone" (jah-so'-neh), an accompaniment for two violins and bass, in a style which prevailed for fifty years. Alessandro Scarlatti (born 1659—died 1725) began the writing of accompaniments for two violins, viola and bass in four-part harmony, just as composers have done ever since. Flutes, oboes, bassoons, trumpets and tympani furnished the remainder of the early orchestra.

Foundation Principles

But the fundamental laws had been discovered. Composers had learned that they must write with their minds fixed on the comparative powers and characteristic tone qualities of the various instruments, in order to gain artistic and beautiful results. They had learned that the "strings" (the violin group) must be the foundation of the whole. They had gained an insight into the methods of obtaining solidity and transparency of tone. Since the basis of the orchestra was determined there has been no essential change in its constitution. A larger number

THE BRASS CHOIR—BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
From left to right—Bass Tuba, Horns, Trumpets, Trombones

and variety of instruments is now employed than in the day of Haydn (heidn), but they are instruments of the same families as he used, and their relationship in the orchestra is unchanged.

Trombones do not appear in the scores of Haydn's symphonies, but he employed them in his oratorios. His symphonic orchestra contained flutes, oboes, clarinets (in his later works), bassoons, horns, trumpets, tympani (kettle drums), violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses (bass viols). Adding trombones, we have all that Beethoven had. Wagner and Richard Strauss use more kinds of flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons, a larger number of horns, trumpets and trombones, more kinds of instruments of percussion; but the ground plan of their orchestra and their broad treatment of its different parts is the same as Beethoven's.

The Modern Orchestra

The modern orchestra naturally divides itself into three principal groups of instruments and one accessory group. The three principal groups are instruments of wood, sounded by blowing through them (called the "wood-wind," and including flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons), instruments of brass, operated in the same way (including the various horns, trumpets and trombones), and stringed instruments, played with bows. The accessory group is composed of instruments of percussion (the drums, triangle, cymbals, etc.). To the musical profession, and therefore to the instructed amateur, the groups are known as the "wood," the "brass," the "strings," and the "battery."

When a composer writes down a piece for orchestra he sets the instruments in the following order from the top of the page of his music "score," as it is called: flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, tubas, tympani (kettle drums), and other instruments of

Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. The effect results from the incongruity of the hoarse, heavy tone and the type of melody allotted to the bassoon. There is also a contra-bassoon, a bass instrument of still lower pitch. Clarinets are instruments of larger bore than oboes, and, having mouthpieces with but a single reed, their tone is fuller, richer, and less reedy. They have a large compass, ranging from the alto region to high treble, and are capable of executing rapid and complicated passages with effect. The tone can be graded in force from the faintest pianissimo (soft) to a sonorous forte (loud), and the clarinet thus becomes the most expressive instrument among the wood-wind. It is, indeed, as Berlioz declared, the true dramatic soprano of the wind band. It is always found in pairs in the older scores, but recent writers often call for three and sometimes for four. There is also a bass clarinet, which carries the tone of this family far down into the lower scale. The bass clarinet is admirable as a solo instrument, and naturally can also be employed as a bass in chords. A contra-bass clarinet carries the range of the family still further downward, and provides a tone like that of a large organ pipe.

GEORGE BARRERE
Distinguished Flute Soloist, New York Symphony Orchestra

The Brass Instruments

The instruments of the brass choir have no reeds in the mouthpieces. The vibrations are furnished by the lips of the players. Every brass instrument can be made to produce a certain series of tones merely by blowing, and without the operation of valves. These are known as the natural tones, and in early times were alone available to composers. But now horns and trumpets are furnished with valves, three in number. The pressing down of a valve opens a section of tubing which alters the total length of the tube of the instrument and thus changes its key, thereby giving the player another series of natural tones. The valve trumpets and horns have a complete chromatic scale.* In the trombone this same result is obtained by moving the slide, as you can see the players doing at any concert. This alters the length of the tube and changes the key of the trombone.

FIRST CLARINET
Gustav Langenus, New York Symphony Orchestra

The variety in the quality of tone among the brass choir is due to the differences in the lengths and borings of the tubes, and of the shape of the mouthpieces. The horn has a deep

*A chromatic scale runs through all the tones—semi-tones as well as full tones—of the octave.

conical mouthpiece; trumpets and trombones have mouthpieces shaped much like the lower half of an egg cup. The reader need not be perplexed with details as to the tubes. It is enough to know the general principle: large tube, low pitch; small tube, high pitch. Trombones, for example, are made in various registers, from soprano to bass, the first named being comparatively small, the last quite large. In modern scores the lowest bass of the brass is furnished by the tuba, a huge, deep-toned instrument of the Saxhorn family.

FIRST VIOLIN
Thaddeus Rich, Concert Master Philadelphia Orchestra

FIRST VIOLIN
Maximilian Pilzer, New York Philharmonic Orchestra

The horn is the mellowest and richest of the brass instruments, and blends with wood or strings as well as with trumpets and trombones. Hence it is a useful solo singer, and an essential of the harmony. The trumpet is the military member of the brass choir, because its tone is not strikingly different from that of a bugle. The trombone is the noblest chanter of the choir, as it proves in the overture to "Tannhäuser." Four horns are now found in orchestras, thus giving a full harmony independently. Trumpets appear sometimes in pairs, sometimes in triplets, and again in fours. Trombones are usually employed three at a time. All of these instruments can be treated as solo voices, or as parts of the general harmony.

Producing Orchestral Effects

It will be seen that the wood-wind instruments offer numerous combinations for chords. Two flutes and two clarinets, two clarinets and two oboes, two oboes and two bassoons—any of these squads can be used independently. By changing the combination the composer alters the tonal character of his chord. By joining instruments of different families he obtains still other tone colors.* Thus is variety secured. Firmness of texture results from dividing the notes of every chord properly among the instruments, so that there is no lack of balance. In the singing of the melody, too, by using first one kind of instrument and then another, and again by making two sound the same notes together, the composer can impart almost inexhaustible variety to his idea.

The same conditions attach to the choir of string instruments, with the addition that, within themselves, the bowed instruments are capable

*See paragraph on page 12 for explanation of tone color.

of a larger range of effects than either the wood or the brass. The strings are the foundation of the orchestra, and skill in writing for them is the basis of good orchestration. The violin is the chief singer of the orchestra. Its compass stretches from G below the treble clef, three and a half octaves upward. So it is a contralto, a dramatic, a lyric and a coloratura soprano, for there is almost no limit to its expression and agility. Furthermore, its compass can be even further extended upward by the use of harmonics; that is, little, thin, flute-like tones produced by a particular kind of finger pressure. These harmonics can be obtained from each of the four strings. Each string also yields an extended scale in itself by the employment of different positions of the left hand on the finger board. Since each string has a special tonal character, a violin becomes in effect a singer with four voices, yet blending so perfectly in the sweep of the full scale that they become one.

LEO SCHULZ
New York Philharmonic Orchestra

THE VIOLONCELLO
Called the 'Cello ("chello"). Three solo players. Directly above, Cornelius Van Vliet, Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

HANS KINDLER
Philadelphia Orchestra

One violin playing alone gives a different effect from a dozen playing together, and these again from two or three heard simultaneously. The manner of using the bow brings forth still other effects. Playing close to the bridge makes rude sounds; over the finger-board, veiled tones. Bouncing the bow in short, sharp strokes or smoothly drawing in long ones creates sounds wholly unlike. Again, plucking the strings with the fingers (pizzicato) offers new opportunities to the composer. And when the sordine, a little thing looking like a comb, is pressed down over the strings at the bridge, the violin whispers like an æolian harp.

The viola is a lower toned violin, whose compass begins with the C below the G of the violin. Its tone is, therefore, characteristic, and it can be used for solo effects as well as to unite with the general harmony. All that can be done on a violin can be done on a viola. The violoncello is a still larger instrument of the viol family, with a compass ranging from the low C of the bass clef to high up in the treble. It is a valuable solo instrument because of its characteristic tone, and it can be used in many ways in the formation of chords. Harmonics, pizzicati, etc., are available here as in the violin and viola. The double bass is the deepest toned instrument of the viol family, its scale beginning with the E an octave below the bass clef. All that has been said about the other strings applies also to it.

BASS VIOL
Called the "Double Bass." Anton Torello
Philadelphia Orchestra

In full harmonies of simple type the first violin supplies the soprano, the second the contralto, the viola the tenor, the 'cello the baritone, and the double bass the bass. But often the composer has more than five notes in his chord, and he divides his violins into more than two parts. The violas, 'cellos and double basses can be divided. So, too, any member of the choir can be omitted and the harmony given to one or more of the others. Violins can play in four or more parts; so can violas, 'cellos or double basses. Again, the melody can be given to the viola or the 'cello and the accompaniment to the others. Thus we see that almost numberless combinations can be made to give variety. So when we remember that any or all of the strings can be combined with any or all of the other instruments, we see that the resources of the composer are large.

THE HARP
Henry T. Williams, Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

The tympani (kettle drums) are the principal members of the percussion department. They can be tuned to different notes and thus made to assist in the harmony. They are even given solo effects at times, as in Beethoven's fourth, fifth and ninth symphonies.

Other instruments of the percussion department which have melodic properties are bells and the xylophone (zeil'-o-phone), while those that can only beat rhythms are the snare and bass drums, triangle, castanets, etc.

Composers must orchestrate so melody and harmonies shall be heard in their correct relations. This is called balance of parts. When it is attained, the music sounds clear, richly sonorous, instead of thick and noisy.

FRANÇOIS-ANTOINE HABENECK
Founder of the famous old Conservatoire Orchestra, Paris

The Conductor's Art

He does his work at rehearsal, not, as many suppose, at the public performance. While actually directing at the concert, he reminds his men by his gestures of what he told them repeatedly at rehearsal. Players who have to come in after several measures' rest he aids by giving the cue for entrance. If the time becomes too fast or too slow, he brings it back to the correct rate. If the loudness or softness is not just what he wishes, he modifies it. But the general plan of the performance and all the intricate details of light and shade must be carefully prepared beforehand. It is in the excellence of the body itself, and the patient polishing of its playing, that the great orchestra rises superior to the ordinary one. Conducting is at least as old as the beginning of the fourteenth century, but the modern period, in which it rose above mere time beating to a supreme interpretive art, begins with the work of Johann Stamitz (1717–57), director of the Mannheim (Germany) Orchestra, and François (frahn-swah') Joseph Gossec (1734–1829), founder of the Concerts des Amateurs (days-ama-tuhr') in Paris. These two made a close study of the technic of orchestral playing,

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH
Former Conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Founder of the New York Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society Father of Walter Damrosch

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Conductor New York Symphony Orchestra

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Conductor Boston Symphony Orchestra

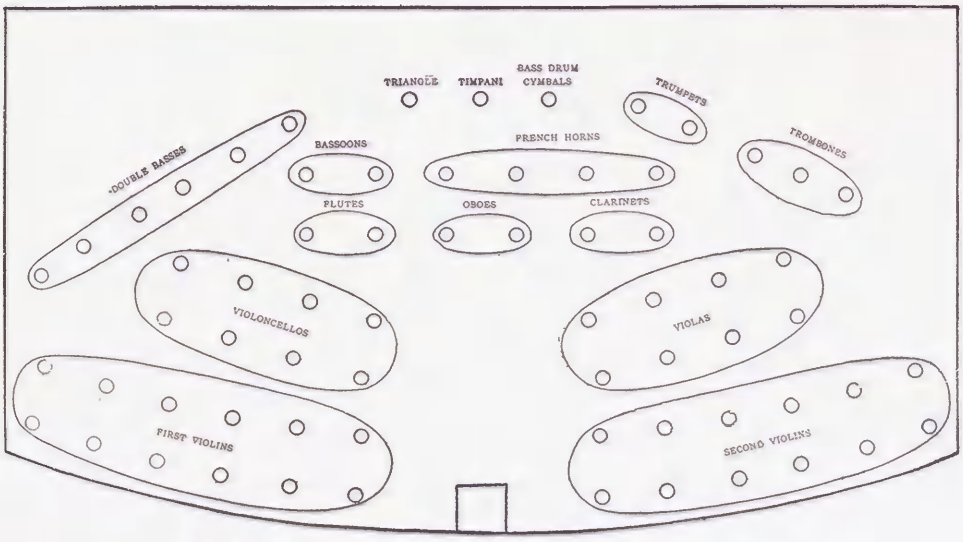
CHARLES LAMOUREUX
A noted Conductor of the Paris Conservatoire and other musical organizations

and brought it to a point of refinement at which real interpretation became possible. Since their time the orchestra has been developed under many master hands until today, when we find it the fullest and most eloquent instrument of musical expression.

JOSEF STRANSKY
Conductor New York Philharmonic Orchestra

ALFRED HERTZ
Conductor San Francisco Orchestra

It remains only to say that the United States not only rivals, but surpasses, Europe in the number of its great concert orchestras. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, founded by Henry L. Higginson, and now conducted by Dr. Karl Muck, is a distinguished body of performers. Then there is the Chicago Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock, and the San Francisco Orchestra, at present under the leadership of Alfred Hertz. The Philadelphia Orchestra, directed by Leopold Stokowski (sto-kov′-skee), has assumed high rank, and the Minneapolis Orchestra, Emil Oberhoffer, conductor, invites consideration. The oldest orchestra in the United States is the Philharmonic of New York, founded in 1842.



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THE OPEN LETTER

Editor of The Mentor,

DEAR SIR: The Mentor on Russian Music is intensely interesting. I want to learn more about Scriabin. The Mentor says that one of his conceits was to combine "perfume and colored lights" with orchestral sounds. Please enlighten me. I once heard a music teacher ask her class to define "color" in music. No one succeeded, and I have often wondered what it was. I will appreciate an explanation.

This question has to do with two entirely different things. "Color" in music is one thing—Scriabin's experiment another. The term "color" has been used in musical art for many years, and it has a definite meaning to educated musicians. It is not easy to impart that meaning to the general reader. The arts do not possess complete separate vocabularies. The same words have to serve several arts. In order, therefore, to get a clear understanding of some of the qualities of one art we have to borrow words from another art. And so we speak of "tones" in painting, and "color" in music.

★ ★ ★

When you hear a note in music, you think you hear only one tone. As a matter of fact, the note is made up of the fundamental tone and a number of little overtones that sound with it. For example, when you hear the note of C natural on some instruments, the note of G a fifth above will be sounding in with it, also perhaps the note of E above that, and other higher notes. You may not be able to detect them, but these overtones are there. Every voice and every musical instrument has what is called its "tone color," due to these faint overtones that accompany the fundamental tones of the voice or instrument. Thanks to these little overtones you can tell whether a musical note is being played on a violin, a trumpet or a clarinet. These humming overtones differ in number, pitch and loudness in different instruments. In orchestral works, the "color" varies endlessly because of the infinite number of combinations afforded by the different instruments—of wood, brass or silver—each with its own little overtones. To mix these various tones is like mixing paints of different color—hence the musicians adopted the word "color."

Scriabin's use of color is quite a different thing. He combined *actual* color and perfumes with music, with the purpose of making an appeal simultaneously to three different senses—sight, hearing, and smell. He used a scheme of real colors visible to the eye, which were thrown on a screen and were controlled by means of a keyboard. He associated certain colors with certain harmonies, and he blended perfumes with the music and colors. This three-fold art of Scriabin's found expression in several works, one of which he called a "Mystery," and which had performances in various cities of Europe. The whole idea was quite too queer. The result was vague, and the idea too fantastic to make a convincing art appeal

★ ★ ★

While on the subject of Russian composers, it might be well to say a word concerning the pronunciation of Russian names. I think that some of us are unduly alarmed by the "itches" and "iskees" that end many Russian names. Petro'vitch should not disturb anyone. It is pronounced exactly as spelt. Glinka is another case, altogether simple; likewise Rubinstein and Borodin (it is simply bor'-o-din). There are some, however, that are not so simple. Here are the pronunciations of them, indicated as well as possible by phonetic spelling:

Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky (peter il'-yitch chai-kov'-skee); Nicholas Andreievich Rimsky-Korsakov (nik'-o-las an-drey'-ay-vitch rim'-skee kor-'sa-kov); Igor Stravinsky (strah-vin'-skee); Michael Ivanovitch Glinka (mik-hail' ee-vahn'-o-vitch glin'-ka); Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky (moe-dest' pet-ro'-vitch moo-sorg'-skee); Mili Balakirev (mee'-lee bah-lah-kee'-rev); Liadov (lyah'-dov); Rachmaninov (rak-man'-ee-nov); Scriabin (skree'-a-bin); Ippolitov-Ivanov (ip-pol'-ee-tov eev'-an-ov); Diaghileff (dee-ag'-ee-leff); Massine (mass-een'.) Pavlowa (pav-lo'-vah). Nijinsky (nee-zhin'-skee.)

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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March 1. BRAZIL. *By E. M. Newman, Lecturer and Traveler.*

March 15. THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE. *By Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of Government, Harvard University.*

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MARCH 1 1917 SERIAL NO. 126

THE MENTOR

BRAZIL

By E. M. NEWMAN
Lecturer and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 2

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THE FUTURE OF BRAZIL

IT is hard to convey the impression with which one sees the shores of Brazil sink below the horizon after coasting along them for three thousand miles, and coming to know something of the boundless wealth which Nature has lavished upon man in this vast land. Not even the great North American republic has a territory at once so large and so productive. What will be its future? Are the people worthy of such an inheritance?

THE first thought that rises in the mind of those who are possessed, as in this age we all more or less are, by the passion for the development of natural resources, is a feeling of regret that a West European race, powerful by its numbers and its skill, has not, to use the familiar phrase, "got the thing in hand." The white part of the Brazilian nation—and it is only that part that need be considered—seems altogether too small for the tasks which the possession of this country imposes. "How men from the Mississippi would make things hum along the Amazon and the Parana!" says the traveler from the United States. In thirty years, Brazil would have fifty millions of inhabitants. Steamers would ply upon the rivers, railways would thread the recesses of the forests, and this already vast dominion would almost inevitably be enlarged at the expense of weaker neighbors, till it reached the foot of the Andes.

SECOND or third thoughts suggest a doubt whether such a consummation is really in the interests of the world. May not territories be developed too quickly? . . . With so long a life in prospect as men of science grant to our planet, why should we seek to open all the mines and cut down all the forests, and leave nothing in the exploitation of natural resources to succeeding generations? In the long run, doubtless the lands, like the tools, will go to those who can use them. But it may be well to wait and see what new conditions another century brings about for the world; and the Latin-American peoples may within that time grow into something different from what they now appear to the critical eyes of Europe and North America.

JAMES BRYCE

From "South America," by James Bryce, The MacMillan Co., New York.

MAR 5 1917

AVENIDA RIO BRANCO, RIO DE JANEIRO

B R A Z I L

By E. M. NEWMAN
Lecturer and Traveler

MENTOR GRAVURES

SÃO PAULO · FALLS OF PIRACICABA · NATIONAL MUSEUM, RIO DE JANEIRO
COFFEE PLANTATION, NEAR SÃO PAULO · BAHIA · THE BEIRA MAR, RIO DE JANEIRO

BRAZIL is a huge wonderland, part known and realized, and part wilderness. In its forests is Nature's apothecary shop, where have been found hundreds of medicinal plants. Wild rubber abounds in the Amazon Valley, and more than one hundred million dollars' worth was annually exported before rubber became a cultivated plant in Mexico and the West Indies. When the early navigators sailed up the island-studded bay which leads to the present capital, they thought it was the mouth of a broad river, and as it was in the month of January, they named it Rio de Janeiro (ree′-oh de zhan-air′-oh), the river of January.

The harbor is generally acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful in the world. Sugar Loaf lifts its lofty head out of the gloom, and, with Corcovado and other fantastically shaped peaks in the background, the scene is one of indescribable grandeur.

Rio has justly earned its title, "City of Beautiful Views." It clings and wraps round the spurs of mountains, weird in form and grotesque in shape. It is hard for man to make any city worthy of such surroundings. Starting as a small settlement, Rio has been successively the capital of a province, a kingdom, an empire, and a republic. Only in recent years has the

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city greatly changed. Twelve years ago it was a city of antiquated streets and foul-smelling, open sewered thoroughfares, which were more like alleys.

Today it is a city of broad avenues, with clean, well-kept pavements and a beautiful boulevard which follows the sea for miles. The Beira Mar (Around the Sea), a magnificent avenue, occupies what was a short time ago a breeding place for mosquitoes. The Avenida Rio Branco now extends through the heart of the city. A few years ago it was a tangle of narrow lanes, which were purchased by the government. Within two years the old buildings disappeared, drainage was introduced, the street was paved, and the Avenida was completed.

AVENIDA RIO BRANCO, RIO DE JANEIRO
Looking down the broad, designed pavement

Commercial Development

When the harbor of Rio was opened to the commerce of the world, its business increased with amazing rapidity. Everything was sent to Brazil, without the slightest regard for its fitness, the tropical climate, or the real needs of the people. On opening the cases, customs officials were astounded to find warm blankets, heating apparatus, ice skates, and other equally useless merchandise.

An American corporation now owns the electric lighting and street car franchises, controls the water supply, and has been an important factor in establishing needed improvements. Street-car fare is expensive, averaging from seven to fifteen cents for first-class fare. All street cars are called "bonds," and the origin of the name is curious.

STATUE DOM PEDRO
At Petropolis

When electric cars were first introduced, the capitalists who had secured the franchise offered bonds for sale. These were purchased by the Brazilians under the impression that they were buying a street car for every bond purchased. So the street cars became known as "bonds," a name which has clung to them ever since.

B R A Z I L

One's first experience with Brazilian money is amusing. The dollar mark is used to designate the reis, a coin so small it would require a magnifying glass to see it. A thousand reis equals about twenty-five cents of American money. For $200 in American money one becomes a millionaire; in other words, he receives for that amount of money more than a million reis. But the illusion vanishes when one sits down to his first luncheon, and finds on the menu such prices as: bread, 200 reis; butter 300 reis, and then learns that his first meal costs in Brazilian money about 8,000 reis.

PRESIDENT'S PALACE, RIO DE JANEIRO

Tropical Life

The breath of the tropics prevails throughout the northern part of Brazil. Tropical fruits grow in abundance, there are dense jungles, and an enormous primeval forest, in which rain falls amost continuously, creating the mightiest of rivers within the greatest stretch of forest in existence. Here the trees are matted thick with parasite plants, forming a compact mass of green.

AVENIDA DO MANGUE, RIO DE JANEIRO
A grand boulevard, a mile and a half in length, and with a canal in the center

In this section of Brazil negroes predominate; and they live as they do in our Southern States. Surrounding their cabins may be a patch of corn, a few banana stalks, and some mandioca root. Nature has been so bountiful that they need not exert themselves. The developed part constitutes only a small part of the country, just a fringe along the Atlantic coast. This strip supports a population of nearly twenty-two millions, but enables Brazil to export annually products to the value of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Bahia and Petropolis

Largest among the cities of the north are Para and Bahia, the former situated at the entrance to the Amazon River, and the latter seven hundred and fifty miles north of Rio. Bahia is a fine modern city,

FERRY
Between São Paulo and the Snake Farm

MUNICIPAL THEATER AT SÃO PAULO

divided into two sections, an upper and a lower town. Along the seafront is the business section, occupied by banks, business and shipping interests. The upper city is reached by a long, winding road or by means of *ascensores* or elevators. It is in this section of the city that one finds beautiful homes, surrounded by tropical gardens. Bahia has a larger percentage of negroes than any other Brazilian city. One might imagine himself in one of our Southern cities, were it not for the curious gutteral Portuguese, which is the only language spoken by the negroes.

During the Empire, because of the many and almost constant outbreaks of yellow fever, a summer capital was established at Petropolis, which sits high in the mountains, about two hours' journey by rail from Rio. Ascending about three thousand feet, one finds Petropolis an attractive city. During the hot season it is the fashionable summer resort of Brazilian society, and the wealth and gayety of the capital is transferred to it for a short period.

In its streets is a statue of Dom Pedro II, who was but fifteen years of age when in 1840 he ascended the throne. He reigned for nearly half a century. He was most democratic in manner, rather negligent in dress, and had the reputation for preferring to read a favorite author than to preside over a state dinner. Even when forced to leave the country, he retained the love and respect of his people, but they wanted a republic, with the liberty enjoyed by the people of the United States, so Dom Pedro had to go.

STREET SCENE IN SÃO PAULO

São Paulo

Brazil has improved wonderfully since the overthrow of the Empire in 1889. More than

15,000 miles of railway are now in operation, and the city of São Paulo (sahng pow′-loh), then a town of 25,000 inhabitants, has become a metropolis with a population of nearly half a million. Many other cities still retain characteristics which are typically Portuguese, but São Paulo has outgrown these. Even the exclusiveness of family life has disappeared, and the young women of the city may be seen out upon the streets, unaccompanied by a duenna or chaperon (which would be unknown in more conservative Rio).

The State of São Paulo is a big coffee producing section, and São Paulo is the distributing center for this important product. Its great wealth has made it the most progressive place in Brazil. Many of the boys from this province have been sent to the United States, especially for a technical education.

SANTOS
An important seaport city of Southern Brazil

Just outside the city is a snake farm, one of three similar institutions in the world. Dr. Brazil, the head of the institution, has been experimenting with poisonous reptiles for nearly twenty years, and has discovered a serum which is not only a certain cure for snake bite, but also for a number of virulent diseases.

A DOCK AT SANTOS

The doctor extracts the venom from the glands of the snakes, then places the poison in a heater, where it crystallizes, and afterwards it is used to inoculate other animals. From the latter a serum is obtained which has been used with wonderful results.

Coffee Growing

From São Paulo bamboo roads lead through the coffee plantations. Everywhere in this vicinity is the rich, red soil of the coffee country. On the largest fazenda, or plantation, there are eight million coffee trees, from which twenty-three million pounds of coffee are annually marketed.

There are from two hundred and fifty to three hundred coffee trees to the acre. The work of caring for them is let out to families at so much a thousand trees per year. A family can take care of about five thousand

PA
VI
RIO D

SNAKE FARM
Dr. Brazil and Mr. Newman standing together

trees, receiving from twenty-five to thirty dollars per thousand. In addition they are paid for picking, and are also permitted to plant corn and beans between the coffee rows.

A Brazilian proverb says, "Coffee must be as strong as Satan, as black as ink, as hot as hades, and as sweet as love." It is served not only on all social occasions, but, as with tea in Japan, in every place of business. If, in calling on a family, coffee were not served, one might be justified in believing that the call was not welcome.

Eighty per cent. of all the coffee consumed in the United States comes from Brazil. It matters little whether your grocer labels your coffee Mocha, Java, or any other name, it is a pretty safe guess that it was grown in Brazil. The different brands may even have come from the same tree.

STREE
P
RIO I

The Schools and the People

In the interior is the town of Piracicaba (peer-a-see-kah′-bah), where there is a good American school. It is maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and is one of four similar schools in different parts of Brazil. These schools are attended by girls from the best Brazilian families, and have an excellent reputation for efficiency.

GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL SCHOOL AT CAMPINAS

Here again we come upon many negroes. As in the United States, they were originally brought into Brazil and sold as slaves. When slavery was abolished in 1888, there were about 750,000 slaves in the country.

Today there is no color line, no class distinction. Whites freely intermarry with negroes, and in time Brazilians hope to assimilate and absorb the negro blood. As a result of this intermarriage, we now see negroes of every shade, from the full-blooded negro with his black skin, to the light complexioned octoroon.

At the close of the Civil War, many Southern families, whose plantations had been devastated, feeling that they did not want to live under the old flag, went to Brazil and established the Villa Americana. There are still about one hundred American families living in and about Villa Americana, although the village now contains more Italians than Americans.

A few of the Americans have prospered; others have done but moderately well. When the Southern families first arrived, they immediately bought some slaves, and to this day a number of the blacks in this vicinity speak English. When Senator Root was in Brazil, he visited this little colony, and the Brazilian government afterward named a town in his

honor. It is called "Elihu Root," and is located on the Paulista Railroad. Not far from Villa Americana is Nova Odessa (New Odessa), a Russian colony. When I asked one of the Russians how he liked Brazil, he said the country was all right, but he preferred Russia. Here, said he, one must work all year round, but in Russia, because of the climate, one need work but four months in a year.

In this little settlement the government maintains a stock farm, where it is experimenting in breeding high grade cattle. Blooded stock has been imported from other countries, and the native breed has been greatly improved. This industry is sure to become one of the chief sources of revenue.

In the southern part of Brazil there is a very large German colony, where cattle breeding is rapidly developing, and in time the selling of cattle will rank in importance with the growing of coffee and the sale of rubber.

Social Life

Brazilians as a rule are conservative. They do not permit their daughters to go out without a chaperon. At the fashionable promenading hour in the capital, which is from three to five in the afternoon, the Avenida Rio Branco is thronged with promenaders. One rarely sees women walking with men, as that is not considered good form. The girls usually walk in couples, while the men are seen arm in arm, nodding and bowing politely in the passing. In the evening the Avenida reminds one of the famous boulevards of Paris. On its broad sidewalks are placed tables and chairs like those seen in the streets of the French capital. It is the custom in Rio, as in Paris, for people to sit by the hour, sipping coffee and cordials, while they enjoy the spectacle of the passing throng. When women are seen walking with men, one may be sure that they are married or publicly engaged. Should a young man be privileged to call at the home of a Brazilian girl, the parents are present. Brazilians are fond of luxurious living.

BAMBOO LINED ROAD
In the coffee country

DRYING COFFEE
Scene at one of the great coffee fazendas (plantations) near Campinas

THEREZOPOLIS MOUNTAINS, NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO
The pointed formation is called "The Finger of God"

In the evening, on the Beira Mar, the beautiful avenue which follows for miles the contour of the Bay, one may see magnificent motor cars, each with a liveried chauffeur and footman. The cars are of the finest manufacture, and luxurious in every detail. The gowns of the women, most of which are Parisian made, are stylish and costly. Many of the women do not wear hats, and are dressed as if they were on their way to the opera while they ride up and down the avenue. They want to "see and be seen"—a most natural desire of people of leisure and wealth. We observe in the homes, as in public, a fondness for bright color and rich effects. It must be remembered that a large part of Brazil is in the tropics, and gay colors harmonize with the brilliant foliage and the tropical surroundings.

FARM SCENE
In the interior of southern Brazil

July is the season in Rio, as it is only in the winter months that one may go to the races, or attend the opera in the magnificent Municipal Theater. The world's greatest artists appear during the season, and opera is given in French, Italian and Spanish. At times a Portuguese company of operatic stars is brought over from across the Atlantic. Americans should not make the mistake of going to Brazil in our winter months. The seasons are reversed, our winter is their summer. Then, when it is hot in Rio, anybody who is anybody leaves the city and goes to Petropolis, the summer capital, situated high in the hills. January, February and March in northern Brazil are so hot that even the bathing beaches are deserted, while in July and August the weather is usually delightful. Guarujá (guar-oo-zhah′), situated on the sea coast not far from Santos, is a favorite resort. Though lacking the luxurious beauty of Mar del Plata in Argentina, it is very attractive and has a fine bathing beach.

We return to the sea-coast by way of the São Paulo Railroad. Because of a contract entered into with the government, this road cannot pay

more than twelve per cent. in annual dividends; any excess reverts to the government.

To avoid paying the government any money, the São Paulo Railroad has most luxurious appointments. The directors seem to have done everything except gild the rails.

VILLA AMERICANA
Street scene in the American town

Santos

The terminus is Santos, the greatest seaport in southern Brazil, and a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. From this port is annually shipped about sixty per cent. of the world's supply of coffee. As many as thirteen million sacks have been exported from here in a period of one year.

Special machinery has been built for the loading of coffee on the steamers, and there is now a capacity of eight thousand sacks per hour. This has made possible the handling of an enormous amount of Brazil's chief product.

Santos is one of the few ports on either the east or the west coast of South America where steamers can go to a wharf. At almost every port it is necessary to unload freight onto lighters, and, as there is usually a high sea running, the lighters roll and tumble about helplessly on the crest of the waves. Many of the cases come down with a crash, and this calls attention to the necessity for careful packing, as nowhere else is freight subjected to worse conditions.

A RANCH
In the interior country of Brazil

Where there are no railroads, pack animals must be used, and the merchandise must be so packed that it may be transported on the backs of animals. These are things which must be considered if the American manufacturer is serious in his endeavor to obtain South American trade.

We are by far the best customer Brazil has, but we have never received our just share of patronage from the

B R A Z I L

A LOAD OF RUBBER
Rubber in rough balls being carted in the streets of Para

Brazilians. The balance of trade has heretofore been largely in their favor; it is now time for the American business men to see that this condition is changed.

Brazil has everything to make it wealthy; all kinds of climate, from the tropical north, with its rubber and medicinal plants, to the semi-tropical coffee country; and in the extreme south is a climate where wheat, corn and other cereals thrive. Diamonds, gold and silver are found in the mountains, and there are thousands of miles of good grazing country for cattle and sheep. Most populous of all the republics of South America, largest in area, containing the mightiest of all rivers, the richest and most fertile of soil, Brazil offers for the United States golden commercial opportunities. As one writer has put it: "The people are awaiting the American merchant, manufacturer and banker; they are seeking the American scientist, educator, and expert in all lines; and they will welcome the American traveler who is searching for a good opportunity of investment."

GUARUJA
Seaside resort of fashion

GUARUJA
View along the beach

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Rio Uatuma
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Rio Branco
Rio Negro
Rio Solimões
Rio Javary
Rio Jurua
Rio Purus
Rio Madeira
Rio Tapajos
Rio Xingu
Rio Tocantins
Rio Gurupy
Rio Mearim
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March 15. THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE. *By Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of Government, Harvard University.*

April 2. THE MADONNA AND CHILD IN ART. *By John C. Van Dyke, Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College.*

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MARCH 15 1917 SERIAL NO. 127

THE MENTOR

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government,
Harvard University

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

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THREE GREAT LEADERS

THE traveler who stands on the summit of one of the great mountains of Washington or Oregon is amazed at the procession of majestic snow peaks that stretches from British Columbia down to Mount Shasta. The lower mountains, which had seemed prodigious when near, are seen out of focus, dwarfed and obscured. So it is with the big personalities in American history. The longer the procession of second rate statesmen, the more do such great figures as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln tower above them. Among these high and rare peaks appears one triple summit; it is a group of three notable men: Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, who came into public life almost together, were national leaders for forty years, and passed off the stage side by side.

THESE three have often been called the Great Triumvirs because they were all active in the same vital issues of their time. They rarely acted together; they seldom all took the same side; they never held political power together, nor subdivided it like the old Roman triumvirs. Still, except perhaps John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, they still stand out in history as the greatest public men of their time; no others can compare with them in reputation.

IN many ways the triumvirs were alike. All three were self made men; all three were by nature daring; all three throughout their public lives maintained the tradition of dignity and eloquence in the halls of Congress. All of them urged great projects for the public welfare. All were able young members of the House of Representatives, then distinguished Senators, then bold and enterprising Secretaries of State. Every one of them had an unquenchable ambition to be President of the United States, and each of them stretched himself upon his dying bed without reaching the goal of that distinction.

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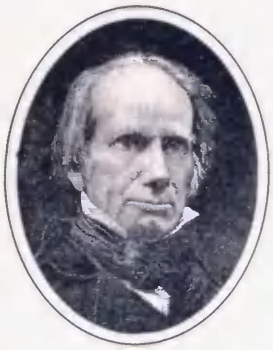
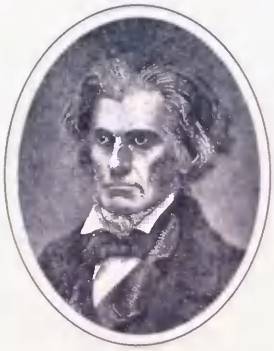


HENRY CLAY

DANIEL WEBSTER



JOHN C. CALHOUN

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE

CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government, Harvard University

MENTOR GRAVURES—HENRY CLAY · ASHLAND · DANIEL WEBSTER BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL WEBSTER · JOHN C. CALHOUN HOME OF JOHN C. CALHOUN

NOTWITHSTANDING the striking unity in their public lives, the Great Triumvirs stand out distinctly as types and representatives of three different sections of the Union. Webster was a New Hampshire boy. Any visitor may still visit the old hill farm at Salisbury, and may entertain himself with guesses as to which of the stone walls was laid by the hands of the young Daniel Webster. His early opportunities were fair, his schooling rough and scanty. He was a country boy, filled with the crude but vigorous life of what was, in his youth, the northern frontier. As he grew up, he went to the little backwoods Dartmouth College, and graduated from it—an easy task for a brilliant boy.

The only profession at that time in which a young man could hope to make money and to enter on the road that led to public life was the law. Naturally Daniel Webster became a lawyer, and in time the most renowned lawyer in the country. Throughout his life he had a power over thoughts, words and phrases which made him a leader in an age

Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1913, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1917, by The Mentor Association, Inc.

that loved great speeches. His immense mind was reflected in his massive and expressive features. He was proud of the likeness which his friends saw between his deeply carved countenance and the "Great Stone Face" of the Profile Notch in the White Mountains. A foreign visitor to this country once remarked that "No man could be as great as Daniel Webster looked."

Henry Clay, like Webster, was the son of a plain farming family, but the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," as he was sometimes called, when twenty years old, found his way from Virginia across the mountains into the West. Since he spent the rest of his life in the slaveholding State of Kentucky, and was himself a slaveholder, unthinking people have looked upon him as a Southerner. In truth, by his natural character, experience and habits of thought, Henry Clay was always a Western man. That is one reason why Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay became bitter enemies; there was not room in the two neighboring States of Kentucky and Tennessee for two such men, each of whom felt himself the champion of the Western spirit.

Before Clay entered public life, he showed a sense of the power of the West, both immediate and future. He seems to have felt that slavery was a drawback to his State; and among his earliest appearances in public were his defence of a fugitive slave and his efforts to aid in bringing about a free constitution for Kentucky. When that effort failed, he accepted slavery as a part of the system of the community in which he lived. He looked upon it as not very pleasant, but by no means the worst of evils. Not till the very end of his life did he come forward again as the advocate of a free West.

HENRY CLAY

From the portrait by Samuel S. Osgood, in the possession of the New York Historical Society

Clay was a man of imagination, who always lived in two worlds, one the every-day circle of his plantation, his friends' houses and his seat in Congress; the other, a cloudland of what the United States might be. He always loved his country, and saw farther than any other man of his time into the possibilities of that country.

Calhoun was as distinctly a Southern man as Webster was an Eastern man and Clay a Western. He too spent his boyhood on the frontier, and he was a member of the Scotch-Irish stock from which have sprung so many eminent Americans, in private and in public life. When he first entered Congress, no one there was more strongly desirous of making his country great.

Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.
ASHLAND, KENTUCKY, THE HOME OF HENRY CLAY

Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.
THE STAIRWAY AT ASHLAND

He believed in big, boisterous powers of government. He aided Clay in bringing on the War of 1812, and then favored a bank and a tariff and internal improvements. He outran his State, and for a time was one of the recognized leaders of the national spirit.

Then he came to feel that his State and the South as a whole were not well situated in the Union, and his loyalty was divided between the whole nation and a part of it. Thenceforward, for twenty years he was the defender and upholder of a poor and decaying labor system. Yet his was the keenest of the three great minds. He had the strongest reasoning powers. He saw deepest into the dangers that beset his country. He was a great man and a great patriot, only he drew too narrow a geographical line around his patriotism.

Clay's Public Life

Few Americans have had so brilliant a career as Henry Clay, who first entered Congress in 1806 and in 1811 was made Speaker of the House of Representatives, because he seemed to be the only man in Congress who could put the bit on John Randolph. As Speaker he made John C. Calhoun chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, which gave the two men opportunity to help push the country into the War of 1812. Two years later Webster came into the House from New Hampshire and vigorously opposed the war.

Clay remained for many years a great figure in Congress, though he had a habit of resigning and withdrawing and coming back again, so that he never remained for many years together. He was one of the

commissioners for making peace at the end of the War of 1812, and then built up the power of the Speaker till the occupant of that office became hardly less powerful than the President of the United States. As Speaker, he was no figurehead, no calm umpire. He appointed his committees and made speeches on the floor, so as to bring about the protective tariffs and appropriations for roads and waterways, which he felt that the nation ought to have. He always believed in doing things. He thought out what he called "the American System," by which he meant such arrangements for manufactures and home finance as would make the United States a country independent of Europe. Coming from an interior State, he was never much interested in foreign commerce, or the shipping which was so profitable to New England, New York and Pennsylvania.

HENRY CLAY AND HIS WIFE
From a rare photograph taken about 1860

Clay's Achievements

In 1821 Clay used his personal popularity and his skill in pointing out a middle way in the controversy over the admission of Missouri to the Union. He pushed to a success what was called the Second Missouri Compromise. For four years, from 1825 to 1829, he was Secretary of State under President John Quincy Adams, and tried hard to steer the country into a leadership of Latin America. He also had an opportunity to show his sense of American expansion, for he tried to buy Mexico. In 1824, 1832 and 1844 he was a candidate for the presidency, and in the last of these elections was put up by the great Whig party and was all but elected.

Webster's Public Life

Daniel Webster was a bigger, though not a greater, man than Henry Clay. His mind was broader. He thought in larger, loftier phrases. Henry Clay was never a powerful lawyer: he had large gifts of persuasion, but it was Webster who showed the ability to find the great principles of the Constitution and to arrange them in a great national doctrine. Before his entry into Congress, he was known as a lawyer who could win cases by summing up the principles upon which they depended. His speeches were always more logical than Clay's, and he had far more of the orator's quality. Eye witnesses have handed down the tale of his tremendous impressiveness as orator at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1826. When there was confusion in the audience, he rose in his place and with the simple words "Let the people sit down!" stilled the tempest.

WEBSTER'S BIRTHPLACE, RESTORED
At Salisbury (now Franklin), N. H.

This great power of statement was put to the highest test in his famous "Reply to Hayne" in 1830. We know now that he was not replying to Hayne but to Calhoun, who as Vice-President presided over the Senate and listened to the speaker. In this series of speeches Webster made a splendid defence of the Union, urging its greatness, its service, and, above all, its permanence. He made those lofty appeals to the patriotism of his countrymen which have been learned by heart and recited by scores of thousands of school boys. They are studded with such significant phrases as "The People's Constitution"—"Government of the People and for the People"—"Liberty and Union." In this debate Webster summed up the hard thinking of twenty years; and he stated the national theory of the Union with such force and clearness that it was never forgotten by the North.

Webster, like Clay, became a Whig, but he had none of Clay's arts of leadership, and was never nominated nor near nomination for the presidency. From 1841 to 1843 he was Secretary of State, a position for which he had rare qualifications, among them courtly personal bearing, a power of statement, and a willingness to meet other people half way. He succeeded in settling the dangerous dispute with Great Britain about the Maine boundary. Then he, like Clay, lost grip upon the people.

One reason was that, like Clay, he enjoyed life unduly. Clay, at least in his younger days, had the reputation of being a gambler; though his wife put up for him the argument that "Harry almost always wins." Webster lived handsomely, and other people from time to time raised subscriptions to pay his debts. There are a few people yet alive who heard Daniel Webster speak, and some of them testify that "Webster, drunk" was quite as eloquent as "Webster sober." He was always a great orator to the end, for he not only used strong and simple language with easy illustration, but he knew how to play upon the hearts of men.

WEBSTER MANSION
This house formerly stood at the junction of Summer and High Streets, Boston, Massachusetts

Clay was the greatest popular leader of his time; Webster was the noblest orator; Calhoun was the keenest thinker and most

longsighted statesman. Inasmuch as he was a graduate of Yale and had taken a course in the first American law school, that at Fairfield, Connecticut, he might have been thought influenced by Northern training. Many well-to-do Southern fathers sent their sons to Princeton or Yale or Harvard, but none of these young men appear to have carried back the Northern spirit, least of all Calhoun. He could not be made a Puritan by a stay in New England, for he was born a Puritan. Like Stonewall Jackson in a later period, he had the vigor and intensity and logic which was so striking in the Puritans. He probably did gain, while in Connecticut, an insight into the Northern mind, particularly the spirit of the Abolitionists; but throughout his life he showed no trace of weakening in his conviction that the social life and political habits of the South were the best things in the world.

GRACE FLETCHER WEBSTER

The first wife of the great statesman. From a painting by C. Harding in the collection of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence. Caroline Leroy Webster was the second wife of Daniel Webster. The reproduction herewith is from a crayon owned by Mrs. Abbott Lawrence

CAROLINE LEROY WEBSTER

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STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER
By Thomas Ball.
In Central Park, New York City

Calhoun's Public Life

Calhoun was from 1820 to 1850 the most striking character in South Carolina, a State which produced many famous men, and became the leader of the slaveholding communities. South Carolina for a time had the ambition to be a commercial and manufacturing State as well as a producer of rice and cotton. The city of Charleston, which practically ruled the State, was the only large and lively port on the Atlantic coast south of Baltimore. The State also raised the staple for the cotton manufactures, which during Calhoun's life were enriching many parts of the Middle and New England States. With proper labor, why should not that industry be established in the South? Calhoun and

his friends expected that slaves could be used in textile mills. No success was ever reached in that direction, and about 1820 the State became convinced that its economic interest lay in growing cotton and selling it where it would bring the largest return in imported goods. Hence the tariff which favored the American cotton mills (which were all in the North) seemed to South Carolina a kind of robbery, and Calhoun became the leader of the anti-tariff forces.

DANIEL WEBSTER
From a daguerrotype

After his early Congressional career, Calhoun was from 1817 to 1825 Secretary of War in Monroe's cabinet, and left a reputation for honesty and efficiency in that office. In 1824 he accepted the Vice-Presidency, expecting it to lead to the Presidency, as supporter of Jackson. In 1830 Jackson quarreled with him, and he was thrown off the track that led to the White House. Partly because he was thus disappointed in his political career, still more because the successive tariffs in 1824, 1828 and 1832 showed the determination of the North to stand by the high tariff, Calhoun became the leader and spokesman of a movement to block the tariff by "nullification."

DANIEL WEBSTER
At the tomb of Shakespeare

Webster's reply to Hayne showed that he had been reading the "North Carolina Exposition" against the tariff, which Calhoun had written a few months before. In 1833

Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.
THE CARRIAGE OF A STATESMAN
Daniel Webster's coach

Calhoun went into the Senate, in order to cross swords with Webster himself, and he stoutly defended the doctrine of States Rights against Webster's doctrine of the United States as a nation. Calhoun proved to his own satisfaction and that of his followers that Congress could not pass a protective tariff; and under his guidance the State of South Carolina solemnly declared the tariff acts to be "null, void and no law" in the State. Calhoun's logic seems nowadays to have been formal and artificial, but the logic of South Carolina's threat to resist so affected Clay's mind that in 1833 he brought in a compromise tariff, which satisfied Calhoun and ended the controversy.

THE GREAT PACIFICATOR
From a portrait of Henry Clay

Calhoun was many years in the Senate, and for a few months served President Tyler as Secretary of State, appointed so that he might bring about the annexation of Texas. Nevertheless, he could not join either of the two great national parties, and was a sort of free lance. His principal concern was the menace to slavery from the rising tide of disapproval in the Northern States.

When Congress assembled in 1849 it chanced that the three triumvirs were all in the Senate, though all were aging and one was broken. It chanced also that a crisis had arisen, more dangerous even than the nullification troubles of eighteen years before. The United States had just annexed an immense area in New Mexico and California, and the question was still unsettled whether part of it should be assigned to slaveholders, to go to the building up of future slave States. On such a question Webster was the natural champion of the North, Calhoun of the South, and Clay represented the midway spirit of the West.

HOME OF CLAY'S BODY SERVANT, DUFEE
The last of the dwellings at Ashland that were in existence in Henry Clay's lifetime

Throughout his whole career Henry Clay never showed to greater advantage than in the discussion on that question. The old party measures for which he had been fighting

THE DEFENDER OF SLAVERY
From a portrait of John Caldwell Calhoun by T. Nicks

for many years were out of date. His hope of the Presidency had gone by. What was left was Clay's broad national spirit and his intense love of the Union. "The Great Pacificator," as he was sometimes called, introduced a compromise measure which was finally passed, in 1850, partly because of Clay's skill in debate and management, and in large degree through his passionate insistence that both sides should yield something for the sake of peace and the continuance of the Union.

The Compromise of 1850

The Compromise of 1850 would not have gone through but for the support of Daniel Webster and his friends in the North. He came forward in a famous defense, which is still known as the "Seventh of March Speech." Though he disliked slavery and had made some speeches against it, he also disliked the Abolitionists. The speech was an appeal for votes for the compromise, yielding nothing actual, since slavery could never be profitable in New Mexico. As he put it, "I would not take pains uselessly to reaffirm an ordinance of nature, nor to re-enact the will of God." He rose to one of his highest flights of oratory in his protest against the threats of secession.

"Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. . . . I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I can see that it must produce war." The speech saved the Compromise, but drew upon him the bitterest criticism from Northern Abolitionists, who would rather have heard him plead for the liberty of the slave than

CALHOUN'S RESIDENCE AND OFFICE
"Fort Hill," Abbeville Co., S. C. From a pen drawing

for the saving of the Union. Webster lived three years longer, and it was a misfortune to his reputation that his last great speech should have turned on a question so bitterly contested, and should have brought upon him the stern disapprobation of many of his admirers.

JOHN C. CALHOUN
From the painting by C. B. King

JOHN C. CALHOUN
From the portrait by William J. Hubard, in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington

Calhoun was dying while the debate went on. He, too, made a March speech, but he was obliged to sit by while a friend read it for him. He listened to Webster, but was unable to reply. He scorned the Compromise, because he thought it gave too little to the South. Yet at the same time Calhoun rose to a great height of patriotism, for he too loved the Union, and with his dying breath pleaded for a settlement which would keep the South in the Union. He closed with the candid statement of his opposition to any agitation of the slavery question. "I have exerted myself, during the whole period, to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union, if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the Constitution on its side."

JOHN C. CALHOUN
From a water color by Dubourjal, the French artist, who lived 1795-1853. This painting, which was made at Washington in 1846, is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

Three Great Figures

More than sixty years have passed since the Triumvirs passed off the scene. Most of the questions that agitated them have long since been settled. Nevertheless, they still stand out in American history as a striking combination of characters, each representing the section from which he came, each pushing with all his might for political station; yet all, when a great national crisis came, uniting in the sincere desire to preserve the Union from dangers within and without. That is their heritage to us.

An Immortal National Utterance

What could be a more fitting climax to this study of the great American Triumvirate than the glowing words that end Daniel Webster's historic reply to Hayne. In them the national spirit finds its most eloquent expression.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, beligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood: Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' Nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterward,' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

JOHN C. CALHOUN
From a photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia

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*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

When Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie died, a much respected and beloved figure in American literature laid down the pen. Mentor readers will treasure his memory. Dr. Mabie was a real part of The Mentor—a factor in the organization of it, and a contributor from the start. He was engaged upon an article on the Literature of the South during the final weeks of his life. He passed away on the last day of December, so completing the full human measure of three score years and ten. His death was not unexpected. He suffered a heart stroke a year ago, and he had been confined to his home most of the time since then.

with cordial good wishes of
Hamilton W. Mabie

★ ★ ★

Dr. Mabie's seventy years were full of fine endeavor and distinguished achievement as editor, essayist, critic and lecturer. He was a graduate of Williams College and practised law for a time in New York City. He abandoned that profession to enter journalism, becoming in 1879 associate editor of the *Christian Union*, now the *Outlook*. In the course of a number of years Dr. Mabie turned out many thoughtful and suggestive essays and books on literary subjects and vital questions of life, which won for him the position of a critic of authority and influence. His message was one of culture. In his writings he urged the pursuit of knowledge as the duty and highest aspiration of humanity. His life was dedicated to the purpose of giving all that was in him to the service of culture and to the upbuilding of the "reef of righteousness."

★ ★ ★

Dr. Mabie was one of the first to take an interest in The Mentor. When, at the beginning, I asked him to contribute, he wrote to me that he was "very much interested in The Mentor." "I believe," he said, "that the very best things can be given to people in the very best way, not by writing down, but simply by using standard language instead of technical language. The more I think of the whole enterprise, the more I believe in it." In the very last interview that I had with Dr. Mabie, he handed me a copy of a letter that he had written in reply to someone who had asked him about The Mentor. "I was glad," he said, "to associate myself with The Mentor, because I recognized its possibilities in awakening a love of literature." In these utterances are to be found two characteristic notes of Dr. Mabie's nature—his devotion to literature, and his desire to impart literary ideals in a clear, simple manner, easily understood by all people.

★ ★ ★

It was a joy and inspiration to be associated with Dr. Mabie. He helped materially to make The Mentor what it is, and his contributions—ten in all—are and will remain among the most valuable and interesting articles in the Mentor Courses.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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April 2. THE MADONNA AND CHILD IN ART. *By John C. Van Dyke, Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College.*

April 16. AMERICAN WATER COLOR PAINTERS. *By Gustav Kobbé, Author and Critic.*

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

52 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Real Madonna

IN ancient history we have a description of the person of the Madonna which is declared to have been given by Epiphanius in the fourth century, and by him derived from someone of the time of Mary the Mother.

SHE was of middle stature; her face oval; her eyes brilliant and of an olive tint; her eyebrows arched and black; her hair of a pale brown; her complexion fair as wheat. She spoke little, but she spoke freely and affably; she was not troubled in her speech, but grave, courteous, tranquil. Her dress was without ornament, and in her deportment was nothing lax nor feeble."

TO this ancient description of her person and manners, we are to add the scriptural and popular portrait of her mind; the gentleness, the purity, the intellect, power, and fortitude; the gifts of the poetess and prophetess; the humility, in which she exceeded all womankind. Lastly, we are to engraft on these personal and moral qualities the theological altitudes which the Church from early times had assigned to her, the supernatural endowments which lifted her above angels and men."

—Mrs. A. B. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna."

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THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.
APRIL 2, 1917

THE MADONNA IN ART

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE
Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College

DETAIL OF THE MEIER MADONNA
By Holbein. In the Darmstadt Gallery
A fine full page gravure of this picture may be found in Mentor No. 48

MENTOR GRAVURES

MADONNA, DETAIL OF THE ANNUNCIATION
By Pinturrichio

DETAIL OF THE MADONNA OF THE HARPIES
By Andrea del Sarto

DETAIL OF THE MADONNA OF THE CANDLE
By Crivelli

THE HOLY FAMILY AND ST. CATHERINE
By Palma Vecchio

DETAIL OF THE MADONNA AND ST. BERNARD
By Filippino Lippi

MADONNA AND CHILD
By Dagnan-Bouveret

DETAIL OF THE SISTINE MADONNA
By Raphael. In the Dresden Gallery
Fine full page gravures of this picture may be found in Mentor Nos. 8 and 114

AS all the world knows, the Italian word "Madonna" means simply "my lady," and has been for many centuries applied, alike by priest and painter, to Mary the Mother of Jesus. In ecclesiastical history, however, Mary has been something more than that. Around her and about her have been many controversies. Church councils have debated her titles and her attributes; and to this day theologians are discussing her status. With her position in the church we have now little concern. For a thousand years or more she was a leading subject of painting, and it is there our present interest lies.

No authentic likeness of Mary or of her Son has come down to us. Judea has never produced the graphic or the plastic arts at any time in its history. Images of all kinds were to the Hebrew things forbidden by the second commandment. There is no reason to suppose that any portrait of Christ or His Mother ever existed. The tradition of St. Luke painting the likeness of the Virgin did not originate in Biblical times, but came much later; and the sacred pictures still existent in Constantinople and Rome, that are supposed to follow St. Luke's version, are Byzantine (biz-zan′-teen) in workmanship, and belong not earlier than the sixth century. Not even a Judaic or Hebraic type was given. Christ first appears in the catacombs of Rome as the young Orpheus in a Phrygian (frig′-ee-an) dress; and His

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Mother is a Roman matron in both type and costume. The catacombs painters, though Christian converts, were Roman born, inherited the Roman method of painting in fresco, and painted only Roman types.

MADONNA OF THE BELVEDERE
By Giacomo di Mino del Pellicciaio.
At Siena

Earliest Pictures of the Madonna

In the cemetery of St. Priscilla, the Madonna is shown nursing the Child, and in the cemeteries of St. Domitilla and St. Calixtus, she appears in an Adoration of the Magi (May'-jai). These are the early representations, and are said to belong to the second century, but they are probably not earlier than the fourth century. The types and costumes are Roman all through, and are formal, not individual. At the same time and place appear "oranti"—praying female figures with outspread arms—that are thought to be representations of the Madonna, but may be symbolic figures representing the buried dead in the walls behind the frescoes. In some cases the lettering "Maria," above them, indicates that they are intended for the Madonna herself. This is true also of the gilded glasses found in the catacombs with the Madonna shown standing between Peter and Paul, and their names inscribed above.

The Roman representation of the Madonna received much modification in the fifth and sixth centuries through the influence of Byzantine art, which had come from the Eastern Church in Constantinople, and had filtered into Italy at many points. Eventually the Madonna type changed from a Roman matron to something more like a Byzantine empress. The face became longer, the eyes rounder, the hair blacker. A long liturgical robe shrouded the figure, and many jewels, crowns, ornamentations, gildings, appeared in the representation. The face was sorrow-stricken, the head had a droop. Later on, a more forlorn, morbid type

DETAIL OF THE CORONATION OF THE MADONNA
By Fra Angelico. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

was evolved, with narrow eyes, thin hands, and greenish or blackish flesh notes. The robe came over the head like a cowl, was blue in color, symbolizing purity, and was lined with radiations of gold. By the tenth century the Madonna holding the Child in her arms was neither Roman nor Byzantine, nor yet natural, but more of a theological symbol than anything else. The Council of Ephesus in 431 had declared her the "Mother of God," and after that she became ecclesiastically popular, though artistically and humanly she was almost impossible. The form had become wooden, and the representation austere, mannered, almost repellent.

Pre-Renaissance Types

Still, in spite of church councils and destructive controversies and dissensions, a love and faith and hope centered and grew about the Madonna. Then came the great emotional wave of the Middle Ages, upon which were brought in the Crusades, the Courts of Love, Chivalry, the Troubadours. St. Francis and St. Clare lived, the order of the Franciscans had been established, and Christianity was taken up with renewed fervor. With these emotional elements in Mediæval and Gothic life, what could be more natural than the profound religious sentiment that developed about the Madonna? It resulted in the worship of Mary. Why not? Dante had eulogized her as the "Mystic Rose," and the Church knew her not only as the Mother of God, but as the Queen of Heaven. Why should she not be popular with the people, and why should not her representation be a leading motive of art?

MADONNA AND CHILD
Attributed to Piero della Francesca. Painted by Baldovinetti. In the Louvre, Paris

But the pictured figure was still suffering from Byzantine decrepitude. It was a sign or symbol of a woman rather than the woman herself. Cimabue (chee'-mah-bue), the so-called father of Italian painting, improved upon the symbol by enlivening heads and hands, and his pupil, Giotto (jot'-to) really began the study of the figure from life; but neither of them, nor any of their immediate followers, produced more than a limited realism. However, the time was near at hand when the Madonna in art was to cast off the Roman, the Byzantine, and even the symbolic, to become an Italian woman of the people. This time was the period of the Renaissance, which began about the year 1400, to speak generally.

Renaissance Enlightenment

MADONNA AND CHILD
By Botticelli. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

The so-called enlightenment or awakening of Italy was under full headway before the middle of the fifteenth century. A knowledge of the ancient world came to the humanists through rediscovered manuscripts, statues and coins; Greek learning was imported from Constantinople; universities, libraries, schools of philosophy were established. With these also came a study of nature —botany, geology, astronomy, anatomy,—a curiosity about the world itself, excited by maritime discovery, a longing for learning, inspired by such inventions as printing. Italy was alive to almost every manifestation in the outer world of that time. It was the great age of inquiry.

In the arts, the Church was still the patron of learning, as it had been from the beginning, and demanded religious subjects. These included almost every notable story from the Old and New Testaments, but the greatest demand of all was for pictures of the Madonna. Every painter pictured her, but it was no longer the old Byzantine type that they reproduced. With the beginning of the Renaissance all the painters took up the study of nature, not only in flowers, grasses, trees, light, perspective, color; but in the anatomy of the human figure. They started working directly from life—directly from the model. When they were called upon to paint a Madonna, each took his sweetheart or wife or daughter, or any other pretty model that he could find, and painted her as the Madonna.

MADONNA AND CHILD
By Filippo Lippi. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

Humanizing the Madonna

That would seem to be a dangerous experiment, for the painting of the human before the painter's eyes would seem to imperil the divine or the religious in the Madonna. In other words, she was in danger of being made too human, too material, too natural. And, true enough, that anticipation actually became realized in the art of the succeeding period with such painters as Correggio (Kor-re'd-jo), Giorgione (Jor-joe'-neh) and Paolo Veronese (Pah-oh-lo Vay-roh-nay'-zee); but it was not strongly apparent in the work of the early Renaissance men, such as Fra Filippo (Fil-lip'-o), Botticelli (Bot-tee-chel'-lee),

MADONNA AND ANGELS
By Botticini. In the Pitti Palace, Florence

Perugino (Per-u-jee'-no). The sentiment of Madonna worship, the fervid faith of St. Francis, the emotional feeling of the age of the crusades, and chivalry, had come on down to them from the Middle Ages. With it was a strong belief in the Church, and an absolute faith in the Madonna. They still held fast to their religious fervor. So, when the painter painted his pretty sweetheart or wife as the Madonna, he gave her the form and features of his beloved, but added to them the sentiment and pathos of the earlier time. The result was the most beautiful representation in all art—beautiful not only in form and type, but also in feeling and spirit. It was a wonderful blend—a body belonging to the Renaissance containing a soul belonging to the Middle Ages, as Taine* has put it.

The Queen of Heaven

The Madonna has been pictured in Italian art in almost every scene and incident of her life, but in the Gothic period and the Early Renaissance she was oftenest shown in a simple composition—a half-length of herself and the Child. The picture was called merely "Madonna and Child," or perhaps from attributes that accompanied her, "Madonna of the Star," of the "Rose," of the "Lily," of the "Goldfinch." She was always the Queen of Heaven, and the picture was used as an altar-piece before which people prayed. When more elaboration was desired angels were added about the Madonna and Child, or the Infant St. John was introduced, or St. Joseph was put in at the back.

At the same time appeared the second most popular representation—the Madonna with the Angel Gabriel in the Annunciation. With these also came many pictures of the Nativity, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight and the Repose in Egypt. Popular interest seemed to gather about these early scenes when Jesus was a child and the Madonna was a loving and an adoring mother. It is as the shrinking girl of the Annunciation or the loving young mother holding her child in her arms that we see her the oftenest and at the best in Early Renaissance art. Nothing could be more tender, or

DETAIL OF THE ANNUNCIATION
By Masaccio (Mas-sat-cho) in the Church of S. Clemente, Rome

*The eminent French critic.

more serenely beautiful than some of the Florentine, Umbrian, and Venetian Madonnas of this period. Some of the illustrations accompanying this text offer the proof of it.

Florentine Types

The Madonna of the Belvedere by Giacomo di Mino del Pellicciaio (ja-ko′-mo dee mee′-no del pel-lee-cha′-yo) serves to illustrate the Sienese idea of the Madonna during the last part of the fourteenth century. The type has some individuality, and yet is burdened by Byzantine traditions, such as the long nose, the narrow eyes, the slight mouth. The angels at the sides show these even more than the Child or the Madonna. There is also here a lingering of the Byzantine gold background, tooled discs at the back of the head, with silver crowns and necklaces fastened upon the surface of the panel. As though to make up for the lack of personal beauty in the Madonna, there is an effort to show gorgeous brocades and splendidly colored stuffs. It is an incomplete expression.

DETAIL OF THE CRUCIFIXION
By Perugino. In the Church of S. Maria Maddalena, Florence

The St. Catherine head by Matteo di Giovanni (dee jo-vah′-nee) di Bartólo comes fifty years after the Mino, and yet with all its beauty it is perhaps less individual. It still shows Byzantinisms in the eyes, nose, mouth and the nimbus,* though quite natural and very lovely in the flowing hair. It is St. Catherine, not the Madonna, but not different from the Madonna type. With some of the Sienese and the belated Florentines, such as Fra Angelico, only one face was used, and that not an individual, but a typical or ideal face. Fra Angelico's Madonna in the Coronation picture here shown illustrates the type.

DETAIL OF THE PRESENTATION
By Carpaccio. In the Venice Academy

With Baldovinetti (bal-do-vee-net′-tee) at Florence there is still something of the type apparent, but his Madonna in the Louvre (loovr) begins to assert a personality. The Madonna was done from a model and,

*The nimbus is the halo of light and glory encircling the head of the Madonna.

though somewhat constrained and awkward, it is a living Florentine woman, and yet has much of the fine feeling of the Gothic Age about it. The picture is a wonderful piece of color, and one of the masterpieces of the Louvre at Paris.

MADONNA, CHILD AND SAINTS
By Giovanni Bellini. In the Frari, Venice

Florentine Beauties as Madonnas

It is with Fra Filippo Lippi- (fil-lip'-po lip-pee) however, that we arrive positively at the Italian model. His Madonna, shown herewith, is none other than the nun, Lucrezia Buti (boo'-tee), with whom he eloped. It is a positive portrait, and probably realistic in every detail of feature and dress; but again it has the feeling, the religious sentiment, carried down from the Middle Ages. It has the limitations of technique, with a want of form and selection which belong to Early Renaissance art, but it also has great sincerity and much truth.

MADONNA AND CHILD
By Jacopo Bellini. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

His son, Filippino Lippi (fil-lip-peen'-o lip-pee), perhaps, goes beyond his father in both truth and sentiment in the Madonna and St. Bernard, a detail from which is given in this number. The Madonna has more personal loveliness, more spiritual pathos, than the Lucrezia Buti Madonna. The sentiment of it is almost at the point of tears. And what could be more beautiful than the faces of the angels about her, although they were probably done from Florentine children of the time? Filippino was contemporary with Botticelli, whose sad, pathetic faces are well known to everyone. Botticini (bot-tee-chee'-nee) was his imitator, and reproduced his faces and his feeling after a fashion that led many of his pictures to be assigned to Botticelli himself. One of his imitations is the well-known Madonna and Angels in the Pitti (pit-tee) gallery, Florence, Italy—a picture that has not a little charm.

Umbrian Types

Up in the mountains of Umbria the painters were not so learned as the Florentines, and held fast to tradition longer. They also retained

mediæval faith and fervor after Florence had partly abandoned them. The result in the Early Renaissance time was the charming sentiment shown in the Madonna pictures of Perugino (per-u-jee′-no) and Pinturrichio (peen-too-reek′-kee-o). The soft, round face of Perugino was something Florentines like Michelangelo sneered at. It was too pretty and too weak for the painter who painted the Sibyls and Prophets on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. But it was very much admired by thousands of others, including the young Raphael; and proved to be the most popular face of the Early Renaissance. Pinturrichio, working with Perugino in the Umbrian country, produced a similar type. It had not so much sentiment as the Perugino Madonna, but was nevertheless very attractive. The example shown of Pinturrichio is a detail of a fresco in the Borgia Apartments of the Vatican, and has much gilding and handsome ornamentation about it.

MADONNA
By Borgognone. In the Borromeo Museum, Milan

North-Italian Madonnas

The Venetians never had the religious sentiment of the Umbrians, the Sienese, or even the Florentines, but they had quite as much sincerity, and painted their own Venetian sweethearts and wives with quite as much frankness. Yet even with the primitive Venetians the Madonna inclines to be purely human. Richness of color and ornament had come to the Venetians through commerce with Constantinople and the East, and this showed in such early work as the Jacopo Bellini (Yah-ko′-po bel-lee′-nee) Madonna, now in the Uffizi (oo-feet′-see). The oriental quality in the head dress and the Persian ornament in the halos are very noticeable. Noticeable, too, is the well-fed, somewhat material nature of both Madonna and Child; yet the sentiment is serious and the work most sincere.

MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE
By Raphael. In the Pitti Palace, Florence

A finer strain runs through the work of Jacopo's son, Giovanni Bellini, whose many Madonnas are known to picture lovers everywhere. His best examples are those in the Frari (frah′-ree) and S. Zaccaria at Venice, though there are some lovely types in his smaller pictures in the Venice Academy. With Bellini came Carpaccio (Kar-pat′-cho) and his

MADONNA AND CHILD
By Paolo Veronese. In the Venice Academy

naïve point of view; Crivelli (kree-vel'-lee) with his rather sad-faced Madonna, surrounded usually by gorgeously patterned stuffs, fine architecture, and arabesques of fruit; and Borgognone (bore-gohn yohn'-eh) at Milan, who is quite as sincere and perhaps as ornate as the others. They were all firm believers in the Madonnas they painted, but they had not the religious pathos of the early Umbrians or Florentines. Perhaps that is because they came a little later, when the Madonna as a symbol was passing out, and the purely human was rapidly coming in.

The Madonna Materialized

For with the perfecting of technique —the ability to render nature absolutely— the beauty of the model began to take the place of the beauty of the saint. This is very noticeable in Andrea del Sarto's Madonna of the Harpies. It is a portrait of Andrea's own wife, Lucrezia, a worldly and somewhat dissolute, if very beautiful, woman. Andrea could not put soul in her; all he could do was to paint her beautiful features. And Andrea was not alone in this. Most of the painters of the time were quite as worldly as he. In vain Savonarola thundered from his pulpit against the allurements of personal beauty, decrying the vanity and the blasphemy of this material art. The pace was set toward things natural and things intellectual, and could not be turned back. Even Raphael, who had inherited from his master (Perugino) the Umbrian sentiment, finally turned from the purer type of the Madonna of the Grand Duke to do his merely human and motherly Madonna of the Chair, or his more intellectual creation, the Sistine Madonna. It is a long way from the pathetic Madonna of Botticelli or Filippino to the grand figure, the Christian Minerva, that walks forward upon the clouds in the Sistine picture.

MADONNA OF THE CHERRIES
By Titian. In the Imperial Gallery, Vienna

High Renaissance Changes

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE
By Murillo. In the Vatican Gallery, Rome

Another change came about at this time. The former simple pictures of the Madonna holding or adoring her child did not entirely pass out, but they were virtually superseded by more elaborate compositions. At Venice the prayerful Annunciation became, in the hands of Paolo Veronese, a great stage tableau, with elaborate architecture, rich silks, curtains, jewels; the Presentation, with Tintoretto turned into a display of lofty types and costumes; the Holy Family, with Titian (tish-an) grew into a painting of Venetian beauties in splendidly colored robes. Decorative splendor was so apparent in their work that the religious significance was hardly apparent at all.

Finally the early and joyous scenes from the life of the Madonna seemed too simple for the sixteenth century painters, and a disposition to do the later and more tragic events of the Passion grew apace. She became more than ever the Madonna of Sorrows, who knelt or prayed or wrung her hands in great compositions of the Crucifixion, the Descent, the Bewailing, the Entombment. The altar-piece of vast height was in demand, and pictures of a double composition, showing the Assumption of the Madonna, or the Madonna in Glory, or attendant upon the Last Judgment, also came in. Correggio, Titian, Tintoretto, painted such scenes, and with so many figures that often it is difficult to recognize the Madonna in the throng. She was passing out as a worshipped character, and becoming merely a decorative feature of the canvas. With the painters of the Decadence it was something worse than this, for with them she became merely an affectation. Her fine religious sentiment passed into sentimentality, and was no longer admirable or even worthy of notice.

A MADONNA OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING
With Angels and Donors. In the Louvre, Paris

Northern Madonnas

After Italy the Madonnas of other countries seem a little over-wrought, as in Spain, or somewhat coarse, as in Germany, or perhaps phlegmatic, as in seventeenth century Flanders. There were sincere painters in the early periods of all these countries, especially in Flanders, with the Van Eycks, Memling, Roger Van der Weyden, and in Germany with Lochner, Wolgemut (Vol′-ge-muht), Baldung. And they painted Madonnas of much pathos and feeling. But they are more local and limited than those of Italy, and the pictures have not the same wide appeal.

In modern times, again, there have been sporadic attempts at Madonna presentations, but the need of the Madonna in church worship is no longer what it was, and works such as those of Uhde or Bouguereau (Boo′-ger-ro), or Dagnan-Bouveret (dahn-yahn′ boov-ray′) can hardly be regarded as other than belated. They are not inspired, because they lack originality. The Madonna as a subject of painting has passed on and passed out. All that remains is the beautiful tradition she has left in art—a tradition more beautifully told in Italy than anywhere else.

ST. CATHERINE—DETAIL
By Matteo di Giovanni di Bartólo. S. Domenico, Siena

MADONNA OF THE CONSOLATION
By Bouguereau. In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE MADONNA IN ART *By Estelle M. Hurll* Illustrated.

MADONNA IN LEGEND AND HISTORY *By E. C. Vincent*

LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA Illustrated *By Mrs. A. B. M. Jameson*

LIFE OF CHRIST IN ART *By F. W. Farrar* Illustrated.

***Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

The old ideals of school education are on the defensive. They have been arraigned for inefficiency. In a recent discussion in an assembly in New York City, the President of Amherst College was the only one of six speakers who defended the studies that "broaden the mind and develop an idealistic, sympathetic individual." The other speakers were strong for a complete change in the methods of instruction, and an abandonment of classics and other "cultural things" for courses of study that would train boys and girls to efficiency. A former president of a city Board of Education is quoted as saying: "This old cultural stuff is not going to help any mother's son to make a living. Culture is a beautiful vase, but my youngster needs a soup plate."

★ ★ ★

The speaker recommended that school education should be of a kind to help pupils to fill "soup plates" and that the "beautiful vase" should be put away on a top shelf. What would that mean? What will our schools be like if the "vase" be set aside? No doubt they will be *efficient* from the first stroke of the clock to the hour of dismissal. No waste, no diversion. No poetry nor romance. No Old World history. No legend nor classic fable. All energies will be directed to acquiring the knowledge that *pays*, so that pupils will be able to "make good" in this world—and make money. The system is expected to produce a race of thoroughly capable men and women, all of them equipped for work and highly efficient. The prospect is impressive.

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Of course, there will be some that will miss the "vase." There will be some that will continue to love poetry; some that will want to sing and play music, and some to draw and paint. Others will want to become lawyers, preachers, scholars or men of letters—and they will want to consider the cultural things. I suppose that there is nothing implied in the new system that will prevent these odd ones from taking down that "vase" occasionally, dusting it off and dwelling fondly on its beauty—provided they have first been taught the value of "soup." And I think that some of the others—the practical ones—after they have proved that they can fill their "soup plates" and keep the wolf from the door, may turn gladly to the "beautiful vase." The Mentor mail tells me every day that the "vase" has still a real place in life. There are now more than 300,000 readers of The Mentor, and many of them write that they regret that in their childhood they had so little opportunity to look upon the "vase." That is the reason they are taking The Mentor now. They take it for themselves and for their children. "I want my boy and girl to know the finer things of life," is the way some Mentor readers put it. And many schools are using The Mentor—not as a set course of study, but because they take delight in it.

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So we watch the new movement in school education with interest. It may produce good, practical results. Of one thing we feel sure; if the schools abandon completely the "beautiful vase" and confine their courses simply to those that are efficient in making a living, the need of The Mentor will be greater and the field of its usefulness vastly extended. If it seems best then, let the schools supply the training that will keep the "soup plate" full. The Mentor is glad to dedicate itself to the "beautiful vase."

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If a life brings no joy nor delight in the appreciation of things beautiful, it is sordid and selfish indeed. If all that Life means is *making a living*, how is it really *worth living?* Learn to live and live to learn—and, above all, learn to enjoy all that is good and beautiful in life. That is The Mentor ideal. One of our own readers has expressed it better than we can: "Surely there is a magic in instruction that is so disguised as to keep one reading for hours, and, best of all, to make one feel that he is not being taught—which is ofttimes humiliating—but only entertained—which is always delightful!"

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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April 15. THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY. *By James Barnes, Author and Lecturer.*

May 1. LACE AND LACE MAKING. *By Esther Singleton, Author.*

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THE MENTOR

The Story of the American Navy

By JAMES BARNES
Author and Lecturer

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY

VOLUME 5
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FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

OLD IRONSIDES

The sturdy United States frigate *Constitution*, after having seen fine service in its day, became unseaworthy, and in 1830 was lying in the navy yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts. News was printed that the Navy Department had ordered that the good old ship be destroyed. Oliver Wendell Holmes, at that time a young and rising poet, read of this in a newspaper. Immediately he wrote in pencil on a scrap of paper the stirring lines of "Old Ironsides" and sent them to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. The poem caught the public at once and its spirit swept like fire through the country. It was even printed on handbills and distributed in the streets of Washington. As a result, the Secretary of the Navy hastily recalled his order. The *Constitution's* "tattered ensign" was not torn down. Holmes' spirited poem gave the old sea warrior a new lease of life, and the sentiment of the people was satisfied.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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APRIL 16, 1917

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

By JAMES BARNES

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY
From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE *CONSTITUTION* AND THE *JAVA*

COMMODORE ESEK HOPKINS

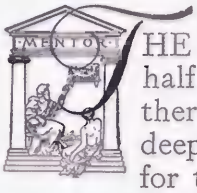
THE *UNITED STATES* AND THE *MACEDONIAN*

THE *KEARSARGE* AND THE *ALABAMA*

THE *CONSTITUTION* AND THE *GUERRIÈRE*

CAPTAIN ISAAC HULL

COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR
From the painting by Gilbert Stuart



THE inhabitants of this country in 1776 numbered about one-half of the present population of the city of New York, but there were probably as many native born sailors following the deep sea for a living as there are today. There was a reason for this: All of the large towns were on the seacoast. Highways and roads were few and in bad condition. It was by sea that the colonies kept in touch with one another; it was by the waterways that they carried on their commerce. While the colonists were still dependents of Great Britain they had begun to work out a commercial independence. From the New England shipyards had come fleets of merchant vessels, and they sailed to every port in the world. In the olden days—in fact up to sixty or seventy years ago—it took little or no training to turn a merchant sailor into a man-of-war's-man. There was no complicated machinery to learn and master; the ropes and orders were the same; and the guns on a merchant vessel—ships sailing in foreign waters were all armed in those days—were the same as those on a vessel in government service, only smaller. It was this adaptability of the American merchant sailor that did much to save the country in its two wars with England.

Of course, at the outset of the Revolution, in 1775 and 1776, the thirteen colonies had no navy at all, and the necessity for possessing armed ships was one of the first things to be discussed when the Congress of the United Colonies first met in 1775. A naval committee

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consisting of John Langdon of New Hampshire, Silas Deane of Connecticut, Christopher Gadsden of North Carolina, John Adams of Massachusetts, Joseph Hewes of North Carolina, and Richard Henry Lee of Virginia was appointed. This committee decided to start building immediately thirteen vessels. They were to be of three classes; five ships of thirty-two guns, five of twenty-eight, and three of twenty-four. It was on December 13, 1775, that this decision was made, and the faith placed in the early shipyards and the ability of the ship builders was demonstrated when it was declared that all these vessels should be fitted for sea by the end of the coming March. The whole cost of this naval establishment was not to exceed the sum of $867,000.00, or less than one-sixteenth of the cost of a modern battleship!

THE *PHILADELPHIA* OFF THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI

From an etching by Commodore William Bainbridge Hoff. Original in the possession of the Naval History Society

COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE

From a painting by Chappel

Previous to this there had been a number of vessels purchased and turned, for the time being, into men-of-war; their names were the *Providence*, the *Alfred*, the *Cabot*, and the *Andrea Doria*—all taken from peaceful callings to turn to the trade of fighting.

The Privateers

It seemed a hopeless task that the American colonies had undertaken. Without a single regular vessel of war they were going to oppose the magnificent navy of Great Britain, that at this time consisted of not less than three hundred and fifty-six vessels, a hundred and forty of them being ships-of-the-line; that is, great floating forts mounting seventy-four guns and more. But a way was found to even matters, in a measure. Although Great Britain from the outset attempted to blockade the American ports, there slipped to sea from almost every harbor numbers of "privateers"—vessels that were sent out under private ownership, but with papers furnished them by Congress authorizing them to prey upon the commerce of the enemy. Well did they account for themselves! These American cruisers captured during the years 1776 and 1777

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE

He gained a great deal of renown during the Revolution, but lost his life in an engagement when his vessel blew up.

upwards of eight hundred vessels. Of the English ships employed in the West India trade two hundred and fifty were taken that were valued, with their cargoes, at ten millions of dollars. The Yankee cruisers penetrated into the English Channel and made captures almost at the entrances of the English harbors. To read of their adventures is stirring to the blood. And from the ranks of these ex-merchant commanders came many well-known names that soon appeared on the lists of the first regular navy of the United States.

Let us look at a few of these early captains, whose doings have become traditions of the naval service. Esek Hopkins was the first commander-in-chief, being appointed in December, 1775; then follow James, John and Samuel Nicholson, and John Manly, Nicholas Biddle, John Barry, Edward Preble, Abraham Whipple, and John Paul Jones.

It was on March 23, 1776, that Congress issued "general letters of marque and reprisal," which were certificates, really, to any privately owned ship to set sail and to prey on the commerce of Great Britain, and henceforth all British vessels, armed or unarmed, were liable to capture wherever found. In the records of the American Revolution there appear the names of no less than one thousand six hundred and ninety-seven privately armed vessels, and the number of men employed in them was no less than 58,400. Many had set sail and brought in prizes before the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776. Four months after this declaration Congress authorized the construction of the first American line-of-battle-ship, of 74 guns—the *America*. However, she took no part in the war, not being finished in time, and she was finally, in 1782, presented to Louis XVI, King of France, as a token of the country's gratitude for the aid lent by that monarch and his country, and to replace a French 74, the *Magnifique*, that was lost in Boston harbor.

THE *CONSTITUTION*

From a drawing by William Lyons. Original in the possession of the Naval History Society

On March 7, 1778, Captain Nicholas Biddle of the United States frigate *Randolph*, mounting but thirty-two guns, was overhauled by a British 64-gun ship, the *Yarmouth*. Bravely Biddle hoisted his colors as the larger vessel came down on him with a following wind and ranged alongside. So rapid and accurate was the *Randolph's* fire that for fifteen minutes it was give and take, with the *Yarmouth* getting the worst of it, when suddenly, for some reason that has never been ascertained, the smaller vessel blew up; only four of her crew were saved. Brave Biddle had been wounded early in the action and was sitting in a chair on the quarter-deck when the catastrophe occurred. He was but twenty-seven years of age.

The sloop-of-war *Ranger*, fitted out in Portsmouth, Massachusetts, had already made a name for herself in making captures when, under the command of the doughty Paul Jones, she was safely navigated to France in 1777. On the 14th of February, 1778, in Quiberon Bay, the Stars and Stripes were saluted for the first time by a foreign fleet when the French fired a salute of nine guns, and of this occurrence Paul Jones wrote, himself, "It was, in fact, an acknowledgment of American independence." On the 6th of February there was signed a treaty of commerce and alliance between the representatives of the United States and France, and it was this treaty and the aid the French subsequently gave that actually preserved the independence of America.

In April, 1778, John Paul Jones, in this same little *Ranger*, cruised off the shores of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and actually landed and spiked the guns of the English forts at Whitehaven, set fire to some vessels, and subsequently, in the Irish Sea, off the town of Carrickfergus, he engaged and captured a British armed ship, the *Drake*, and brought her safely into the harbor of Brest, France, on May 8, 1778. Again, in the glorious action of the 23rd of September, 1779, in the *Bon Homme Richard*, Paul Jones added immortal glory to the annals of the American navy, when off Flamborough Head he captured the British frigate *Serapis*. His story has been told in The Mentor.

Captain John Barry, in the frigate *Alliance*, in 1781, on two occasions within a month, fought and captured two British vessels at a time, the first two being the frigate *Mars* and the sloop *Minerva*, on April 2nd, and just thirty days later he took the British sloops-of-war *Atalanta* and *Trepassy*.

These separate, dramatic, and romantic actions would, however, have had little result if it had not been for the French fleets and the French aid in money and supplies for both army and navy that the United States received.

It was in June, 1778, that the fleet of Count D'Estaing arrived in American waters, and he was followed later by the squadrons of Count de Rochambeau, Count de Grasse and Count de Barras. It was their aid that made possible the victory at Yorktown on October 19, 1781. Long before this the little navy that Congress had authorized had slowly dwindled by capture or destruction; many vessels were actually blockaded in American ports, and it was with increasing difficulty that the privateers escaped the British fleets and put out to sea. France saved the situation. Peace was formally concluded with Great Britain on September 3, 1783, although hostilities had ceased nearly five months before.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE

September 10, 1813. From a drawing by T. T. Barrolet. Original in possession of the Naval History Society

Trouble with France and Tripoli

MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

The British army was also defeated at Plattsburg on September 11, 1814. From a painting by H. Reinagle. Original in the possession of the Naval History Society

For five years the naval service was dormant. Then the United States came very close to having a war with France, for after the French had chopped off King Louis's head they seemed to get into trouble with the rest of Europe, and apparently the people did not mind having an enemy in their old friend and ally. Owing to the embargo laid on American commerce we came to blows without declaring war, and the United States frigate *Constellation* on two occasions fought with French ships. Commanded by Captain Thomas Truxton, she captured the French frigate *L'Insurgente,* in February, 1799. Just a year later she defeated a much larger vessel, *La Vengeance.* But no war had ever been declared, and so no peace was concluded.

From 1801 to 1805 the resurrected navy of the United States was engaged in the Mediterranean in a war against Tripoli, whose piratical ships had been preying on American commerce. Commodore William Bainbridge unfortunately grounded his ship, the *Philadelphia,* on an uncharted rock off the harbor of Tripoli, and, with his officers and crew, was taken a prisoner by the Tripolitans, in August, 1803, and kept in confinement until peace was declared in 1805. There were no naval actions of any moment in this war except that of the *Philadelphia* with the swarm of piratical small craft, and the fleet of the United States was employed mostly in a useless battering of the corsair harbors and ports. But there was one deed of conspicuous gallantry performed by Stephen Decatur and a volunteer crew, who, in the *Intrepid,* entered the harbor of Tripoli and succeeded in setting fire to and blowing up the *Philadelphia,* which the corsairs had worked off the rock and anchored under the guns of their fort. This was in February, 1804, and in September of this year the same little vessel, the *Intrepid,* on another daring expedition, was blown up with all on board. The conclusion of the war was not a very glorious one; the American government practically bought peace and ransomed the American prisoners in the pirates' hands.

War of 1812

We come to the period of the second war with Great Britain. For years England had been pushed to it to keep her great fleets manned. In her own home ports she had resorted to the "press gang," that took by force any citizen, compelling him to serve on the war vessels—a service

JOHN ERICSSON
Designer of the *Monitor*

that was to all purposes practical slavery. British ships also carried on the "right of search," and stopped vessels of friendly nations on the high seas and in friendly ports, and took from them many seamen, under pretense that they were suspected of being subjects of the British King George III. Many Americans by birth had been thus kidnapped, and at last so flagrant became these offenses that there was nothing for it but immediate war. Under the policy of Jefferson, who did not believe in sea power, the navy had again dwindled. There were only a few fast sailing frigates, which were in a class of their own so far as construction, size, and fighting qualities were concerned, one or two sloops-of-war, and two or three brigs and schooners. The most famous ship in all American history was the frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides," as she was called. The whole United States navy a few months before the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain made a list one could take in at a glance, but the names of the ships soon became household words. There was not one that did not make a record to be proud of: The *President*, 44 guns; the *Constitution* and the *United States*, also of 44 guns; the *Essex*, 32 guns; the *John Adams*, 24; the *Wasp*, 18; the *Hornet*, 18; the *Argus*, 16; and the smaller vessels, brigs, or schooners, *Siren*, *Nautilus*, *Enterprise* and *Vixen*.

THE *MONITOR* AND THE *MERRIMAC*
From a painting by J. O. Davidson. Original in the possession of the Naval History Society

The frigate *Constitution*, under the command of Captain Isaac Hull, met the British frigate *Guerrière*, (ger-yare') and after a sharp action the English ship was completely dismasted and burned at sea. That was on August 19, 1812. The value of this victory was soon manifest, for there had been a strong movement made in government circles to lay all the ships in safe harbors, many people in high authority concluding that it would be madness to try to keep them cruising on the high seas in view of the numbers and force of the enemy. On the 25th day of October, 1812, a second action took place on the high seas, when the United States ship *United States*, under command of Stephen Decatur, captured and brought into port the British frigate *Macedonian*, and on the 29th of December the *Constitution*, under command of Commodore William Bainbridge, captured the British frigate *Java*.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the civilized world was convulsed in war. Napoleon was at the zenith of his power; England was fighting the Peninsula campaign in Spain against the French; Russia was being invaded; all of South America was in revolution.

Again, as was the case in the Revolutionary War, the foe's attention was diverted elsewhere, and she could not use her full strength against the United States. America had to depend again upon the volunteers. The trained men of the navy and the well built ships responded nobly. On land, with the exception of two battles, the Americans were badly defeated, in most cases by much inferior forces. The greatest danger that threatened was an invasion from Canada, and there, also, lay the great opportunity for America. Both sides attempted to cross the line and gain territory, and neither succeeded. The Americans failed owing to the failure of the army and the inadequacy of the volunteer system, and the British failed because the navy stopped them in the two battles on the Lakes—Perry commanding the American fleet on Lake Erie, and McDonough on Lake Champlain. Of the men of the regular navy a British admiral wrote in a letter: "These Yankee sailors are the only ones who can stand a British boarding party." Up to the war of 1812 the British navy had lost, in a period of some three hundred years, in single combat, but one ship where the vessels were evenly matched. They had considered themselves invincible, but during the second war with America, out of thirty-one *single* combats they lost twenty-nine! This disparity of loss was due, in great measure, to the superior qualities of the American ships. The American frigates were built of heavier timber, and carried for the most part heavier broadsides; their crews were more numerous, and were made up of men who fought voluntarily and were animated not only by a love of country, but by a feeling of revenge. The list of heroine ships and hero captains grew as the war dragged on. The names of the gallant officers have been perpetuated in the names of present-day torpedo-boats and destroyers—the *Bainbridge*, the *Biddle*, the *Decatur*, the *Perry*, the *Lawrence*, the *Porter*, and all the rest.

THE IRONCLAD, *NEW IRONSIDES*

A United States vessel of the Civil War. From an old lithograph. Original in possession of the Naval History Society

The War of 1812 found America at the high tide of commercial prosperity, and beginning to compete with England for the carrying supremacy of the world. The number of vessels flying the American flag that appeared in foreign ports in the year previous to hostilities in 1812, was greater than in 1912—a hundred years later. From their peaceful pursuits

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THE BATTLESHIP *MAINE* ENTERING THE HARBOR OF HAVANA
From a photograph taken shortly before the ship was destroyed

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

as cargo carriers they turned to the more exciting, but more profitable trade of privateering. The havoc wrought by the American privateers against the commerce of Great Britain during the War of 1812 was almost beyond belief. Let us look at the figures, and compare them also with the record of the regular navy for the same period. In the latter service there were but twenty-three vessels, which carried an aggregate of five hundred and fifty-six guns. This little force captured or destroyed two hundred and fifty-four British ships. This included, of course, a very large proportion of merchant vessels. From the outbreak of the war until its conclusion, there were five hundred and seventeen privateers, which carried the art of destruction into every sea, and they took or destroyed one thousand three hundred and sixty prizes, valued at nearly $46,000,000.00. The land forces of the United States during the whole war captured but five thousand eight hundred prisoners, while those taken by the privateers were over thirty thousand! What the English thought of it is plainly shown by the report of a public meeting held in Glasgow in September, 1814. This was the unanimous report:

"That the number of (American) privateers with which our channels have been infested, the audacity with which they have approached our coasts, and the success with which their enterprise has been attended, have proved injurious to our commerce, humbling to our pride, and discreditable to the directors of the naval power of the British nation, whose flag, till of late, waved over every sea, and triumphed over every rival. . . . and when in the plentitude of our power we have declared the whole American coast under blockade, it is equally distressing and mortifying that our ships cannot with safety traverse our own channels, that insurance cannot be effected but at an excessive premium, and that

a horde of American cruisers should be allowed, unheeded, unresisted, and unmolested, to take, burn or sink our own vessels in our own inlets, and almost in sight of our harbors."

Peace had been concluded at Ghent, Belgium, on December 24, 1814, but the news took time to reach the fields of action. Although James Madison, President of the United States, signed and ratified the peace treaty on the 17th of February, the privateers and the vessels of the regular navy continued fighting in various parts of the world up to the first of July.

In the fall of 1815 an American fleet under Commodore Decatur appeared off the harbor of Tripoli, whose cruisers had been again molesting our commerce, and forced a much more glorious treaty than that of 1805. From then on the American establishment languished, while the merchant fleets increased. The outbreak of the war with Mexico in 1846 again made use for regular armed vessels, but they were mostly employed convoying transports, and bombarding a few coast towns. Mexico was not a maritime nation, and there was little opportunity for them to do more than assist the army.

The Navy in the Civil War

The Civil War once more found the naval establishment reduced and disorganized. But soon the shipyards were busy, and the naval forces, which were augmented by fleets of hastily armed steamers of all sorts, entered upon the great blockade that was destined to sap the very life-blood of the Confederacy. The South had no navy except those hastily constructed harbor and river defense vessels with which they ineffectually, but most bravely, fought against superior odds. The Civil War ushered in a new naval era—that of the armored vessel. The memorable action between the first two ironclads, the ram *Virginia*, better known as the *Merrimac*, and the first turreted fighting ship, the *Monitor*, drew the attention of the world. The main principle of the latter craft—the turret—has not been improved upon, and is in use today in every navy. The *New Ironsides*, a combination sail and steam frigate of 3,250 tons, built in 1861, was the first ocean-going ironclad. On the high seas there was but one important action—that between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, June 19, 1864. Although the *Alabama's* officers held commissions from the Confederate government, her crew of 149 men were almost all Europeans; she was

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK
Commander of the *Oregon* in 1898

From a copyrighted photograph by C. C. Langill, New York
THE *OREGON*

really the very last of the privateers. Captain Raphael Semmes, the *Alabama's* commander, tempted fate when he ventured into the fight, for the *Kearsarge*, under the command of Captain John A. Winslow, was in many ways a superior ship and had a larger crew, all Americans. The *Alabama* had been equipped in England, and this was made the basis for claims against that country, and Great Britain had to pay for the damage done American commerce the sum of $15,000,000.

THE *TEXAS*

One of the newest types of United States battleships. From a photograph taken on November 11, 1916, when the *Texas* sailed to join the Atlantic Fleet at Hampton Roads

The end of the Civil War found the United States the greatest naval and military power in the world. Without effort the President and Congress could have called into active service more trained, experienced men than the coalition of any two great powers of Europe could have brought together. Not long, however, did this state of affairs continue to exist. Within ten years England and France had begun to outstrip this country in building ships. There was an excess of officers in the American service at this period, but there was no well directed attempt at naval construction. American born sailors practically had disappeared; seventy-two per cent. of the enlisted men in the service were foreigners, who were attracted merely by the pay they received. Admiral David D. Porter recorded that, when the United States steamship *Trenton* went into commission in the spring of 1876, only eighty of her crew could speak English!

The Modern Navy

In 1884 the United States had reached its lowest ebb as a maritime nation; the country had not sold all its ships, as it had a hundred years previously, but those in commission were obsolete, not one vessel of the first class being afloat. About this time Secretary of the Navy William H. Hunt began a great work of reconstruction; through his efforts Rear-Admiral John Rodgers was appointed the head of a board of naval officers to determine the requirements of a new navy. It was reported by the board that the United States should have twenty-one battleships, seventy unarmored cruisers, twenty torpedo boats, five torpedo gunboats and five rams. As to the first class, they, perforce, had to exist on paper—there was not a shipyard in the country that could build one! To construct the half dozen small cruisers it was necessary to purchase armor-plate abroad,

and the "White Squadron," as it was called—the beginning of our modern navy—was constructed in a measure by foreign workmen, with foreign tools, out of foreign material! Moreover, the vessels were built, not by the government, but by private contract. Even the plans of the *Charleston*—one of the largest of the little fleet—launched in San Francisco in 1888, were drawn by foreign naval architects. Conditions had improved somewhat in regard to the personnel during this period, but as late as 1897 twenty-five per cent. of the enlisted men were foreign born. Today it is completely changed—the service has all American crews, the foreign-born element being less than two per cent., and they must be naturalized citizens. As the United States began to build larger ships and as the shipyards and their capacity increased, government construction, under proper direction, was successfully undertaken.

In the Spanish War, which began immediately after the blowing up of the *Maine* in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898, the United States Navy acquitted itself brilliantly. During the course of hostilities two Spanish fleets were absolutely annihilated—one in the Philippines at Manila, and the other off Santiago, composed of those ill fated vessels under brave old Admiral Cervera. In the first action no American life was lost, in the second but one. In all the fighting of the Spanish War the American navy did not lose as many men as the frigate *Constitution* had lost in any twenty minutes of her three principal single combats! In fact, as a naval war, the American conflict with Spain was what might be termed a "walk-over." The war furnished heroes—especially Dewey and Sampson. One of the battleships, the *Oregon*, made a record that was considered marvelous, for she kept at racing speed without any serious break to any part of the machinery over a course of 14,700 miles, stopping only to take coal. In sixty-five days after leaving San Francisco, on the 19th of March, she was receiving orders from Washington off the coast of Florida. Even after this long run the *Oregon* alone, according to a naval authority, would have been a match for the entire Spanish squadron in Santiago. The one blow that the service really received was the loss of one hundred and sixty-seven men who gave up their lives in the *Maine*. Since the war with Spain the Navy has been maintained, but not in comparison with the navies of other first-class powers. Now the Navy, by order of Congress, is being increased to a degree that will place it again in the first rank.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE STORY OF OUR NAVY *By W. O. Stevens*

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY *By F. S. Hill*

THE HISTORY OF OUR NAVY Five volumes. *By J. R. Spears*

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812 *By James Barnes*

THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812 *By Theodore Roosevelt*

THE AMERICAN NAVY *By F. E. Chadwick*

THE STORY OF OUR NAVY FOR YOUNG AMERICANS *By W. J. Abbot*

THE NAVAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Two volumes. *By G. W. Allen*

TWENTY-SIX HISTORIC SHIPS *By F. S. Hill*

THE MONITOR AND THE NAVY UNDER STEAM *By Lieut. F. M. Bennett*

OUR NAVY IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN *By J. R. Spears*

THE OPEN LETTER

At eleven o'clock on the morning of February 3d last, Congress was called upon to convene at two o'clock to listen to a message that the President of the United States would then deliver in person. We all know what that message was. It made fifteen impressive and solemn minutes of history.

On that same morning I found in the editorial mail of The Mentor a letter from a member of a young men's club of a small town, asking for assistance in the preparation of material for a debate that would soon take place in his club on the question: Resolved, that the United States should *not* increase its navy. Four other similar requests have come to the editor of The Mentor during the past two months.

THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA
The first naval action of the Revolution. The American sloop *Unity* capturing the British schooner *Margaretta*, June 12, 1775. From drawing by J. O. Davidson

Good friends, spare your labor and your logic. The question whether the United States *should* increase its navy no longer exists. It *has* increased it. In the year just passed the Government adopted a three years' naval program that, if carried out, will place the United States again in the first rank of naval powers. One hundred and fifty-six vessels are projected under the Construction Act of 1916—a total that will strain to the limit the present ship-building facilities of both seaboards. New types will be built—among them, six battle cruisers that will far exceed any now afloat, or, as far as is known, any that are planned by a foreign power. Displacing nearly thirty-five thousand tons, each ship will develop one hundred and eighty thousand horse-power. The most formidable and most recent of our battleships—the *Arizona*—has but thirty-one thousand four hundred horse-power. So it is seen at a glance what an advance is this latest step in naval construction. The armament of these remarkable vessels will consist of a main battery of ten fourteen-inch guns, their speed will be thirty-five knots, and they will cost, each one, about twenty millions of dollars. Ten battleships are included in the new program; the largest will displace nearly thirty-three thousand tons, will be armed with eight sixteen-inch and twenty-two five-inch guns; their speed is expected to be twenty-one or twenty-two knots an hour. Then, with a fleet of fifty large destroyers, nine ocean-going submarines, and thirty-eight coast submarines the strength of America's first line of defense will be assured.

* * *

In addition to this, amendments were offered in Congress on February 6th last, which provided: (1) For the taking over by the President, in whole or in part, the facilities of all private shipyards and other establishments engaged in the manufacture or assembling of shipbuilding accessories, and for the drafting of workmen and officials of such establishments into the Government service for the construction of Government ships; (2) Authorization for the issue of $150,000,000 in bonds, the proceeds to be used by the President in his discretion to secure the speedy construction of ships already authorized, and for the construction or purchase of additional naval craft as the President may direct.

These measures, in substance, were approved and passed by Congress early in March.

* * *

From this it may be seen that the general question of increasing the Navy is no longer food for debating societies. Try this question instead: The Navy having been increased as indicated, what is the wisest course for the Government to pursue? Or, better still, give the question up, and leave it to the Government.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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LACE AND LACE MAKING

By ESTHER SINGLETON
Author

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 6

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

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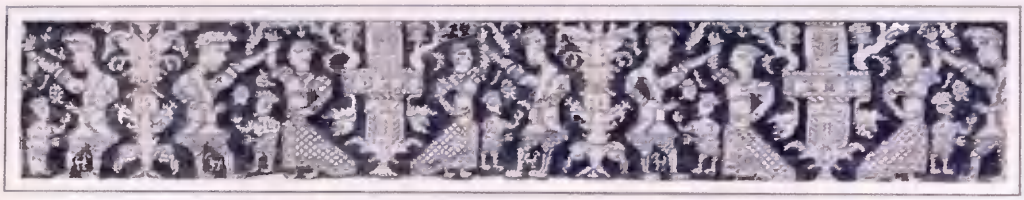
W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
MAY 1, 1917



A CARICATURE IN LACE—ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY
A strip used for curtain, valance, or counterpane

LACE AND LACE MAKING

By ESTHER SINGLETON

MENTOR GRAVURES

VENETIAN RAISED POINT
Chalice Veil, 1650

POINT D'ALENÇON

VALENCIENNES, THREE SPECIMENS
Eighteenth century

BLACK CHANTILLY FAN MOUNT
Nineteenth century

MENTOR GRAVURES

PILLOW AND BOBBINS

MECHLIN
Greatly magnified

COURT TRAIN OF IRISH POINT
Made for Queen Mary of England

"Wisdom with periwigs, with cassocks grace,
Courage with swords, gentility with lace."—*Connoisseur*

"To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders and Venise." —*Hudibras*

LIKE old violins, old lace makes a direct appeal to the romantic fancy. But Venetian, Alençon, Brussels, Mechlin and Honiton carry us farther than a Stradivarius, a Guarnerius, or an Amati; for rich lace belongs to the class of heirlooms. Treasured from generation to generation, lace gains, in addition to its intrinsic beauty, a sort of atmosphere that makes the beholder think instinctively of the personages who owned it and of the brilliant scenes amid which it was worn.

Artistic lace, with designs of flowers, figures and scrolls upon a cobweb of threads, was first made in the sixteenth century. It reached perfection in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In common with many other beautiful arts, the home of lace-making was Italy. When the Sforza (sfort-sah) property was divided in 1493 the inventory of Beatrice d'Este (dess-te), Duchess of Milan (Este—a famous old princely Italian family), gives a list of fine laces that fell to her share. The first portraits in which lace occurs are of the early Florentine School; and to these we must go, as we do to inventories, sumptuary laws (*i. e.* laws regulating private expenditure) and contemporary documents, for knowledge of ancient lace.

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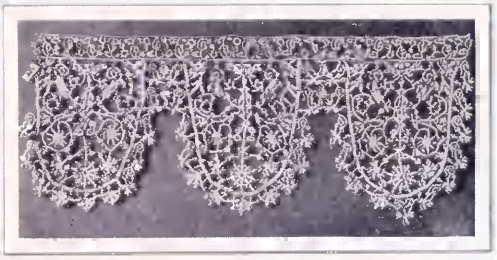
EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY GERMAN LACIS, OR DARNED NETTING
Representing the story of David and Goliath



ITALIAN POINT, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
Used for collars and cuffs, and to trim large ruffs

Lace appears in the old inventories of France and England, in company with braid and gimp, as *passament*, or *passement*. A descriptive adjective usually tells if it is made of gold, silver, silk, or linen threads. *Passament dentelé* (toothed, from the French *dent*, tooth) occurs in the inventory of Henri II of France (1547-1559); but the fine *dentelle* (dahn-tell) *de Florence*, which Marguerite, sister of François II, owned in 1545, brings us a little nearer to the French word for lace,—*dentelle*.

The word *lacis* (lah-see) was used by the poet, Skelton (1460-1529), to describe braid. His line is "The sampler to sew on, the lacis to embraid." It was a cord or braid. The word lace appears in the Bible; but the translators used the word to define braid; for the open-worked and decorative adornment that we call lace,* was described in the reign of James I as "purls," "points" and "cut-work."

The earliest open-worked lace is Reticella (ret-tee-chel'-lah), or Gotico (got'-tee-co). Needlepoint Guipure (gee-pure') is another name for it. It is stiff, with geometrical open-worked patterns and a spiky edge. We see it in nearly all the early Italian and Flemish portraits.

Guipure is applied to all large patterned laces with coarse grounds, and which have no *brides* (breed) (or joinings of threads from pattern to pattern) and no delicate *réseau* (ray-so, meaning network). In old days Guipure was used to define a gold, or silver, braid, worn only by the rich and on the livery of the king's servants. The "tape guipures" of Italy and Flanders were famous. Black silk guipure was made chiefly at Le Puy (leh pwee), France.

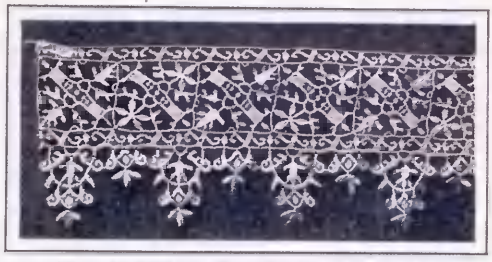
Early Reticellas were made of stiff threads, button-holed over and having little spiky knots at regular intervals. Patterns gradually became

*Perhaps the first application of the word lace to describe that open-worked fabric of linen with inwrought or applied patterns occurs in Watreman's *Fardle Facions* (1555), which says "The men sat at home spinning and working of lace."

more ornate: circles, wheels, triangles and so forth were systematically arranged, as anyone can see who examines the lace collars and cuffs in the portraits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The home of this lace was the Ionian Islands, but its manufacture spread from Italy throughout Europe. "Cut-work," or drawn-thread work, was also a name for Reticella. Its effect is the same as the geometric needlepoint lace. "Cut-work" was made for three centuries, with few changes. The old patterns were handed down for generations. *Lacis* (lah-see), darned netting, or "spiderwork" is known today as *filet* (fee-lay). It was very popular in Italy. Siena was so famous for it that one of its names is "Siena Point." The pattern is simply darned with the needle upon a plain ground of coarse net. Lacis lent itself to all kinds of designs, from small squares with simple patterns to large ones with intricate pictures, religious or secular. Lacis was made in long strips, or in separate squares, and joined. It was much used for table-cloths, bed-hangings, and other household decoration.

Catherine de' Medici (deh may'-dee-chee) had a bed draped with such squares. She kept her handmaidens busy making them. Her inventory gives 381 unmounted squares in one coffer and 533 in another.

Lacis seems to have been an old art before Vinciola (vin-chee-o'-la), a most celebrated designer, published his book of patterns in Venice in 1587.



ITALIAN POINT, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The kind that appears as the collar in the portraits of Marie de' Medici

Lacis was sometimes combined with Reticella, as is shown in the pattern-book of Isabella Catanea Parasole (1616).

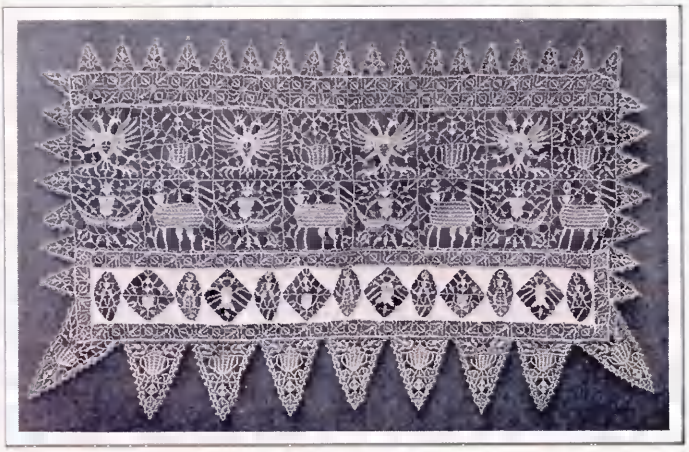
Whence Came Lace?

In the sixteenth century a new type of lace became popular, its elegance harmonizing with the splendid costumes of the Renaissance. The exquisite Point Lace, poetically

HONITON

Tradition says that the worker was paid as many shillings as would cover the lace

called *Punto in aria* (stitch in the air), with its motives of graceful scrolls and lovely flowers, was developed in Venice. In early days its patterns show affinity with the arabesques of Persian ornament. Whence came this exquisite art, which Arachne* herself cannot imitate?



ITALIAN POINT
Made in the Tyrol about 1650

Antiquaries have sought in vain for its origin. Lace seems to have been unknown to the Far East, and Egyptian discoveries yield nothing but drawn-work, cut-work and embroidery in the way of artistic manipulation of threads. The home of diaphanous lace is still a mystery.

But it was perfected in the city that "held the gorgeous East in fee." May we not believe that lace, like *intarsia* (or inlaid work of bone and ebony), damascened metal and richly-colored ceramics, also came from Eastern sources? Lace, moreover, may have been derived from the Saracens of Sicily, or from the Greeks of the Morea, the Ionian Islands or Constantinople. That the darned netting (*lacis*) has a Byzantine appearance nobody will deny.

Point Lace and Pillow Lace

There are only two kinds of hand-made lace: Point Lace and Pillow Lace. The first is made with the needle, and is called Needlepoint, or simply Point; the second is made with bobbins on a pillow, and is called Pillow Lace.

The name Pillow Lace is unfortunate, because lace of *all* kinds is supported on a pillow while being made, no matter whether the maker uses her needle, plies the bobbins, or simply knots the threads with her fingers.

Point Lace gets its name from the French *point* (pwan), a stitch. Its French name is *Point d'aiguille* (pwan dagwee), literally, the point of the needle—needlepoint, as we say. The name has been given to some laces to denote superiority of workmanship, as in the case of *Point d'Angleterre* (pwan dongletare), *Point de Valenciennes* (pwan deh val-lon'-see-enn), *Point de Malines* (pwan deh mah-leen), *Punto di Milano* (poon-toe dee mee-lah-no) and Honiton (hon-ee-ton) Point, which are not Point laces at all, but Pillow laces, as they are made with bobbins. This still further confuses the classification of lace.

In order to determine to which class any specimen belongs, the *toilé* (twah-lay), solid part of the pattern, and the ground-work should both be examined through a magnifying glass. The ground is either a network of

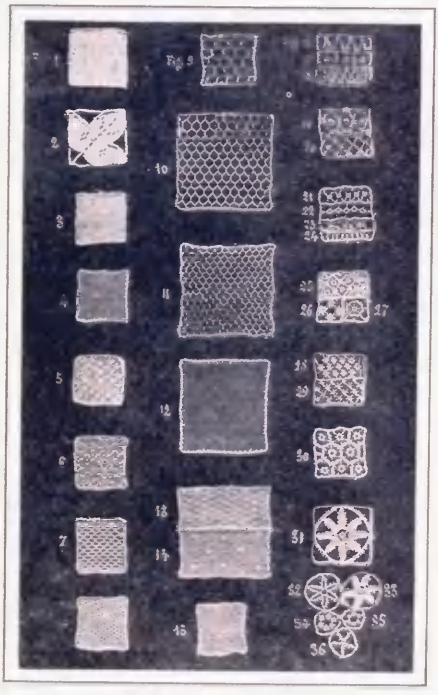
*Arachne was, in Greek legend, a maiden who challenged the goddess Athene to a contest in weaving and was changed by Athene into a spider

fine threads, called *réseau;* or it consists of slender threads, or ties, called *brides*, which connect the different parts of the patterns. The *brides* are frequently tipped here and there with little spikes, or knots, called *picots* (pee-co). The edge of the pattern is also sometimes decorated with these *picot* tips. In some laces the ground consists of both *réseau* and *brides*.

No matter how intricate the pattern and no matter from what country the specimen comes, there is but *one kind of stitch* in all varieties of Point Lace. This stitch is the familiar looped, or "button-hole" stitch.

In Point Lace the solid parts are always made of rows of looped stitches, closely worked, or loosely worked, with small open spaces left in the patterns. When *réseau* (network) is used for the background, the meshes are made of loosely looped stitches. Sometimes the needle is twisted twice in each stitch to keep the mesh open.

When *brides* are used they are made of one thread, or two threads, fastened across the patterns; and these *brides* are closely button-holed over. The *picot* ornamentation is also button-holed over.



LACE NET, OR RÉSEAU

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are Venetian stitches. Nos. 4 to 15 are various kinds of nets. Nos. 16 to 36 are patterns—stars, circles, wheels, lattice work, etc., used for decorative fillings

Pillow Lace (or, more properly, Bobbin Lace) is altogether different. The *toilé* is composed of threads that cross each other, more or less at right angles, like the threads of woven materials. The *brides* consist of twisted, or plaited, threads and the *picots* of single loops.

Pillow Lace is divided into two classes: (1) The pattern is worked first on the pillow and the *réseau* (network) filled in afterwards. To this class belong *Punto di Milano*, Brussels Pillow (*Point d'Angleterre*) and Honiton. (2) The pattern and the *réseau* (network) are made in one piece on the pillow.

While Venice continued to make and export magnificent Point, Genoa and Milan did a large trade in Pillow Lace. A great deal of the lace that we see in the portraits of this period is the coarse and heavy Genoa Bobbin, with denticulate edges. The "wheat-grain"* ornamentation is a characteristic. This lace was suited for boot-tops, garters, shoe-roses, collars and cuffs and scarfs. It did not go out of fashion until 1660.

Centuries ago our English ancestors called Pillow Lace "Bone-lace" (Sir Thomas More went to his execution in a ruff trimmed with Bone-lace),

*This is also a characteristic of Maltese lace, as was natural, because Genoa workers were taken to Malta in 1833, to start the lace industry there.

because the bobbins were made of bone. When we remember this, the line in "Twelfth Night":

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their threads with bone."

gains in picturesqueness; and we see the lace-makers busy in the sunshine with their pillows and bobbins.

PILLOW WITH BOBBINS
Showing on it a strip of Pillow Lace nearly completed

Lace in the Sixteenth Century

It was not until the sixteenth century that lace-making became a lay industry. In England it was long called "Nun's work." Pale sisters toiled over needles and bobbins in the convents with the same patience and eyes trained to minute vision that the monks used for their illuminated manuscripts. Throughout Europe lace was made in wealthy homes, and some women founded workshops and schools. The wife of the Doge Grimaldi, who set up a workshop in Venice and employed 130 women at her own expense, was not an exception.

Wars, persecutions and conquests shifted people of all classes from country to country. The bloody sword of Alva sent thousands of Flemish refugees into England and France. In 1564 a colony of lace-makers settled in Honiton, Devonshire, bringing their patterns and methods with them. No wonder then that Honiton Point closely resembles an open kind of Belgian lace of which large "sprigs" are characteristic.

Flanders disputes with Italy the invention of both needlepoint and bobbin lace as hotly as she disputes the art of writing madrigals. But whether she stands first or not with regard to this invention, her lace-workers, scattered by the "Spanish Fury," taught the making of bobbin laces to every country of northern Europe. For instance, Barbara Uttmann, who introduced the making of bobbin lace into Germany, learned the work from a Fleming.

BEADED PINS
Used in outlining the pattern in Pillow Lace

In England, the Fleming "Trolle Kant" became known as trolly lace, the trolly being a thick outlining cord, or *cordonnet* (core-don'-nay). Trolly lace was quite expensive. It was much worn in the eighteenth century, and frequently figures in the advertisements in American newspapers.

Brussels, Antwerp (with its pot of flowers) and Mechlin were all known and imitated in England in the sixteenth century. Belgium, at that time, claimed the lace of Lille (resembling Mechlin) and also that of Valenciennes, then in the province of Hainault (ay'-no). A great deal of fine lace went to Spain from Flanders; for, in the sixteenth century Flanders was a part of the Spanish domain. Charles V, a native of Ghent,* commanded lace making to be taught in all the Belgian schools. Preferring the Netherlands to the foreign country over which he ruled, he carried as much of their atmosphere as he could into Spain. Furniture-makers, engravers, painters, tapestry-weavers, lace-makers and other artisans were transported in large numbers. Spanish workers were in return sent to the Low Countries. Consequently there was an interchange of styles between Spain and the Netherlands.

VENETIAN ROSE POINT
The most complicated of laces

The Lace Industry in France

Catherine de' Medici set the fashion for lace in France. She brought in her suite from Florence F. Vinciola, who was appointed pattern-maker for laces and needlework to the court. He published a number of pattern books in Paris, chiefly for needlepoint and darned net. During the reign of Henri III (1574–1589) lace began to be more important, especially as an edging to the frilled ruffs that men and women both wore. In the last days of Henri IV (1589–1610) ruffs gave place to turned over collars of linen edged with lace; these were followed by small turned down collars made entirely of lace. Next came the tall fan-shaped "Medici Collar," brought from Italy by Marie de' Medici.

Pattern-books of importance were now published. Lace began to be used on everything; but, even so, the French trade was not large. Those who spent the most money for lace purchased "Venetian Points."

Cardinal Mazarin (maz'-za-rehn) tried to suppress the importation of foreign laces and to improve the home manufactures by introducing patterns from Italy. But it was Colbert (coll-bare), Louis XIV's prime minister, who made French lace an item of trade, He said: "Fashion should be to France what the mines of Peru were to Spain."

However, ten years before Colbert said this Le Puy (leh pwee) had become a center for lace-making, and the Duchesse de Longueville (doo-shess deh long-veel), Condé's sister, had brought lace-makers to

ITALIAN PILLOW (OR BOBBIN)
Seventeenth century. The so-called "tape" variety

*English pronunciation "gent," with the hard "g." French pronunciation "gahn," with the nasal "n."

Chantilly (shon-tee-yee). Colbert now established his famous school near Alençon, taught by lace-makers from Venice. Other workshops were founded in Le Quesnoy, Arras, Rheims, Paris, Sedan and Argentan.

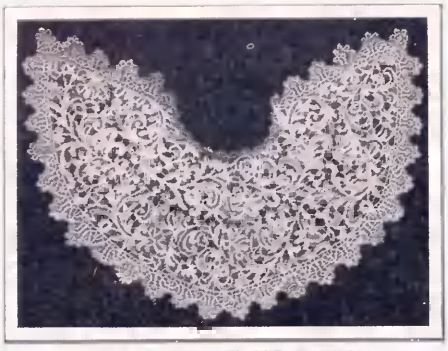
WHITE SILK SPANISH LACE
Nineteenth century

Point d'Alençon (pwan dal-lon'-sohn) or "*Point de France*" was at first an exact imitation of Venetian Point, but soon the clever French invented a beautiful *réseau* (network) of needlework, imitated from the bobbin network ground of Flemish lace. This was a novelty; for Point lace had never before been grounded on net. How human eyes and human fingers can produce this is a marvel, for an authority tells us:

"The average size of a diagonal, taken from angle to angle, in an Alençon, or so-called Argentan, hexagon, is about one-sixth of an inch, and each side of the hexagon is about one-tenth of an inch. An idea of the minuteness of the work can be formed from the fact that a side of the hexagon would be overcast with some nine or ten button-hole stitches."

Fashions in Lace

Those who have made a study of old portraits, prints, and costume-plates, realize how much use has been made of lace at all periods. Lace was always considered by the fashionable world the most exquisite of adornments. It is not by accident, nor in satire, that an engraving called "The Prodigal Son," by Abraham Bosse, a celebrated French engraver of the seventeenth century, represents the richly dressed mother holding out to her repentant child a large collar trimmed with splendid lace. Any properly constituted "blood" of the period would have returned from the pigs and husks for such an inducement.



MILAN PILLOW (OR BOBBIN)
With many ornamental stitches

This was just the kind of collar that Frans Hals loved to paint with sure, swift strokes of his magic brush; and exactly such lace is seen in the portraits by Porbus, Coques, Rembrandt, Rubens and Van Dyck.

What a bewildering array of lace-trimmed articles and of furbelows and fineries made of lace comes to memory as we think of the "Fashion Parade" of the past! Here they come: great circular ruffs, collars and cuffs, falling collars,

Medici ruffs, cravats, scarfs, garters, shoe-roses, lace-trimmed boots, shirts, handkerchiefs, masks, fans, caps, aprons, three-tiered "commodes," "Brussels-heads," lappets, falbalas, flounces, wrist-ruffles, berthes, barbes, shawls, parasols—in all styles and shapes, and of many patterns, textures and weaves. Where should we begin a short survey of artistic lace—where should we end?

When we remember the hundreds of portraits in European galleries showing the subject holding in his, or her, hand a lace-trimmed handkerchief, the hand itself framed by a cuff of lace, or transparent lawn, lace-trimmed, we are fain to believe that the artists loved to paint lace as much as their sitters loved to wear it.

The enormous ruff tipped with lace that came into fashion about 1540, and which in England was called the "French ruff" and in France the "English monster," was edged in England with "Bone lace," much of which was made by the Flemish refugees in Dover and Honiton. These ruffs required much lace, but not so much as those that Queen Elizabeth wore. Twenty-five yards of Bone-lace were necessary to trim one of those huge filmy butterflies rising above her head. The Queen had a yellow neck, and the style helped her hide it. So she wore higher ruffs than anybody in the world except the Queen of Navarre; and she piled finery on them—jewels, pearls, lace and golden threads.* Her special taste was for the laces of Flanders and the "cutworks" and "points" of Italy. Her court followed her taste, although much "Bone-lace" and Spanish lace were worn. The latter Katherine of Aragon had introduced.

BRUSSELS POINT FAN MOUNT
Nineteenth century. Showing floral designs

Though the Puritans frowned on lace—we may read Stubbs' history to know how ferociously—it is interesting to remember that when Cromwell's body lay in state it was draped with the most splendid Flemish Point. In the reign of Charles II, the English court wore lace in profusion. Gallants even filled their wide boot-tops with rich ruffles, Cinq-Mars (sank-mahr), who died in

BLACK CHANTILLY LACE SHAWL
The kind our grandmothers used to draw through a wedding-ring to prove its delicacy

*See Mentor No. 124 for a gravure picture of Queen Elizabeth in the court costume here referred to.

1642, left three hundred lace-trimmed boots The demand for Flemish Point in England occasioned smuggling on a large scale, and Parliament, wishing to protect English lace, passed an act prohibiting all importations. But the wealthy English would have their rich Flemish lace; and to supply them the merchants bought lace in Belgium, smuggled it into England and sold it as "Point d'Angleterre," or "English Point." Under that name it often went to France. This is corroborated by the Venetian ambassador to the English court, who wrote home in 1695: "Venetian Point is no longer in fashion; but that called English Point, which you know is not made here, but in Flanders, and only bears the name English Point to distinguish it from the others."

MECHLIN

The pattern and network are made at the same time on the pillow

This lace was Brussels Point. However, a good deal of "English Point" (which is not Point but Pillow) was made at Honiton by the descendants of Alva's refugees, in "sprigs" and patterns resembling the kind of Belgian lace we now call *Duchesse* (also a Pillow Lace).

At this period Louis XIV was proudly buying Alençon and Argentan. At the King's fête at Marly (1679) when the ladies retired at sunset to dress for the ball, each found in her room a dress trimmed with exquisite Point. To the Siamese ambassadors the King gave in 1685 cravats and ruffles of "French Point."

William and Mary, of England, who seem to have run every mania into the ground, were as wildly excited over lace as over china. The Queen's lace bill for one year was £1,918 ($9,590). William's was three times as much. This was the age of lace ruffles, lappets, commodes, and the loosely twisted Steenkirks that were named from the battle of Steenkirk (1692). Queen Anne's list of laces mentions Brussels and Mechlin. Every gentleman now had at least two Point Lace cravats; but the fair ladies, though fond of their lace, cared still more for china, for, if we may believe Addison, "The women exchanged their Flanders Point for punch bowls and mandarins."

VENETIAN RAISED POINT

Nevertheless, the belles filled their long "pagoda sleeves" with Mechlin, Brussels and Honiton, and the beaux concealed love letters in their "weeping ruffles." If we may credit the satirists, lace was worn in "High Life Below Stairs"; butlers, they say, refused to carve the "Roast Beef of Old England" for

fear of spoiling the ruffles they, too, wore at their wrists. But if ruffles descended, aprons came up in favor. They were soon dismissed again, for Beau Nash tore off the Duchess of Queensbury's apron at Bath, which cost two hundred guineas ($1,000) and was of the richest Point, exclaiming as he did so that "none but Abigails appeared in white aprons."

In the days of Louis XV France subjected lace to strict etiquette. There were "summer" laces and "winter" laces. The lovely soft "blonde" came in fashion in 1745 and increased in popularity when Marie Antoinette appeared in the French Court. She used it for the fichu (fee-shoo) of which she was so fond.

The French Revolution killed lace for a time, and many lace-makers were guillotined because of their association with aristocratic dress.

In 1789 the States General, in arranging the costume of the *Tiers état* (tee-yares zay-tah), ordered the nobility to wear a lace cravat. Napoleon, who was a great lover of lace, made the wearing of the Alençon and Brussels obligatory at Court. He gave many orders for lace with new patterns in which the Bonaparte bees were generally present. In the nineteenth century England began to patronize her own industries. Queen Adelaide had a splendid dress of Honiton. Queen Victoria followed her example, and had her wedding dress, which cost £1,000 ($5,000), made of "Honiton sprigs."

POINT D'ALENÇON
The chain pattern outlining the scallops

In 1840 there was a rage for Chantilly black lace shawls, veils and parasol covers. Our great-grandmothers were able to buy importations in the New York shops. Again, in the middle of the century, the Empress Eugénie made lace popular. As was natural, she favored her own Spanish lace, and loved the deep flounces that one still sees in Spain. The most splendid lace dress of the period became hers in 1859. This was of *Point d'Alençon*. Napoleon III bought it for 200,000 francs ($40,000). In later years the Empress gave it to Pope Leo XIII.

Eugénie also made black lace popular again; and the well-dressed Parisians, Londoners and Americans all had their black lace shawls, barbes, parasols, fans and "sacques."

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

A HISTORY OF LACE *By Mrs. E. Bury Paliser*
Revised by M. Jourdain and Alice Dryden
HAND-MADE LACE *By Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson*
OLD LACE *By M. Jourdain*
EMBROIDERY AND LACE *By Ernest Lefebure*
THE LACE DICTIONARY *By C. R. Clifford*
POINT AND PILLOW LACE *By A. M. S.*
ANTICHE TRINE ITALIANE *By Elisa Ricci*
SEVEN CENTURIES OF LACE *By Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen*

*** Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor

THE OPEN LETTER

"DEAR EDITOR: The Mentors are so delightful—and so tantalizing. For instance, in the 'Precious Gems'—which is a gem in itself—there is a Thibetan Holy Picture made of gems. On the back of this picture is a description of the Peacock Throne. And, again, there is a picture of Queen Elizabeth in her court costume. I would like a full description of this costume, and of the jewels she wears. In most cases in The Mentor, the 'monograph' on the back of a gravure picture describes the subject of the picture. Why do you not always do so? Please tell me about the Holy Picture, and especially its size. I know that you think size is very 'material' and has little to do with art, but I like to know and I am very 'material.' Even the grim world of Shades will lose its terrors for me if I may 'make and measure it.'"—*Louisa Brent.*

As a rule we print on the back of a gravure picture a description of that particular subject, but it is not possible to do so in every case. There are many interesting and beautiful pictures about which very little is known—there are others that are sufficiently explained in their titles. That picture of Queen Elizabeth is an interesting one, but no descriptive matter concerning the costume can be found. The title, however, makes clear what it is. The Thibetan Holy Picture is a beautiful curiosity—a sacred picture composed entirely of gems. That fact is stated in the title, and that is about all there is to say concerning it.

★ ★ ★

There is another answer to the question. We frequently have important subjects that demand special treatment in these monographs, and *no pictures to go with them.* Our "Gem" number would not have been complete without the story of the famous Diamond Necklace—or without an account of the Peacock Throne. But there are no authentic pictures of these two subjects. So we print these stories on the backs of pictures that have self-explanatory titles, and about which there is no descriptive matter. We link two things together—an important story that has no picture, and an interesting picture that has no descriptive story—and we give our readers the benefit of both. The essential thing is to give Mentor readers the greatest amount of interesting information possible within the limits of each number.

★ ★ ★

Our correspondent asks—rather apologetically—for the size of the Holy Picture. Don't apologize. If you are really interested in knowing it, we are glad to tell you. The picture is 14½ x 12¼ inches. We give the dimensions of pictures where there is a good and sufficient reason for doing so. We stated the dimensions of the original pictures in the case of the gravure reproductions of Miniatures in Mentor No. 123. This was done because the size of a Miniature is one of its interesting features. In most cases the size of a painting is neither important nor interesting. It certainly has little to do with its art value. In the case of a good picture, size does not count, and in the case of a poor picture, the bigger it is the greater the offense.

★ ★ ★

Just a word about Mentor Service. I don't think that some of our readers appreciate what it really means. We get many letters daily from people asking questions on subjects in the various fields of knowledge, and we have a staff of no less than twelve who devote time specially to replying to these inquiries. If we printed in The Mentor the responses of interest that we supply in one week, the material would fill fifty Mentors. Those that take advantage of this service value it. "I want to express my appreciation of the comprehensive manner in which you answered me," writes one of our members. "I had no idea that you took so much trouble. I think it would be well to call attention to the fact that The Mentor Service is a great time-saver. There is so much that the 'man of the street' has no time to read. Most people would prefer to write to The Mentor and have you dig out of the mine of the world's knowledge just what they want to know. It saves them time and trouble."

★ ★ ★

Why not try The Mentor Service—you who have not written to us? If you want to know further about subjects covered in The Mentor, or want to have a question answered in the various fields of knowledge, or want assistance in a course of reading, or a program for a reading club, write to us. We have helped others, and we can help you.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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By GUSTAV KOBBÉ
Author and Critic

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VOLUME 5
NUMBER 7

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The Painter of Lyrics

IN Art, whether it be the pen, pencil or brush that is employed, the purpose and end is self-expression. "Art is the expression of man's delight in God's work," says Ruskin; and in no field of art is the delight more apparent than in water color. Leaving the more serious and exalted themes for expression in oil, the artist turns to water color as the youth's fancy turns to Spring—with a heart full of joy.

WHEN a painter lays aside his oils and mixes his water colors, he becomes a "singer in a lighter strain." He uses the medium of water color very much as the poet uses the lyric form—to express something light and happy. We find then many of our painters whose names have become established in oil—our Abbey, Homer, Wyant, Martin, Moran and others—engaging, in a lighter mood, with the fresh tones, transparent colors, and brilliant, sketchy effects of the water color palette.

AND so alluring are the joys of water color that many an artist has lingered with it until he has made it his favorite medium. Some have become so devoted to the use of it that they are painting in water color as they would in oil, evoking from water color a broad, strong expression that was not believed to be in it. With them water color has become a medium of serious creation—not simply of recreation.

NOTE—The pictures reproduced in this number of The Mentor have been selected from Mr. G. H. Buek's well known Collection of American Water Color Paintings.

MAY 16 191
DELAWARE

STARTLED. By Winslow Homer, N. A.*

AMERICAN WATER COLOR PAINTERS

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

MENTOR GRAVURES—A GRAY DAY, BY J. FRANCIS MURPHY · AT CANOE PLACE, L. I., BY WILLIAM M. CHASE, N. A. · A SCENE IN HOLLAND, BY HENRY W. RANGER, N. A. · NEAR BAR HARBOR, MAINE, BY GEORGE H. SMILLIE, N. A. · THE TEASE, BY F. S. CHURCH, N. A. · WINTER SOLITUDE, BY JULIAN RIX

A PARTY of young art students, one summer day, in the Scotch highlands, starting to descend a mountain, were cautioned to be quiet in their demeanor when they passed a man and a woman, seated alongside the path and sketching, about halfway down. The man was an English painter in water colors. The woman, his pupil, was Queen Victoria.

The art of aquarelle, and an art of wide range it is, has, in fact, been cultivated for a much longer time and far more widely, abroad than here. In European countries, moreover, artists who take up water color devote themselves more exclusively to the medium than ours do. For with the latter it is apt to be a diversion, a side issue from their regular occupation of painting in oils. In Europe very many artists do water color and nothing else. Various large European art societies recognize this branch of art by having memberships "for water color."

*N. A. stands for National Academy of Design, and the title indicates a full membership in the Academy. A. N. A. means associate membership.

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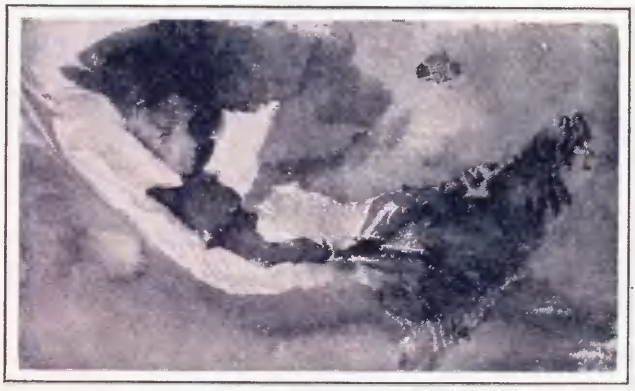
AMERICAN WATER COLOR PAINTERS

Ignoring the fact that black and white drawings in wash (India ink, for example) are in water color, and accepting only what we understand as "color," the so-called "tinted" drawings of the eighteenth century mark the early beginnings of the art. Even so, on the Continent, we could go back a century or two farther, if we were willing to accept tinted drawings that were made as studies or for the express purpose of being engraved. In any event, Europe has seen a regular development of the art, from the use of a single tint applied to part of a drawing for the purpose of heightening its effect, to the use of the full color scale. Therefore, it is not surprising to find museums abroad that can boast historical collections of water colors. How far back these go can be judged from the fact that J. M. W. Turner, who to our modern way of thinking seems almost like an old master, rounds off a period in aquarelle. We Americans can produce no such perspective, and if we have secured anything like a view of what has been done in America in water color, it is due to the efforts of art-lovers who, realizing the charm of aquarelle, have made collections of water colors by American artists.



MAUD READING IN A HAMMOCK
Water color sketch by J. M. Whistler

A CITIZEN OF NEW AMSTERDAM
By Edwin A. Abbey, N. A.

Early American Water Colors

In our comparatively brief art development the early illustrator, F. O. C. Darley, and the painters of the "Hudson River school," like Casilear, Cropsey, McEntee, are "historic." Their work, when found in a collection, always will form one of its interesting and important features. In fact, the work in water color of some men of that time in America is confined to a single specimen, and with most of them it was scant. A picture in aquarelle by one or another of them in some collection may have the added value of the unique. Indeed, to come down to a living man, the now famous Blakelock is said to have painted only one water color, "Going to the Ghost Dance." Speaking in general terms, the distinction between oil and water

pigments is that the former are opaque, the latter transparent. Water color is a clear, sparkling medium of great charm. There are, however, opaque water pigments—"body" colors—like Chinese white. Among the diverse schools of aquarelle, one insists that the white surface of the paper shall come through for the highest lights, the other that these should be put in in white body color. Water color in "gouache" (gwahsh) consists in rendering all the pigments opaque by using with each a greater or less admixture of Chinese white. Each method has its staunch adherents and bitter opponents. But, in the end, its test lies in the results secured by the individual artist who practices it.

FEMALE FIGURE
Water color sketch by John La Farge, N. A.

It so happened that in November, 1916, the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, for the first time since it was founded in the eighteenth century, exhibited, as a body, outside of its own galleries in London. This exhibition was held in the American Art Galleries, New York. John S. Sargent, the American artist, is a member of the society and contributed a work to the exhibition. At the same time, the New York Water ColorClub was holding its exhibition. The show of the Royal Society, the Sargent picture in it, and the simultaneous exhibition of the Water Color Club, offered a capital opportunity to note the difference between the English and American method of aquarelle, and the difference between Sargent—a unique figure—and both. Elliott Daingerfield, a leading American artist, went over these differences with me, and their exposition is largely on his authority.

THE EDGE OF THE WOODS
By A. H. Wyant, N. A.

English, Dutch and French Methods

The English apply thin washes of color to dry paper. They superimpose wash on wash, almost never using opaque color, but quietly, gradually, and patiently building up their washes and then stippling the picture to a

highly finished result, about which there is nothing impressionistic. That is the practice of water color which we associate with England, where it has been practised for many years.

American water colorists have been interested in, and many have been followers of, the development of the art by the Dutch and the French. Water colors of the Dutch and French school are statements of first washes of color, not of washes superimposed, and they are painted on the spur of the moment. They are brilliant affairs, and the constant striving of the artist is to make the very wash itself a beautiful thing. To accomplish this, instead of painting on dry paper, like the English aquarellists, they soak their paper thoroughly, then allow a blotter to absorb the surplus water, and paint on the paper while still wet. The wash when it is applied to the wet paper is drawn into it and becomes, as it were, part of it, drying in and on it with a beautiful crispness. This gives brilliancy, dash and tone to the result. It was natural that Holland, with its moist climate, should seek for a moist effect in water color. To the efforts of Dutch artists to that end we owe the "tonal" water color of today, with a strength and tonal depth almost the same as in oils, as witness some of Mr. Henry B. Snell's work, especially his ship, lately in the Alexander Humphreys collection, which is pushed as far as an oil painting could be.

A SPRING IDYL
By John H. Twachtman

In this method, the paper being sopping wet, the colors sometimes are sponged in and out. And just as painters in oil will use cuttlefish bone to rub down parts of the painted surface in order to obtain desired effects, so, in the water color work of the Dutch and the French, the artist does not hesitate to use sandpaper to rub down the surface. He is working for quality. Whether he paints in wash, uses opaque color or even works entirely in gouache, is a matter of indifference to him, so long as he achieves the effect he is after. Look, for example, at

AT THE LANDING
By Edward Potthast, N. A.

A NORMANDY BROOK
By Homer Martin, N. A.

the effective way Hopkinson Smith worked in gouache on gray paper. With white paper the Dutchman, as his paper begins to dry, lifts out the color here and there with a sponge, the result being that the white of the paper comes through with great brilliancy.

Sargent apparently takes a dry paper, well stretched. So wizardlike is his skill in drawing that a few touches of his pencil suffice to place the subject. Then come clear, beautiful, transparent washes. He can accomplish a woman's fair hand resting on the filmiest of robes in the fewest possible touches and with the simplest washes, so colossal is the brilliancy of his technical achievement in water color. I think he uses a dry surface. But he flows his washes with such skill and rapidity that they behave just as he wants them to.

Three Great American Artists

The development of the English school was one of many years. The English school has its traditions, to which it clings tenaciously. Even the Dutch and French methods were the result of evolution. But in America things happen suddenly; and it was suddenly that there burst upon us the water colors of three American artists—James McNeill Whistler, Winslow Homer, and John S. Sargent. The three are famous as painters in oils. Whistler's work in water color was incidental, but of supreme beauty. Winslow Homer, one of the most ruthlessly powerful painters in oils that ever lived, fairly revelled in the brilliancy and fluency of the gentler medium, and the same is true of Sargent. Thus, as in many other things with us, there was no long and painful preparation and development toward a climax; it came suddenly, at once. Before these men were born, let alone heard of, there was water color painting (and good water color painting) by American artists. But it occurred irregularly. There was no sequence in it, nothing that inclined toward special method or development. Some artist who had succeeded as an oil painter would amuse himself with some work in water color. Usually it

A LADY OF QUALITY
By Frederick Dielman, N. A.

turned out surprisingly well. But the American public lent itself, as it still lends itself—chiefly to oils, so to oils the artist promptly returned.

THE YELLOWSTONE
By Thomas Moran, N. A.

Indispensable in a collection of American water colors is an example by the most famous American artist, James McNeill Whistler; and being indispensable, it is the more to be prized when found, because Whistler water colors are not numerous. One of his biographers, T. R. Way, says pertinently that, as is true of every medium he used, his work in water color bears the strong impress of his personality, and, slight as some of it appears to be, the "butterfly" signature is never really necessary as a means of identification. It is signed all over, and if in the case of any picture purporting to be a Whistler it is found necessary to look for the butterfly before all doubt is removed, it is quite certain that the work, if genuine, is not one of his masterpieces.

THE MOONLIT SEA
By T. K. M. Rehn, N. A.

The reference in Way's comment to the butterfly refers to Whistler's use of that graceful insect in place of a name signature to his works. It is a symbol of the extreme lightness and delicacy of his technique. The manner in which he usually "conventionalizes" this symbol indicates that it was suggested to him by the first letter of his family name, the W—not unlike wings in conformation—and such, indeed, is said to have been its actual derivation.

Not only is it not necessary in Whistler's "Maud Reading in a Hammock," to cite one of his aquarelles, to look for the butterfly, but in addition to its being there and beautifully placed, the little aquarelle has the artist's genius all over it—from top to bottom, side to side. It is a picture of one of his favorite models, and the hammock is said to be swung on a balcony in Venice. The girl is reading. The thing is a mere "note," a sketch, even a trifle, if you say so—but how airy, even to the poise of the head with its concentrated thought on the book. A most deft and buoyant performance! The hammock hangs still, but one senses that it would swing to and fro at a touch from the girl's foot upon the floor. The little masterpiece is done chiefly in grays and brown, the main splash of brown so placed as to throw out, in clear relief, the blond hair and the white of pillow and book page.

The Art of Twachtman

Exquisite is the work of John H. Twachtman. Most delicate and poetic interpretations of landscape, often his work seems a color poem, or only a dream; and if but a dream, do you not feel, nevertheless, that it may come true at any bend of a road of a misty morning? Vague, nebulous at first, the trees and bushes, the stretch of ground leading up, maybe, to a little house, the hills beyond gradually take shape, without obtruding themselves, through the infinitely delicate veil of atmosphere that hangs over the scene. Such a work by Twachtman is an evocation, a poem; and, if you wish it so, a spring poem, lightly made captive in stanzas of palest rose, green and blue.

It has been said of J. M. W. Turner, one of the greatest delineators of landscape in water color, that his marvelous grasp of atmospheric subtleties, his infallible understanding of varieties of aërial effect, and his rare skill in representing the spaciousness of remote distances seen through a veil of misty air, could scarcely have been acquired so completely, great master as he was, without the full training of his powers of expression; and that this was due to the large experience of nature in all her moods, which came to him as a result of ceaseless observation of the atmosphere of his native land. The same can be said of Twachtman, in whatever medium his work is executed.

NOVEMBER
By Charles Melville Dewey

John La Farge

The late John La Farge touched many phases of art. He designed and made stained glass windows, using common material like cheap iridescent glass soap dishes and other washstand accessories, which he bought up wherever he found them, and then had them broken up and ground into cylinder-shaped units, constructing from them most rich and beautiful effects —all by reason of his own genius. He painted in oils, and, in "The Wolf Charmer," owned by the St. Louis Museum, produced one of the greatest pictures this country has to its credit. He

LENGTHENING SHADOWS
By Robert C. Minor, N. A.

made many memorandum drawings that would be of priceless value to any art teaching institution. And he painted exquisite water colors. A roamer in Japan and among the isles of the South Seas, La Farge appears to have found in the East his inspiration for the female figure reproduced here. This water color shows the wonderfully graceful figure of an Oriental looking young woman in landscape. Pose, drapery, coloring, are alike beautiful. Against blue sky and succulent green there is projected her long, red, clinging cloak; below it is viewed a bit of white skirt, from which part of a foot protrudes. She is walking slowly forward, as the well managed turn of this visible foot indicates; and the curve—the line of beauty—is effected through the adaptation of the drapery to the inward trend of the left leg and the upward bend of the arm. A slight sheen of light on the very top of the hair brings out its brown tint, and by "touching it off" attracts attention to the modest grace with which the head is poised.

A DUTCH KITCHEN
By George Wharton Edwards

DAY DREAMS
By Irving R. Wiles, N. A.

Edwin A. Abbey

A typical Abbey, not typical, perhaps, to those who know him only from his large "Holy Grail" decorations on the walls of the Boston Public Library—so different from this little water color—but easy to recognize as his work by any one familiar with the illustrations of Edwin A. Abbey to Shakespeare and Herrick, is entitled "A Citizen of New Amsterdam"—that is, of New York under Dutch rule. The burgher stands on a brick walk leading over a meadow toward the shore. One imagines it to be the lower end of Manhattan Island, now a platform for thirty and forty storied skyscrapers, but at that time a fringe of salt marsh.

MY LADY DAINTY
By T. Wells Champney, A. N. A.

The man is looking beyond the shore, over the water. He appears to be searching the horizon for a sail—a ship of his own, a galleon

wherewith to swell his fortune. His look is intensified by his contraction of the lips and other facial features, due to his drawing on the stem of a long white clay tobacco pipe. The figure is firmly placed, as if here were the accustomed point of vantage from which to look down toward the Narrows. A black hat with a protruding black feather crowns the head. The nose is long; the face sharp and shrewd—that of a man who will drive hard bargains with his expected cargo. Coat and knee breeches are a golden brown, the silk stockings the same, but set off with black garters. Ruffles and cuffs are white, a note repeated beyond the middle distance by the crests of tumbling waves. A capital work of a great llustrator.

Abbey was one of a few American artists who, besides having been honored in their own country, were members of the Royal Academy. He was commissioned by Edward VII to paint the scene of his coronation in Westminster Abbey, and it is said that George V was desirous of having the artist paint his coronation as well. But Abbey declined, because, in executing the former commission, he had been greatly vexed by the dilatoriness of many members of the nobility, who had to be in the picture, but who consulted their own leisure in coming to him for their posing.

A BIT OF NEW ENGLAND COAST
By Childe Hassam, N. A.

Winslow Homer

By Winslow Homer, one of the greatest American artists, with whom water color was so favorite a medium that he chose to be represented entirely by it at the Pan-American Exposition, is a view of a woman wandering by the seashore and looking curiously down at a long strand of seaweed with its garner of shells and other sea-loot. Homer's art was honest, forthright. So was his speech. I have read a letter by him that is too characteristic to miss. It is addressed from Scarboro, Maine, for many years his home, to Mr. Charles Eddy, at the time the editor of *Truth*.

THE HILLSIDE
By Carleton Wiggins, N. A.

"My Dear Sir:—I thank you very much for the copies of *Truth* you have sent me. The article you suggest I have not the slightest interest in, for reasons that I have now no time to explain.

Yours very truly,
Winslow Homer."

OLD BARGES IN HOLLAND
By William Ritschel

No doubt Homer had been asked regarding an article about himself, or illustrations for it. It was like him not to have "the slightest interest in it." He lived remote, alone, on the Maine coast, where he wanted to be undisturbed and left to himself and his art. Yet this taciturn man was not wholly unmoved by events. I have a letter from him in which he states that he has "not worked any over the past year." Inquiry revealed that the long break in his activity was due to depression of spirits caused by a fire that destroyed the familiar surroundings of his studio. One likes to think that, after all, the painter of, for example, "The Fox Hunt," was so thoroughly human.

The splendor of the blue sea, a strip of which reaches from side to side of the picture—Childe Hassam's "A Bit of New England Coast"—makes a brilliant contrast with gray rocks and pale sky. A typical "Hassam" this; and today a collection of American pictures must include a "Hassam" or be sadly incomplete.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH
By F. Luis Mora

Time was when that many-sided genius, Hopkinson Smith, worked only in black and white and eloquently argued that this was the true manner of producing pictures, because no colors could rival those of Nature, which should be left to the imagination. Then this delightful man, whom many a time I heard promulgate this theory, discovered that he could paint in water colors and—presto!—there was an almost audible silence on the subject of black and white being the only true art medium, and the author-artist promptly proceeded to knock his own former pet theory into a cocked hat by producing aquarelles—and many of them—in which the colors rivalled those of Nature; as witness "Along a Dutch Canal," a capital example of his work.

F. S. Church is one of the few American artists in subjects that are poetic and fanciful, and whose "Witch's Daughter," a young woman sailing the night sky on a crescent moon, created a veritable sensation many years ago. Representative of his art is a girl and flamingo picture which he calls "The Tease." There is a gentle, refined humor in much of his work that is a distinct addition to its charm.

One might make a water color group of Morans—Thomas, the patriarch of the clan, Percy, Leon and Edward. Thomas Moran's work as a landscape painter in oil has been considered in The Mentor (No. 26).

No consideration of American water color would be adequate without mention of the work of the celebrated landscape painter Wyant, of George H. Boughton, of George Wharton Edwards, of Rosina Emmet Sherwood, of Dora Wheeler Keith—of a dozen or more others, of the whole array, in fact, and prominently such artists as Horatio Walker, T. W. Dewing, J. Alden Weir, Paul Dougherty, Colin Campbell Cooper; Charles Woodbury, of Boston; Sidney J. Yard and William Wendt, of the Pacific Coast. No collector need hesitate for fear of lack of water colors of the highest standard with the work of such artists to choose from.

ALONG A DUTCH CANAL. By F. Hopkinson Smith

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING
By C. H. Caffin

HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING
By Samuel Isham

THE PRACTICE OF WATER COLOR PAINTING
By A. L. Baldry

MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS.

*** Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

DEAR MENTOR: The Mentor does great work for that large number of people marooned on plantations, ranches, in Alaska, and on the outskirts of civilization. We want to know how to *pronounce* the names of the latest Russians or those of other nationalities who write or act or compose music—names of operas, or artists, of everything and everyone that New Yorkers, for instance, talk about. We, the class I mean, go there now and then, and, in the brighter days, to London and Paris, and we want to be sure of our pronunciation. You do give those you probably consider difficult, but give them all, and again and again. With the best of good wishes for your continued success.

BERYL—A water color portrait
By W. J. Whittemore, A. N. A.

This note gives me an opportunity to say a few words about pronunciations. We know that they are important, and we have indicated pronunciations whenever we thought the words or names were unfamiliar or difficult to pronounce. The writer of this note is right when he says that many readers are interested in pronunciation. We can see that in our mail. One difficulty in pronunciation is that there is a marked difference in the manner of pronouncing names. In California there are Spanish and American ways of pronouncing the same word. There are so many pronunciations of Los Angeles that a humorous poem has been written on the subject. And, when I was last in Los Angeles, I heard a pronunciation of the name that added one more to the collection— "Loss An'nellez." And many another word is pronounced in various ways. When there are several pronunciations, we give the pronunciation that seems to accord with the best usage. Sometimes we give two pronunciations. The English pronunciation of Don Quixote is "Don Quicks'-ot," the Spanish is "Don Kee-hoe'-te." We give both, for both are in general use.

★ ★ ★

Another difficulty—and one that is in some cases impossible to overcome—is that the sound of some French and Spanish words *cannot be exactly* indicated. For example, we indicate the pronunciation of Chopin, by spelling it "sho-pang." Now, the French pronunciation of the second syllable is not correctly represented by "pang" *or by any other letters*. A friend makes this happy suggestion: "Start to say 'sho-pang', and then suddenly drop the 'ng.'" That gives the second syllable the quality that it needs. It has been suggested that we use the little signs (called "diacritical") that indicate the sound of different letters. They serve a purpose in a dictionary. But we would have to print a glossary at the end of each Mentor to explain the diacritical signs. Not being a dictionary, it is best for The Mentor to indicate pronunciation by phonetic spelling—occasionally accompanied by explanation.

★ ★ ★

The matter is not a simple one. Opinions differ as to the best way of "spelling the sound" of a word. "Juan" is an example—always under discussion. One says that "whan" spells the sound correctly; another says "wahn," while a third insists on "hwahn." But we have it from an expert that "hooah'n," pronounced as near one syllable as possible, gives the soft Spanish sound. I asked a friend who was a good linguist to take a dozen French names and spell them so as to indicate their correct pronunciation beyond a chance of misunderstanding. He did so—to his own complete satisfaction. I tried the results on a number of acquaintances. Not one could get the correct pronunciation from his list—while all of them either got the pronunciation right or nearly so by following The Mentor list.

This is simply by way of comment on the difficulties. We shall continue to indicate pronunciations whenever it seems to be required. If more information than we give is needed, write to us.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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By E. M. NEWMAN
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DEPARTMENT OF
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VOLUME 5
NUMBER 8

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

THE CONQUEROR OF PERU

FRANCISCO PIZARRO was a man possessed of enormous energies. Bred in camps, with nothing of the polish of the Court, he had a soldier-like bearing and an air of one accustomed to command. He was tall in stature, well proportioned, and with a countenance not unpleasing. He had no passion for ostentatious dress. He was temperate in eating, drank sparingly, was punctual in duty, and shrank from no toil. Though avaricious, it was in order to spend and not to hoard. He regarded the country that he conquered as his own, and distributed it freely among his captains.

IT is hardly necessary to say that he was a man of courage. Courage indeed was a cheap quality among Spanish adventurers, for danger was their element. But Pizarro possessed something higher than mere animal courage, in that constancy of purpose which was rooted too deeply in his nature to be shaken by the wildest storm of fortune. It was this inflexible constancy that formed the key to his character, and constituted the secret of his success. When followers pined around him under the blight of disease, wasting before an invisible enemy, and unable to strike in their own defense, his spirit did not yield. He trusted that his own constancy would give strength to the feeble and rally brave hearts around him for the prosecution of his enterprise. In that he was heroic.

PIZARRO was eminently perfidious. His name became a by-word for perfidy. When he landed in Peru he found it distracted by internal strife. It would seem to have been to his interest to side with one party against the other, but instead he crushed them both. By one bold stroke he broke the spell that had so long held the land under the dominion of the Incas, and the airy fabric of their empire, built on the superstition of ages, vanished at a touch. This was good fortune rather than the result of shrewd and able policy. Pizarro was a bold adventurer. Instead of profiting by the ancient forms of civilization that he found, he effaced every vestige of them from the land, and imposed upon the natives the institutions of his own country. The results came back upon him, finally, in a conspiracy that cost him his life. Cut off in the broad light of day, in the heart of his own capital, in the very midst of those who had been his companions in arms and shared with him his triumphs and his spoils, he perished like a wretched outcast. There was none even to say, "God forgive him."

BUT as no picture is without its lights, we must not, in justice to Pizarro, dwell exclusively on the darker features of his portrait. There was no one of her sons to whom Spain was under larger obligations for extent of empire; for his hand won for her the richest of the Indian jewels that once sparkled in her imperial diadem. When we contemplate the perils he braved, the suffering he patiently endured, the incredible obstacles he overcame, the magnificent results he effected with his single arm—though neither a good nor a great man in the highest sense of that term—it is impossible not to regard him as a very extraordinary one.

Condensed from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru."

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JULIACA—a town 14,000 feet above the sea

Photograph by E. M. Newman

STREET IN CUZCO

PERU

By E. M. NEWMAN
Traveler and Lecturer

MENTOR GRAVURES—CATHEDRAL, LIMA · THE OROYA RAILWAY · CATHEDRAL, AREQUIPA · PUBLIC SQUARE IN CUZCO · PALACE OF THE INCA ROCCA, CUZCO · UNIVERSITY OF CUZCO ·

NOT far from Panama, on the Pacific Coast, is the range of mountains that Balboa climbed in September, 1513, and whence he made his discovery of the Pacific Ocean; somewhere along the shore he strode into the waves, and, with sword drawn, took possession of the sea on behalf of the King of Spain.

Over the smooth ocean plains, which the Spaniards, accustomed to the stormy Atlantic, called the "peaceful sea," Balboa looked eagerly out, as he planned an expedition to Peru. In this expedition he was accompanied by Francisco Pizarro (English, pih-zah'ro; Spanish, pee-thahr'ro), who later (1531) conquered and governed Peru, an empire vaster than that in the Old World which was controlled by his sovereign, Charles V.

The Spanish historians tell us that, in the days of the Incas, the population of Peru was fully ten millions. Today there are less than five million inhabitants. Perhaps the fabulous wealth attributed to the Incas was exaggerated, but the romantic story of the "conquistadores"

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(conquerors) will forever live as one of the most interesting chapters in history.

The gateway to Peru is the port of Callao (kahl-lah'o or kahl-yah'o), which is but six miles distant from Lima, the capital. Rising from the sea several miles distant from the harbor of Callao are several islands which are said to have appeared suddenly after an earthquake. Following a night of terror, when the people went to the sea front they were astounded to see two large islands where the day previous huge waves were rolling in toward the land.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
CATHEDRAL AT LIMA
Where Pizarro is buried

Lima, the Capital

An electric street car takes one from Callao to Lima (lee'mah), the "City of Kings," in twenty minutes' time. History speaks eloquently as one makes his way into the broad Plaza, which is today the center of life in the Peruvian capital. A marble slab in the pavement marks the spot where Pizarro fell, a victim to his zeal and ambition. The cathedral facing the central square is said to be the oldest in the two Americas. Time has dealt leniently with this ancient structure, as it is still in a good state of preservation. The interior is severely plain, massive in appearance, and built to endure for all time. In one of the chapels rest the mortal remains of Pizarro.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA

The city retains much of its Old World appearance, and it has been frequently said that in Lima a burglar needs nothing more than a bowl of water and a sponge to soften the plaster. The city preserves in wood and stone the spirit of old Spain transplanted into the New World. Carved balconies overhang the streets, but electric cars now whirl past old monasteries where life has scarcely changed in three centuries.

There are several old convents, none more interesting than that connected with the church of San Francisco. In the cloister of this convent one looks upon the choicest bit of ancient architecture in South America. In its library are many old volumes and valuable manuscripts, which are prized possessions of the church.

No building in Lima is of more interest than the home of the Peruvian Senate, for within that structure is the "Hall of the Inquisition," a reminder of some of the most terrifying experiences of the Middle Ages. Immediately in front of the building rises the memorial to Bolivar, the Venezuelan, revered by the Peruvians as the great liberator. Since his time there have been many revolutions, but such events disturb but little the even tenor of Peruvian life.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
HALL OF THE INQUISITION, LIMA

There is a modern section in Lima, where one may see handsome structures, fine residences, with roof gardens and every evidence of wealth and progressiveness. It must be borne in mind that it hardly ever rains—that, aside from mists, the rainfall is insignificant.*

Although the city is practically rainless, a sufficient supply of water flows down from the mountains to permit the residents to enjoy the verdure and tropical beauty of a city park. The climate is never very warm, because the Peruvian coast is cooled by the Humboldt Current, which flows north from the Antarctic.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
THE BONES OF PIZARRO
In the Cathedral of Lima

Highest Railroad in the World

One of the most wonderful railway journeys in the world is that over the Central Railroad of Peru, from Lima to Oroya. On this railroad one reaches the highest point in the world traversed by a railway train. From Lima the railroad first follows the River Rimac, twisting and turning

*The average yearly rainfall of Lima is about one-twenty-fifth that of New York City, and the majority of this moisture is supplied by a peculiar wet fog known as the *garúa*.

through a valley in the foothills of the Andes; the train makes its way through a canyon, and as it continues its ascent the gorge gradually narrows. Even at an altitude of 7,000 feet above the sea the air continues balmy, and here and there bananas may be seen growing.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
THE OROYA RAILROAD
Running through the Andes

The scenery, which is wild and grand, resembles somewhat the Rocky Mountains, but in Peru the distant peaks tower so high that they seem to penetrate the azure blue of the skies. In the journey to the summit of the Andes the train passes through forty-seven tunnels and traverses seventeen switchbacks. At times it follows ledges where it is separated from the brink by but a few inches of earth: from the car windows one looks down upon villages so far below the train as to appear like mere specks. At the various stations Chola Indians come to the train and offer for sale various kinds of fruit and refreshments.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
SWITCHBACKS ON THE OROYA RAILROAD

At Matucana, a mining town, situated about 9,000 feet above sea level, one is first introduced to the llamas (lyah'mas), strange animals that make their home in the higher altitudes of the Andean range. Llamas have many of the characteristics of a camel, can subsist on little food, and manage to get along without water for a period of several days. This little animal is the Andean beast of burden, and while it will willingly carry a load of 100 pounds, if you place upon its back an additional pound it will lie down and refuse to move. It makes one think that llamas must have a labor union. At heights where we

begin to pant after the slightest exertion, the animal moves about with as much ease as if it were on the sea level. One of the strangest sights in the mountains is the numerous curious shrines. Most of the Indians were converted by the Spaniards to Catholicism, and today are devout members of the church. One frequently sees them kneeling in silent devotion before some wayside cross, and on Sundays they walk many miles to attend services in some church clinging to the slopes of the higher Andes.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
ON THE CREST OF THE ANDES
The Oroya Railroad at an altitude of nearly 16,000 feet

American Mining Enterprise

Fourteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea is Casapalca—one of the great copper-mining camps owned by Messrs. Backus and Johnson, Americans. Llama pack trains pass in endless streams down the mountainside, carrying copper and vanadium ores. Vanadium ore is owned and controlled by an American company, and is one of the essential products in the manufacture of steel.

Other than the engineers and the managers of the mines, the inhabitants are nearly all Indians; their houses are of the crudest construction, most of them built of mud. Animals often share the family bedroom with the Indians; the sleeping places of the Indians being placed upon a platform slightly raised above the floor. The nights are intensely cold, but the Indians, inured to the chill air, do not seem to suffer as do the whites.

There is a marked distinction between the full-blooded Indian and the half-breed; there is a social caste that is recognized and observed, as the full-blooded Indian must wear a felt or knitted hat, while the half breed dons a straw hat. The Quichua (kee-choo'ah or kee'chwah) Indian, who lives in this vicinity, is

Photograph by E. M. Newman
QUICHUA INDIAN CHILDREN
To be seen along the Oroya Railroad

usually quiet and inoffensive, bowing in humility before the white man. The highest point on the main line of the railway is attained when the train arrives at Galera tunnel, which is 15,665 feet above the level of the sea. Here one comes in sight of the crest of the Andes, with its snow-covered peaks, affording a majestic and inspiring view. One takes personal pride in the fact that in making this climb the train is drawn by an American locomotive, and the journey was made possible by the genius of an American engineer.

Peaks which from below seem to penetrate the sky now appear to be ridiculously low. There is far less snow than one anticipates, as the snow line begins only after an ascent of three miles; above this height it lies like a mantle, covering the summits at all periods during the year. Breathing at this altitude is exceedingly difficult; one's head feels so light and one's feet so heavy that walking is accomplished only with the greatest exertion. The human voice sounds as if it were spoken through tissue paper.

LANDING AT MOLLENDO
Lowering passengers from the ship to small boats

Situated at almost the highest point in the mountains is Cerro de Pasco (ther'-ro day pahs'-ko), the cradle of the greatest Peruvian copper mine. Its principal stockholders are Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, Mr. Haggin and other well-known Americans. The superintendent and many employees are also Americans, but in the mines only Indian labor is employed. It is not an inviting place in which to live.

The terminus of the Central Railroad is Oroya, which is reached after descending the eastern slope of the Andes range to an altitude of 12,000 feet. Oroya has no special attraction, but through it flows a stream of water known as the Ucayali (oo-ki*-ah'lee), which is one of the sources of the Amazon River. The mother

SAND DUNES NEAR AREQUIPA

*i long, as in *kite.*

Photograph by E. M. Newman

HARVARD OBSERVATORY, AREQUIPA
The volcano El Misti is seen in the background

tongue of the Indians living here is Quichua, but the children are being taught Spanish, which is the language of the country. The school houses are most primitive, and the instruction is of a very elementary kind. Indians who can read and write are permitted to vote, and it is a picturesque sight on election day in Oroya to see them casting ballots. They have the open instead of the secret ballot, and one therefore knows how every other man votes.

An American company recently paid ten millions of dollars for a concession from the Peruvian government that will enable it to irrigate nearly all of the lands on the west coast of Peru, thus reclaiming millions of acres formerly considered arid and useless.

Experiments have proved that cotton can be successfully grown, that the soil is rich and fertile, and needs only irrigation for the production of bountiful crops; the land can be worked every day in the year, as it practically never rains, is never cold, and sufficient water may be obtained by bringing it down from the mountain tops.

Second in importance to the port of Callao is Mollendo (mol-yen'do), the terminus of the Southern Railroad of Peru. There are few landing places in the world as dangerous as this southern harbor. Huge swells dash against the rock-bound coast, throwing the water in spray to a height of sixty or seventy feet.

Photograph by E. M. Newman

A LITTLE CHOLA INDIAN

Landing directly at a wharf is impossible; one must go ashore in small boats that bob helplessly up and down on the crest of the swells. Passengers are raised to terra firma in a chair attached to a huge crane, five and six people being hauled up at a time.

Photograph by E. M. Newman

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY
Inca rock remains at Cuzco

Arequipa

The Southern Railroad rises immediately after leaving Mollendo, and after a ride of about eight hours one arrives at Arequipa (ah-ray-kee′pah), which is situated nearly 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is a city built more solidly than Lima, with house-walls that average in thickness from five to six feet. Lying more out of the stream of modernizing conditions, it has retained an air of antiquity and dignity, superior even to that of the capital.

The flat roofs, on which the people sit in the evening, the deep and pungent odor of the dust, the absence of wheeled vehicles, the scantily dressed Indians, give the city an Eastern appearance, but no Eastern city has around it a mountain landscape such as this. The clearness of the air has led to its being selected as the site of an astronomical observatory,

Photograph by E. M. Newman

LLAMAS—INTERESTING AND AMUSING, AND VERY USEFUL AND FAITHFUL CREATURES

Photograph by E. M. Newman

A PREHISTORIC STRONGHOLD
Ruins of ancient Inca forts, Cuzco

which is maintained by Harvard University for mapping out the stars in the Southern hemisphere. Earthquakes are frequent; so often do they occur that the people have become accustomed to seek safety by rushing into the open air the moment a shock is felt.

Fourteen thousand feet above the sea is Juliaca (hoo-lee-ah'kah), an Indian town, which consists of a church surrounded by mud huts. In the early mornings it is intensely cold, and little or nothing grows in this vicinity. Here and there we may obtain a glimpse of a vicuña, which is somewhat like the llama in appearance but is much smaller in size. It is useless as a beast of burden, because it is untamable; it is found only at an altitude of from 11,000 to 15,000 feet, and produces the finest of all South American wools; of a delicate light-brown color, silky and soft as the fur of the chinchilla.

A branch of the Southern Railroad runs from Juliaca to Cuzco (kooz'ko), the ancient capital of the Incas. Were I to choose one city

Photograph by E. M. Newman

PUBLIC SQUARE, CUZCO

Where the Inca Tupac Amarú, leader of a rebellion, was beheaded. The name "Incs" properly belongs to the ruling family or clan in the ancient Peruvian monarchy. The expression "The Inca" means the reigning monarch. The name "Incas," however, is applied not only to the rulers, but also to their subjects

above all others in South America as a place to visit, I think my choice would be Cuzco. Street cars in this out-of-the-way place run only when trains arrive; in other words, twice a week.

There are no carriages in the city, as the streets are impossible, paved with cobble stones, indented by deep ruts, and in the center of each thoroughfare is running water. Even at the entrance gate we realize that Cuzco belongs to the class of cities that retains traces of ancient glory, such as Moscow, Bagdad or Delhi.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
STREET IN CUZCO

Cuzco, Capital of the Incas

It was at one time the capital of an empire vaster than was ruled from any of those seats of power. One cannot stand in its plaza without recalling the scene of 1571, when the Inca leader, Tupac Amarú, was executed in the presence of a multitude of Indians that filled the square.

Facing this same square is the old Jesuit Church; its cloister now used for the University of Cuzco. This University is of unusual interest to Americans, as it is affiliated with the University of Pennsylvania, one of whose former professors is now its head—Dr. Giesecke, who came from Philadelphia.

The cathedral of the city is another example of the ornate church buildings of the country, most of which impress one as being over decorated; but in this cathedral there is a somber elegance and a wealth of fine carving.

Beneath ancient colonnades we look into quaint shops where the gaily colored cloth so dear to the Indian's heart is displayed for sale. Architecturally, everything seems odd—the pillars, the timber roof of the colonnade, the sidewalk—all are strange and fascinating to the visitor.

The Cuzco Indians wear a pan-cake shaped hat which is reversible. It is made of straw on one side and cloth on the other. Men's hats are slightly larger than the women's, but otherwise fashion decrees that both wear the same style hat; styles may come and fashions may change, but the pan-cake hat goes on forever. On some of the streets are two-story buildings with red-tiled roofs and overhanging balconies supported by rows of columns and arches. In these arcades numerous small tradesmen display their wares. In Cuzco plumbing is conspicuous by its absence, and sewers are open conduits; but it has its fascination as the ancient Inca capital.

Inca Remains

Little wonder that the Incas were sun worshipers! If I lived in the Andean heights, I too would worship the sun. The early mornings and the nights are very cold, but the first rays of the sun send a life-giving

warmth into the atmosphere. Where before sunrise we shiver in the cold, one hour after the sun is up we are basking in its warmth. I was a sun worshiper while I was in Cuzco.

In many of the streets there are long walls of beautifully cut stone, laid without cement and fitted together as only the Incas could fit them. The Incas must have had a great love for stone-carving, and that they exhibited infinite patience the perfectly fitted stones mutely testify. In the Inca Rocca's palace one stone has twelve perfectly cut angles.

In the house at one time occupied by Almagro (ahl-mah'gro), Pizarro's lieutenant, is a beautiful patio or court-yard, which the vanishing centuries have not greatly marred; today it is an inn, a stopping place for wayfarers and Indians. There are a number of these delightful patios, reminding us of the days of the Spanish rule.

Photograph by E. M. Newman
WATER CARRIER OF CUZCO

Where formerly stood the Temple of the Sun, now stands a church which has been built, as have most of the buildings in Cuzco, on the ruins of Inca palaces. We are told that within the walls of the Temple of the Sun there were chapels sacred to the moon, the stars, the thunder and the lightning; that its roof was of pure gold, and that it was a storehouse of great wealth. Only in the Temple of the Sun do we find a circular wall; all others are flat.

To defend themselves from attack the Incas built a huge fortress on a hill overlooking the city. It was the greatest of the edifices that the Incas raised to demonstrate their majesty and power, and it was practically impregnable. From the ruined fortification the view is commanding.

Standing, as did the Incas, on the summit of the hill, one may now look down on Cuzco and, in imagination, reconstruct the ancient city, the prehistoric buildings erected ages ago by the constructive genius of the Incas. One can fancy he sees again those temples and palaces, the imposing monuments of a lost but not forgotten civilization. The romance of Peru is nowhere so impressed on the mind as here.

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR *By Annie S. Peck*

SOUTH AMERICA *By James Bryce*

OLD AND NEW PERU *By M. R. Wright*

THE INCAS OF PERU *By Sir Clements Markham*

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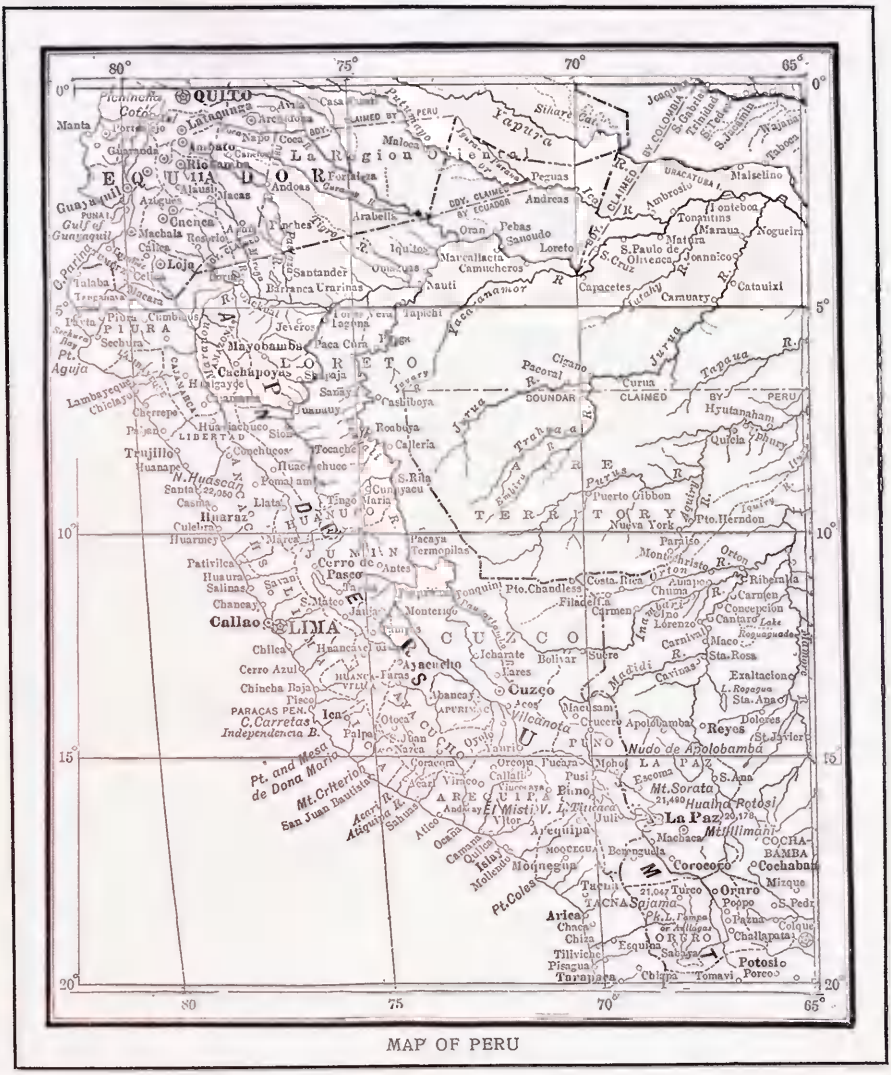
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JUNE 15 1917

SERIAL NO. 133

THE MENTOR

The Story of the American Army

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government, Harvard University

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

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NUMBER 9

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JUNE 14

The Birthday of the Flag

OUR Flag is one of the oldest national standards in existence. It is older than those of England and France, for the Stars and Stripes was adopted by Congress in 1777, while the tri-color became the Imperial Standard of France some time during the First and Second Empires, and England's Royal Standard was not adopted until 1801.

•

THE Flag is a brother to the Independence Bell—a brother younger by nearly a year, for it was on June 14, 1777, nearly twelve months after the Declaration of Independence, that Congress, assembled in Old Independence Hall under the bell that rang out the message of liberty, formally adopted the Stars and Stripes. John Paul Jones had been appointed commander of the *Ranger* on that same day. "That Flag and I are twins," said he. "We cannot be parted in life or in death; so long as we can float we shall float together; if we must sink, we shall go down as one."

•

THE Stars and Stripes, planned and designed in the little back parlor of Betsy Ross' shop on Arch Street, Philadelphia, now flings its folds across a vast continent, and binds in common loyalty and devotion millions of souls in city, town and country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Across the waters of the Pacific it has carried the Constitution to the natives of the Philippines. In the South Seas, it waves above the Hawaiian Islands. Its standard has been set up in the Caribbean Sea; and, in northernmost Alaska, its colors may be seen by the light of the Midnight Sun.

•

THE spirit that prompts us to celebrate Flag Day is a fine one. It is well to set aside the birthday of the Flag and consecrate it; it is altogether fitting that we should have a recognized occasion on which to turn our hearts to the Stars and Stripes in a spirit of worship, to raise our National Standard in the sky, and to re-affirm our birthright as native sons and daughters of the country, or renew our oath of allegiance as children by adoption.

DECATUR, ILL.

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
JUNE 15, 1917

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government, Harvard University

THE MINUTE MAN
The first fighter for American freedom. The monument in Lexington, Mass. Designed by Henry H. Kitson, and unveiled April, 19, 1900

MENTOR GRAVURES

WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY

VALLEY FORGE—BARON STEUBEN DRILLING THE TROOPS

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

THE COLORS AT WEST POINT

THE ARMY ON A HIKE

EDITORIAL NOTE—This is the Story of the Army as an organization. The stories of the great army leaders and of their achievements in military history will be told in later numbers of The Mentor.

THERE is a body of men of continuous existence, which goes on while administrations change, and statesmen and generals pass away. This body of men is the Army. The "American Army," since June, 1775, has, without cessation, been wearing the uniform, saluting the flag, and defending the existence of the United States of America. In point of fact the country all this time has been defended by two United States armies. The first is a small permanent force, which is a part of the organized Federal Government, with officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men, with traditions, and history, with etiquette, and *esprit du corps.** The other is made up of the millions of able-bodied men who join local regiments, and who may be called on at any time to serve or to save their country in war. They are the militia, large numbers of whom have in all significant wars served with the regulars.

*Pronounced es-spree-duh-core and meaning "spirit of the organization."

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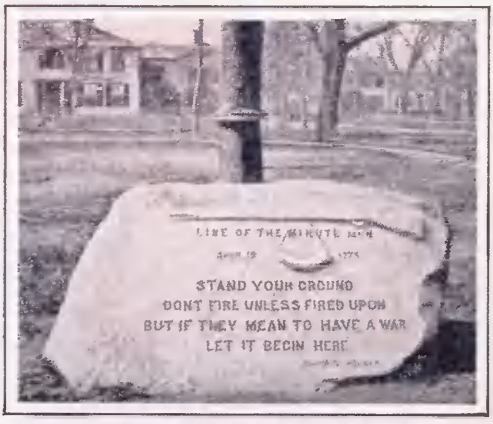
Colonial Armies

FIGHTING IN COLONIAL TIMES
The battle of Lake George, September 8, 1755. From painting by F. C. Yohn

The first "American army" was a disorderly and whooping band of savages, such as those to whom Champlain taught the superiority of powder and ball over bows and arrows. Next came the early colonial fighters. These tumultuous bands of citizen soldiers were uniformed only in the buckskins of the forest, and knew no discipline except the relentless frontier dangers, which compelled every man to know how to shoot, for the protection of himself and his family. They fought in irregular bands against the Indians, the Spaniards, the French,—and the French and Indians, when "Braddock's army was done so brown."

Major George Washington served with the militia in these frontier campaigns, and bitterly complained that "They are obstinate, self-willed, perverse, of little or no service to the people, and very burthensome to the country. Every *mean* individual has his own crude notions of things, and must undertake to direct. If his advice is neglected, he thinks himself slighted, abused and injured; and, to redress his wrongs, will depart to his home."

The British regiments, with their trained officers, were the forerunners of our later regular army; but they have left in history only one world event, the defeat of the French by Wolfe under the walls of Quebec in 1759. That achievement is fairly matched by the capture of Louisburg in 1744 by the tumultuous New England military and naval force under Pepperell. Strictly speaking, before the Revolution there never was a genuine American army of trained soldiers, under experienced officers, who could act together long enough to gain confidence and a sense of unity.



THE LINE OF THE MINUTE MEN
Showing where they stood on Lexington Common and made the first fight for liberty

Army of the Revolution

The birth of the Army of the United States was in June, 1775. The germ was a force of colonial militia, founded by the Massachusetts Congress and commonly called "The Minute Men." They and the rest of the militia of the New England States were besieging the British

in Boston when, June 14, 1775, Congress authorized the raising of national riflemen. The next day Congress appointed Colonel George Washington of Virginia Commander-in-chief of the "Continental" forces. The first meeting of an American army with its Commander-in-chief was on Cambridge Common, July 3, 1775, under or near the famous Washington Elm.

From the beginning, this army was made up of two elements, the regulars and the militia, both of good material, strong, vigorous, self-reliant men. The organization was far inferior to the material. Both forces were enlisted for short terms, which frequently paralyzed the war by the fading away of the troops; and caused immense extra expense for recruitment, bounties, transportation and pay. Notwithstanding money bounties and the promise of lands, the Continental Army, in January, 1777, sank below 1,000; at the end of the war it was about 13,000. The total number of regular enlistments during the war was 230,000, which, however, includes scores of thousands of reënlistments. It was reinforced every year by drafts of militia serving for short terms—two to six months, with a result which is measured in Washington's frequent and plain spoken letters. Thus he wrote in 1776: "To place any dependence upon militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff." The militiamen were, he said, untrained, timid, homesick, undisciplined, short in service, jealous and expensive, and he protested against a short enlistment and a mistaken dependence on militia.

WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Inscription on the tablet: "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775"

RETREAT OF THE BRITISH FROM CONCORD
Engagement of April 19, 1775. English army harassed by the raw, untrained men of the Colonies. From painting by Chappell

In 1777 the army reached its high-water mark of 35,000 regulars. This force, with the aid of 35,000 militia enlisted for short terms, held the British forces of probably 15,000, and made possible the capture of Burgoyne's

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH
The old "Hasbrouck House" as it looked in 1783, when Washington occupied it

invading force. From that time on, the American army declined in numbers and the British rose, till, in 1781, they had 42,000 against 13,000 Continentals and 16,000 militia. Hence nothing but the aid of the French troops made possible the capture of the army of Cornwallis and the consequent victory of the Americans.

The foreign officers found the American armies crude, and their system of supply wasteful and inefficient; but Baron Steuben reorganized the system of drill and much improved the *morale* of the troops. After all, the wonder is not that the American army was weak or unskilful, but that, with all those defects, it beat the British. Almost all the American officers got their only military training in that army. The raw troops, with green officers, did somehow hold out against veteran British forces under trained officers. The American army was never so beaten in a pitched battle as to break up into fragments that could not reunite.

The success of the American army, however, was chiefly due to a great superiority in total numbers—nearly 400,000 enlistments during the Revolution, against about 150,000 enlistments for the British. It was also fighting in its own country and on interior lines. The war cost the United States about $200,000,000, which was over $50 per inhabitant. The pluck of the troops was a great advantage. Yet Washington was right in saying that a regular army of 50,000 men, paid, equipped and kept in service all the time, would have been far cheaper and quicker than the confused system of regulars plus militia, with the short terms of service.

The Early Federal Army

The main result of the Revolutionary War in the minds of the American people was an undue confidence in their own ability to improvise an army. Moreover, Congress was unable to pay its soldiers. Hence the regular army was allowed to drop, till at one time it came down to the eighty men of the Hamilton Battery. For the protection of the frontier, Congress went back to the militia; then in 1785 it provided for 700 regulars.

THE LONG ROOM, FRAUNCES' TAVERN, N. Y.
In this room Washington bade farewell to the officers of the Continental Army on Dec. 4, 1783. Fraunces' Tavern still stands at the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, New York, and is kept as a memorial

VARIOUS TYPES OF SOLDIERS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION

From Left to Right—"Minute Man," Virginia Rifleman, Maryland Rifleman, (in fur cap), New York Rifleman, City Cavalryman of Philadelphia, "Light Horse," Governor's Foot Guard of Connecticut, Continental Private of Pennsylvania, In the back the "Pine Tree" Flag of Bunker Hill, and the first "Union Flag," made of the British Jack and thirteen stripes for the Colonies.

The Federal Constitution of 1787 provided for a national army and also for State militia regiments. The new regular army, authorized in 1790, was to consist of 1,216 men, privates to receive $3.00 per month. The mixed system broke down in the first frontier war in 1791, when St. Clair's force of regulars and militia was ignominiously beaten by the Indians. According to a committee of the House of Representatives, "the militia appeared to have been composed principally of substitutes, and totally ungovernable and regardless of military duty and subordination."

In 1798, when war with France seemed approaching, Congress authorized 10,000 new regulars, but coupled with it the old provision for volunteers to serve not more than three months. Under Jefferson the army was allowed to sink to about 1,200 men, but the tide began to rise when, in 1802, the United States Military Academy at West Point was founded. Nevertheless, in 1812 less than 7,000 regulars were under arms.

When the War of 1812 broke out, the regular army was enlarged, but at the same time 100,000 militia were called. The war was a lesson in unfitness. The British, with less than 2,000 regulars and perhaps 20,000 Canadian militia, held their frontier in 1812 against 15,000 regulars and about 50,000 militia actually called into the service of the United States.

In 1813 the United States had 150,000 troops, and was everywhere beaten in land fights. In 1814, 3,600 Britons marched on Washington, and the weak administration of Secretary Armstrong waited till the last moment, and then was able to summon only 400 regulars, 600 marines and 4,400 militia—a force which was completely routed by the British, leaving the national Capital open to them.

In several battles, however—at the Thames, at the Baltimore forts, at the defense of Plattsburg, and at the successful defensive battle of New Orleans—the American troops showed that under strong, capable commanders, they could stand against experienced enemies; that the fault was not in the men, but in the system.

MEN OF 1812

From left to right; Staff Officer (on horse), Infantry Private, Two Infantry Officers and Artillery Officer (holding sword)

Out of the war came also a few officers such as Winfield Scott and Andrew Jackson, who had military genius, and were great fighters; who could rally men around them, and knew how to give a fair chance to the soldier.

The Army of the Frontier

The present regular army of the United States really dates from 1815, when it was reorganized and began a series of little Indian wars that lasted for sixty years. Still, the military organization was loose and defective. In times of crisis, instead of increasing the regular force to the needed strength, Congress always insisted on calling in militia, and in 1821 reduced the regulars to 6,000, notwithstanding the threatening Indian situation on the southwestern frontier. An incident of the irregularity of the times was General Andrew Jackson's raising 2,500 militia in 1819, appointing 230 officers, and mustering them all into the service of the United States without any specific authority from the Government. With this force Jackson then invaded the Spanish territory of Florida, against the wish of the President.

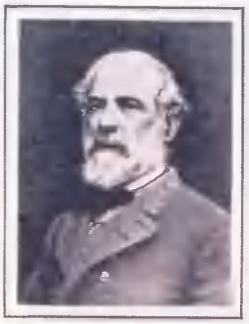
MEN OF 1848

Officers and soldiers of the Mexican War

JACKSON

SCOTT

GRANT



LEE

Great Army Leaders of three wars. Andrew Jackson, the iron-hearted leader of the War of 1812. Winfield Scott, who—life spanned three wars, an officer in 1812, the hero of the Mexican War in 1848, and a retired general of the Civil War. Grant and Lee, the great opposing military commanders of the Civil War.

The so-called Black Hawk War of 1832, in which six white men were killed and twelve wounded, was fought by 1,300 regulars and 4,600 volunteers, among whom was Captain Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. When the Seminoles rose in 1835, the United States was not able to detach enough regular troops to hold the 1,300 Indian and negro fighting men, and 26,000 militia in addition could not end the war. First and last, 60,000 men were called into service in this war against a handful of Indians.

The first real war that the army was called upon to fight was with Mexico in 1846, and amazing results were reached with small forces. General Taylor's "Army of Occupation" consisted of 3,500 men, with whom he fought the two victorious battles of Palo Alto and Resaca. The regular army was then raised to 35,000 and did most of the work of the war, though some of the 74,000 volunteers fought well.

REGULAR ARMY MEN OF THE CIVIL WAR

From left to right: Privates of Artillery and Cavalry; Infantry Private talking to Private of Heavy Artillery and Corporal of Infantry, both in full dress; Infantry Captain, Brigadier General and Artillery Colonel (all on foot); Major General and Aide (on horseback).

The States, as in previous times, were allowed to appoint the officers of the volunteers, which greatly interfered with discipline and efficiency. However, the supreme command was given to two experienced soldiers, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott. The war was also a nursery for recent

CAVALRY TRAINING AT FORT MYER, VA.

graduates of West Point, of whom U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman, Robert E. Lee, and many others were to use their Mexican experience in the Civil War of 1861–65.

The Mexican War was a brilliant success: and the Mexicans were obliged to cede New Mexico and California to the United States. Only about a sixth of the 74,000 volunteers were militia, which was a proof that the old system of trying to train men through the States was breaking down. During the next twelve years the principal service of the army was occupying the newly annexed territory, including the brief Mormon War of 1858.

The Army During the Civil War

Out of the 16,400 men and officers enrolled in the army at the outbreak of the Civil War, 15,000 were at distant Western points, and the remaining 1,400 were scattered through the East, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

Soon after the firing on Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, President Lincoln, without waiting for the consent of Congress, authorized an addition of 23,000 men to the regular army. Meanwhile he had been obliged, for the protection of Washington, to fall back on the State militia; and he called at once for 75,000 of them to serve three months. A few weeks later he asked for 43,000 "volunteers." These might easily have been attracted to the regular army; but Congress accepted the policy of organizing the volunteers as State regiments, the officers to be appointed by the Governors. Thus the Government was committed to the policy of a mixed army of three different kinds of soldiers. At first they were clad in a variety of high colored uniforms; later they settled down to the sober blue and gray.

With the exception of four or five thousand men, none of the militia or volunteers or newly enlisted regulars had any previous military training; and throughout the war both sides depended upon soldiers who had to be equipped, disciplined and trained after they enlisted. Instead of

distributing a large part of the able regular officers into the new regiments, the governors appointed civilians, who had to get their training by hard knocks, at the expense of the efficiency of the army.

The regular federal troops were eventually recruited up to 67,000 men, but they were submerged in the vast federal army that was raised. This army, which in the larger sense was composed of all persons actually in the military service of the United States, rose in 1864 to about a million men. The total enlisted persons during the war were about two millions, of whom one million reënlisted at least once.

Hundreds of thousands of these men became professional soldiers through the experience of campaigning; and at the end of the war they were as good troops as the world sees. To keep them in the service, however, was a difficult task. The original motive of patriotism flagged, and had to be reinforced by money bounties, rising eventually to $1,200 per man, by the payment of substitutes, by promise of pensions for disability.

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FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES
Infantry advancing on Malolos

All these efforts proved insufficient; and in 1863 the Government, for the first time since the Revolution, ordered a draft, which was another name for conscription by lot. This method led to a riot in New York City, in which a thousand people were killed. The threat of the draft nerved many States up to filling their quotas; but the actual number of men directly obtained by this method was not over 15,000. Military

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SIXTH FIELD ARTILLERY IN CAMP (1916)

experts have shown how costly and how wasteful of human lives were these methods of recruiting and maintaining the armies; nevertheless, just as in the Revolution, these originally raw troops managed to fight the war through.

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COAST DEFENSE GUN, FORT WRIGHT, WASH.

The Confederacy was much more successful than the Union Government in bringing the able bodied men into the service; but since the field laborers were slaves and could not be enlisted, the South could raise only about 1,100,000 or 1,200,000 men during the whole war, which was a much larger proportion of the white men than on the Northern side. Here again, if either side had raised a force of regulars at the beginning, enlisted them for the war, and carefully trained and armed them under experienced officers, that disciplined army could have broken up the levies of militia and volunteers before they became hardened and disciplined soldiers.

The Army of the Last Fifty Years

The immense citizen armies speedily dissolved and returned to civil life. Neither North nor South felt much interest in the regular army, which was cut down gradually to 25,000 men, at which figure it stood till 1898. That was hardly sufficient for the long and difficult task of dealing with the Indians, who were roused to war by the steady pressure of the frontiersmen and by the building of the Pacific railroads through their hunting grounds. The army, officered by former soldiers of the Civil War, fought many hard little campaigns with the Sioux and the Apaches and the Modocs, in which military science, unlimited supplies, and the personal bravery of the troops, always brought victory in the end. The one great tragic event was the entrapping and massacre of General Custer and his command by the Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull in Little Big Horn Valley in 1876.

To this use of the army in Indian campaigning was added a tedious guard duty of the government forts and posts, with an occasional call to suppress a riot, when the police and State militia had failed; for though we do not stop to realize it, Uncle Sam's boys have for years been the final protection of organized society against disorder. The reliance on this national police force accustomed the country to seeing it distributed all over the land in small detachments. People lost the consciousness that an army is intended to fight in the largest possible groups; and that ability to handle a regiment against the Indians did not prepare a commander for directing an army corps of 25,000 men in a great campaign—still less for the direction of armies of millions.

The next opportunity for grand scale warfare came when war broke out with Spain in 1898. The regular army was enlarged to about 100,000; 250,000 militia and volunteers were also called out. Fortunately, a few thousand men proved able to conquer Cuba and the Philippines. Hence the citizen army could be disbanded before it had been fairly formed. This war is the first in our history, except Scott's campaign in Mexico, in which the army was carried over seas and land into an enemy's country.

The new responsibilities of the Government in the Pacific, the Caribbean and the Isthmus of Panama compelled the Government, for the first time, to keep up a considerable army in time of peace. The regular army stood at about 65,000 men until the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. The difficulty experienced in sending Pershing's force of 15,000 men down into Mexico again called public attention to the need of a larger army and a better organization of transport and supply; and the regular force in 1915 was raised to about 106,000.

The present American army is very different from its forerunners. The uniform has passed from the old array of blue to the neutral khaki. The War Department has many plans for the improvement of the service. A War College has been set up in Washington for the training of officers; a General Staff has been organized; an aviation corps has been created. Field practice manœuvers have been introduced; practice schools for civilians have been set up at Plattsburg and elsewhere; and the number of cadets at West Point has been increased. The war with Germany in 1917 caused war problems of the greatest importance for the American Army.

DRESS PARADE AT WEST POINT

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE STORY OF OUR FLAG. A beautiful illustrated booklet, printed in colors. Written by *Francis Scott Key*, third grandson of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." Price, twenty-five cents.

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***There are many books on the subject of the Army. Information concerning them may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

For a long time there seemed to be no reason why America should be drawn into war. Now, however, as we review the events of the past two years, it seems to have been inevitable. When houses all about are burning, and sparks are landing fast upon the roof, can anyone long maintain the position that he will have "nothing to do with the fire?" Sooner or later he must turn to and help put it out.

* * *

The situation is significant and enlightening in its revelation of the character of the American people. It was only a short time ago when the national expression was overwhelmingly strong for peace—even for non-resistance. Today the voice of war prevails and the land resounds with the call to arms.

MAJ. GEN. HUGH L. SCOTT
Chief of General Staff,
U. S. Army

* * *

The notes sounded in public utterances are: Humanity, Liberty, Civilization and World Democracy. Beneath, however, I think lies a burning sense of injury to the Flag. The words "Humanity" and "Civilization," thrown on a screen in public assemblies, arouse applause: but the flag fluttering in the air is greeted with an uproar of enthusiasm. It is wrong to say that any of the people *want* to go to war. I do not believe that *anyone* wants to go to war. Taking up arms is an act of supreme sacrifice and service to Humanity—and especially to the Flag.

THE FLAG AND THE GUNS
From a photograph taken at Fort Myer, Va.

* * *

The smell of the bunting is in the air. I know well the meaning of that. When I was a boy I carried a flag in a Fourth of July parade. The flag was too big for me, and, as it waved, it half enveloped me. That hour was rich in emotion. There was not only the pride of being a standard bearer, but, as the folds of the flag blew about my face, I breathed in the very smell of the bunting. It got into my blood. I grew to know the Flag by its colors, by its vital folds as they unfurled in the winds, and by the actual odor of the bunting.

* * *

"A thoughtful mind," said Henry Ward Beecher, "when it sees a nation's flag, sees not only the flag, but the nation itself. He reads in the flag the history and principles that belong to the nation. When the French Tri-color rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the Italian flag is unfurled we see Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George set forth the banner of old England we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which has advanced its banner for liberty, law and national prosperity."

* * *

Today our Flag is calling; and as we turn our eyes to it at this critical time we realize that when we speak of dedicating ourselves to the service of Humanity we do so in the name of the Flag, for it stands for all that is noblest and best in Humanity. Under its colors Humanity has been freed; it has carried Humanity and Civilization to other lands: and within its folds the soul of Humanity abides.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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JULY 1 1917 SERIAL NO. 134

THE MENTOR

OUR PLANET NEIGHBORS

By HAROLD JACOBY
Professor of Astronomy,
Columbia University

DEPARTMENT OF NATURE

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 10

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Planets and Stars

THE distinction between the stars and the planets as they appear in the sky is one that is never popularly made. For all except astronomers and persons accustomed to view the heavens, the planets are simply stars. There is a difference to a trained eye between the light of a planet and that of a star, the first being steadier and less affected by the phenomenon known as scintillation (sparkling), but to most eyes this difference is not readily apparent, although everybody recognizes it when once it has been pointed out. The fact is the stars are so distant that, notwithstanding their immense actual magnitude, they appear, even with the telescope, as mere points, while the planets are near enough to present sensible disks. Moreover, the stars shine with a piercing light of their own, while the planets are luminous only with reflected sunlight.

NEVERTHELESS, a very large planet, like Jupiter, or one of moderate size, like Venus, which comes relatively near to us, outshines even the most brilliant of the stars. Venus has often been distinctly seen in the daytime with the naked eye, and its light is at times sufficiently bright to cast a shadow. Even Mercury and Mars, except when the latter is in the more distant parts of its orbit, are brighter than standard stars of the first magnitude, and Mars in opposition, with its startlingly red light, overpowers the most brilliant stars that lie along its path.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

TO the ancients the earth was the common center of the whole celestial system, and upon this idea was based the poetically beautiful conception of the Music of the Spheres. Each planet, including the sun and the moon, was supposed to be carried in a transparent crystalline sphere, and the motion of these spheres rotating one within another was conceived to give rise to a celestial harmony audible to the gods, but beyond the range of human ears.

AN elaborate scale of harmony was invented, representing the tones of the various spheres. Cicero was delighted with these old Greek ideas, and gave them elegant expression. He thought that the moon should be regarded as the bass singer in this heavenly choir, while the fixed stars furnished the higher notes. Kepler, who spent as much time in such dreams as in scientific study of the universe, gave the bass notes to Jupiter and Saturn, the tenor to Mars, the contralto to the Earth and Venus, and the soprano to Mercury.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

From "Astronomy with the Naked Eye."

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THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE
JULY 1, 1917

SATURN—PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE OPEN PHASE OF RINGS
Photographs made by Barnard with the 60-inch reflecting telescope at Mt. Wilson Observatory, California, November 19, 1911

OUR PLANET NEIGHBORS

By HAROLD JACOBY
Professor of Astronomy, Columbia University

MENTOR GRAVURES

MOUNT WILSON SOLAR OBSERVATORY, NEAR LOS ANGELES, CAL. · REFLECTING TELESCOPE, MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY · YERKES OBSERVATORY, WILLIAMS BAY, WIS. · YERKES TELESCOPE, YERKES OBSERVATORY · LICK OBSERVATORY, SUMMIT OF MOUNT HAMILTON, NEAR SAN JOSÉ, CAL. · MOON IN ITS FIRST QUARTER

WHEN we look up at the great round dome of the sky on a clear night, and see it studded with stars, seemingly countless, we always feel a great curiosity to know which are the famous planets of our solar system. For we have all heard, and we have all been deeply interested in hearing, that there is a solar system, a system of planets revolving around the sun in paths or orbits closely resembling circles. We have also heard that our earth, the solid earth beneath our feet, is really only one of these planets of the solar system, and is, like the others, traversing its duly appointed path around the sun, year after year, and age after age.

How can we know which are the planets, among the myriad stars of night? There are various ways to distinguish them, and of these perhaps the easiest is to take advantage of their brilliancy, a brilliancy so great as to be superior to the brightest of the other stars. And why are the planets so bright? The earth is not bright, and yet it is a planet. This is a puzzling question, very often asked of astronomers. And astronomers as often answer the question: for kindly souls are they, who love to talk and write about their hobby, and are always happy if they can find readers or listeners who will question them.

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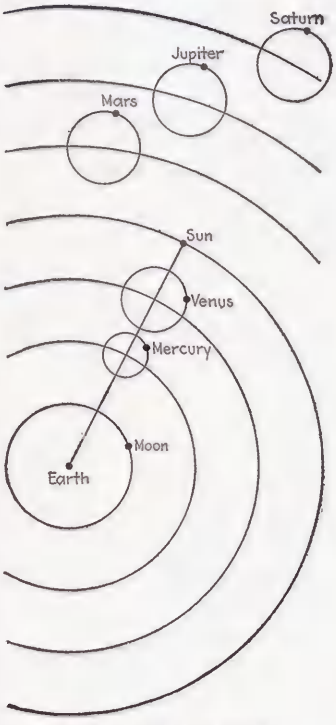
How Planets Are Seen

The planets *seem* bright, but they are not really self-luminous. We see them only when they are illumined by the sun. We see the planet Mars, for instance, in the same way, and by the same process, which enables us to see a book in a library at night. An electric light in the library illumines the book and makes it visible. In just the same way do we see Mars; only, instead of an electric light, it is the sun that illumines the planet. More accurately stated, the process of seeing is as follows: light from the electric bulb falls on the book, or light from the sun falls on Mars, and in each case the light is reflected back, and travels to the observer's eye. In the case of the book it has but a short distance to travel; in the case of Mars a very long distance, but the principle is the same.



THE PTOLEMAIC PLAN

According to Ptolemy, the earth was the center of the universe, and the other planets and sun circled about it

Now it may seem strange that a book can reflect like a mirror; but it is a fact. The mirror, of course, reflects much better: it has a highly polished reflecting surface, especially designed for turning back any light that falls on it, and it does actually reflect nearly all the light that it receives. A book or a planet, on the other hand, has no polished surface; it reflects only a small part of the light that falls on it; yet even this small part is quite enough to make it visible.

These considerations enable us to understand why Mars is so bright and the planet Earth so dull. Both planets are seen by reflected sunlight, and both probably have surfaces of similar reflecting power. But Mars is seen at night only: and when thus seen at night, the sky being dark because of the absence of daylight, we see Mars against an absolutely black or lightless sky background, and so the effect of extreme contrast makes it appear excessively bright. The earth, seen in daytime, is of course contrasted with bright daylight, and this is the reason the earth seems comparatively so dull. At night we cannot really see the earth at all, because at night, for an inhabitant of the earth, the sun is below the horizon, and so the

COPERNICUS (1473-1543)

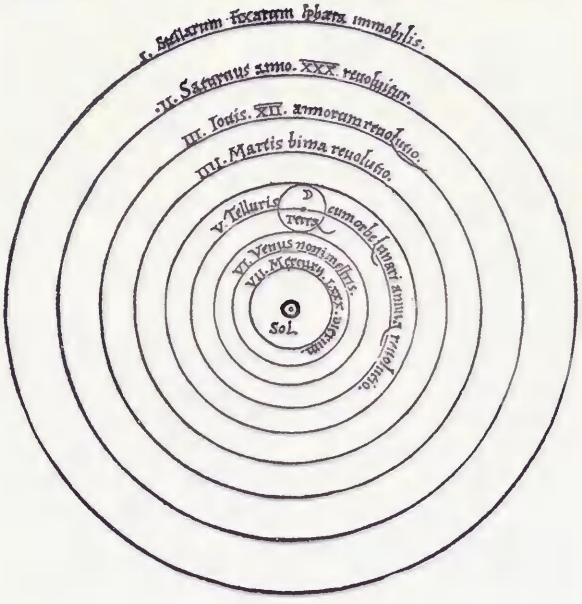
Founder of modern astronomy. He discovered the correct scheme of the solar system

earth, at the point where the observer stands, receives no sunlight, is not illumined, and is therefore invisible.

With this understanding of the cause of planetary visibility, it is clear that the degree of luminosity will always depend on the degree of brightness of the sunlight, and also on the relative nearness of the planet to the earth. Both these factors are favorable. The sun is a most powerful illuminator, and the planets are all near the earth, speaking astronomically. That is to say, moving as they do in orbits around the sun, they are all necessarily near the sun, and therefore also near each other, as compared with the distances of the other stars of night. These other stars are located in space at distances incomparably vaster than those that separate the planets; and though these other stars are self-luminous, and do not need to depend on the less favorable condition of reflection for their brightness, the factor of distance still prevents their being as luminous as are the planets.

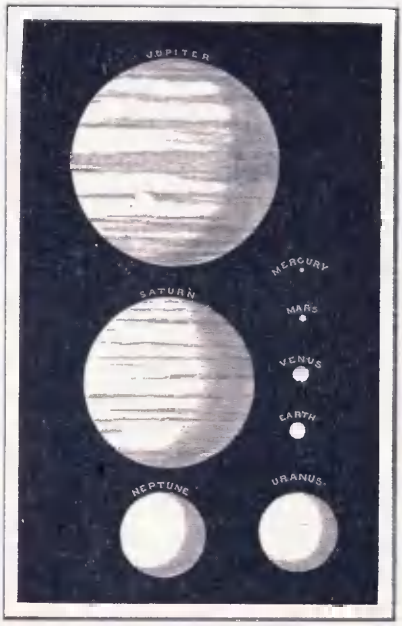
GALILEO GALILEI (1564-1642)
Famous Italian astronomer who insisted that the earth moved. He discovered the moons of Jupiter, sun spots and other objects in the heavens

To take advantage of this superior brightness to identify the planets, it is merely necessary to look for them in the dusk of twilight, when the sun has just passed below the horizon, but still lights the upper air enough to leave considerable brightness in the sky background. Then, as the sun continues to go down, the sky background will become slowly darker, and of course the first objects to be seen in the gathering darkness will be the brightest ones, the planets. If there is a planet above the horizon, it will appear in the dusk first of all; it will justify the name given it by men of old; it will be the evening star. And since the same observation can also be made in the morning twilight before sunrise, it follows that the morning stars and the evening stars are always planets.



THE COPERNICAN PLAN
The sun in center, then in orbits around it, in the order of their distance: Mercury, Venus, Earth (with moon in small circle), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The outer circle stands for "the motionless sphere of the fixed stars."

Orbits of Planets



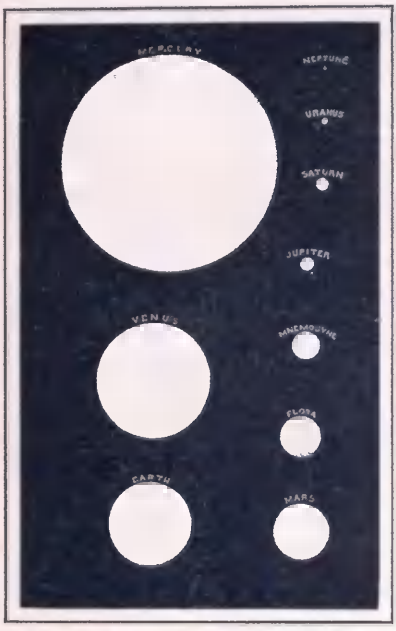
COMPARATIVE SIZES OF THE PLANETS

The kind of orbits in which the planets move around the sun are shown in the diagram on page 3, which is reproduced from Copernicus' book "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium," published in 1543. The diagram shows the sun (Sol) at the center, with concentric circular planetary orbits around it. The earth (Terra) has a little circle accompanying it, to represent the orbit in which our moon travels about the earth. The moon is itself shown as a small crescent. This diagram is especially interesting because it is the very one by which our present accepted theory of planetary motion was first demonstrated to mankind by Copernicus of old. The still more ancient theory of Ptolemy, now discarded, is shown in another diagram. In this theory the earth was supposed to remain immobile at the center of the solar system, and the sun as well as the planets circulated around it. The sun moved in a true circle, but the planets traversed smaller secondary circles, which in turn moved upon larger circular orbits. This very complicated theory, as already stated, has been quite abandoned, but it is still of interest, as showing what radical changes supposedly well-proved scientific theories sometimes undergo.

JOHAN KEPLER (1571-1630)
German astronomer who discovered the laws that determine the orbits of the planets

Venus and Mercury

The Copernican diagram further shows that two planets, Mercury and Venus, pursue orbits smaller than that of the earth. Even when compared with the other planets, and not with the stars, they may be said to be always especially near the sun. Therefore, when we look at them in the sky, they are always seen very near the sun. This makes it difficult to observe them, and the difficulty is much greater in the case of Mercury than in that of Venus, because Mercury is nearest of all to the sun. The reason a planet is difficult to see when near the sun is simple. Being near each other in the sky, it is probable that both sun and planet will be above the horizon at the same



RELATIVE APPARENT SIZE OF THE SUN AS SEEN FROM THE DIFFERENT PLANETS

time. If so, the sun will cause daylight, and this will quite overpower the planet, and render it invisible.

To make the planet visible, it is necessary that it be above the horizon while the sun is below. Now as Venus and Mercury go around the sun, they will sometimes appear above that luminary in the sky, and sometimes below it. Therefore, if we make our observations in the evening twilight, just after sunset, at a time when Venus or Mercury happens to be above the sun, we shall see the planet in the twilight sky, just above the point where the sun has set. It will still be near the sun; the small size of the orbit compels it to be near; but it will be visible, because the major part of the sun's light disappears soon after sunset.

If a similar observation be attempted in the morning twilight, it must be made at a time when the planet, by reason of its orbital motion, is on the side of the sun opposite its former position. If the planet is properly placed for the evening observation, so that the sun sets before the planet, it will also rise in the morning before the planet, and so there would be full daylight when the planet makes its appearance at the eastern horizon. For the morning observation it is necessary, on the contrary, to have the planet rise first, so that it may be seen in the twilight before the sun comes up. It will of course be seen just above the point where the sun is about to rise.

Mars, Jupiter and Saturn

The three other planets visible to the unaided eye are Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. These have orbits much larger than the earth's orbit; and a little consideration of the Copernican diagram shows that they may at times be so located that the earth will lie, more or less accurately, directly between the planet and the sun. When this occurs, sun and planet will be seen from the earth at directly opposite positions in the sky. This is the most favorable opportunity to observe them; for since they are opposite each other, the sun will set when the planet rises, and it will rise

SIR ISAAC NEWTON (1642-1727)
English philosopher who discovered the law of gravitation

when the planet sets. The planet will therefore be above the horizon all night. It will also reach its greatest elevation in the sky at midnight, which is a very favorable condition for good seeing.

There is still another interesting observation that can be made readily with the unaided eye, an observation also depending on the fact that all the planets are much nearer the sun than are the great mass of the stars. Because of this nearness to the sun, and consequent nearness to the earth, we can see their orbital motions, whereas in the case of the other stars, orbital motions, if such exist, shrink into nothingness on account of the enormous distances by which we are separated from them.

FULL MOON

The effect of our thus seeing the planetary motions, and not the stellar motions, is to make the planets seem to wander around in the foreground of the sky, as it were, while the stars are apparently fixed in the background. This explains the names *planet* and *fixed star*. The name planet signifies wandering star; and all the planets, as they progress around their orbits, can be plainly seen to wander among the fixed stars. These wanderings cannot be detected with the unaided eye in a single night, but they are always easily perceptible after the lapse of a few weeks.

JUPITER HALF HIDDEN BY THE MOON

Photo by Barnard
CRESCENT MOON

Sizes of the Planets

Having thus explained the conditions of planetary visibility and planetary motion, let us now consider certain other matters of general interest. The comparative sizes of the planets are well shown in the accompanying illustration; and it will be perceived that Jupiter is the giant member of the solar system. The small planets are all near the sun, Mercury being nearest of all. It follows that the sun would look very large, if it were seen from Mercury. Being so near, it would

lose the diminution of size that always results from a long distance observation. Another illustration shows this relative apparent size of the sun, as it would be seen from the different planets; and this again, remembering that proximity means apparent increase of size, gives an idea also of the relative planetary distances from the sun, as already explained for the Copernican diagram.

VENUS AND SATURN
As seen Dec. 19, 1845

The two planets Mnemosyne and Flora, mentioned in the illustration, require special explanation. They belong to a group of bodies called Minor Planets. Several hundred of these little objects have been discovered since the beginning of the nineteenth century. They are very tiny planets, and all move in orbits situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

The latest method of discovering these minor planets is photographic. It is merely necessary to expose a photographic plate for a couple of hours with a large photographic telescope. Then if there is a minor planet within the area of the sky corresponding to the photographic plate, it will surely betray its presence when the negative has been developed.

PLANETOIDS

A long-exposure photograph shows the difference between little planets (planetoids) and fixed stars. On the photographic plate, fixed stars being so far distant, remain constant points of light. Planetoids have a "pulled-out" appearance showing that they moved during exposure of the photograph

Such a photograph is shown in the accompanying illustration. Two minor planets appear: they look like short lines, and they are located at two points. The planets are thus drawn out into lines on the photograph because of their "wanderings," due to the orbital motion already explained. The fixed stars, on the other hand, all appear on the plate as simple dots. Thus the presence of a line infallibly indicates a planet. Were it not for this peculiarity of wandering, it would be impossible to distinguish the minor planets from the stars.

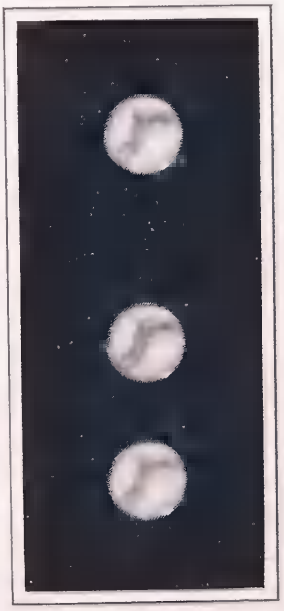
Conjunction of Planets

Another interesting phenomenon is a "conjunction" of two planets; and the illustration on page 7 shows a very close one that occurred in 1845. Saturn and Venus were then so near each other in the sky that they could be seen together in a single telescopic field. Indeed, the word conjunction signifies a joining together. The illustration shows Saturn surrounded by its "rings," which are described elsewhere in the present number. Venus appears in the half-moon phase; and it is a fact that both Mars and Venus exhibit phases quite analogous to those of our moon.

SURFACE OF THE MOON
Showing craters and valleys

Of course these conjunctions do not mean that the two planets are really quite close together in space. They only seem so, as seen from the earth. They are in line as we see them, but one is always far out in space behind the other. In this case Saturn is much farther away from us than is Venus.

Sometimes our own moon comes into conjunction with one of the planets. A cut on page 6 shows such a conjunction of the moon and Jupiter. Of course the moon, of the two bodies, is much the nearer to us: it is between us and Jupiter; and in the illustration is shown half covering or "occulting" Jupiter. The orbital motion of the moon is such that it soon occulted Jupiter entirely on the night the observation was made. Such lunar occultations are not excessively rare: quite a number have been recorded in the annals of astronomy.



MARS
Photographs showing markings on Mars and white spots at the poles

Origin of Our Solar System

As to the origin or evolution of our solar system two plausible theories have been advanced. The first is the nebular hypothesis of Laplace. This

TELESCOPE, HARVARD OBSERVATORY, AREQUIPA, PERU

Arequipa is about 8,000 feet above the sea and is a great observation point from which to photograph the heavens. The photographic outfit here is one of the largest and most powerful in the world

From "Mars," by Percival Lowell. Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Publishers
MARS
Showing the lines which are called "canals"

astronomer supposed that the sun was once a large globular rotating "nebula," or mass of hot incandescent gas. Gradual contraction of this globe as it cooled would produce a more rapid rotation. If this rapidity of rotation increased sufficiently, and Laplace thought this really occurred at some epoch in the sun's past history, the centrifugal force would also increase near the middle of the rotating mass. This force might then be sufficient to detach a ring of matter from the nebula, and this ring might break up through its own instability into a number of fragments. These would continue to rotate around that part of the original sun-nebula which still remained at the center; and they might gradually coalesce into a planet, which would continue to revolve around the parent sun in a circle, now become its permanent orbit. In case conditions were not favorable to coalescence, a group of minor planets might result.

The other theory is a recent one, due to Chamberlin and Moulton, and is based on an observation by Keeler, who found from an extended series of sidereal photographs that the actual predominant type of observable nebula has a spiral shape, not a spherical one. The new theory, therefore, assumes that the original form of the solar nebula was not a Laplacian rotating sphere or globe, but a vast spiral with a central hub. From the material composing the spires of this nebula the planets are supposed to have been formed by some process of coalescence and condensation, the central hub giving us finally our present sun.

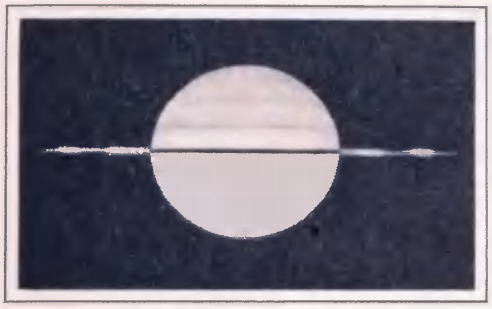
But whatever may have been the exact details of this cosmic growth of our solar system, it is clear that the process is not yet ended. For the sun must still be growing gradually cooler, by radiation of its heat into space. A myriad ages may well elapse before the end; but the sun is surely fated to become finally cold, absolutely. With the loss of heat will come also loss of light; and so our neighbor planets, like our earth and ourselves, are destined for final extinction in darkness and in cold.

The Orbits of the Planets

The motions of the planets are based on Kepler's Laws. Kepler was a remarkable character, given over to strange, mystic fancies, but withal, a tireless investigator of the riddles of nature and a student of extraordinary enthusiasm and industry. His laws are three in number, and were the outcome of a lifetime of speculation.

In studying the motions of the planets, Kepler began with Mars. In 1609, after much labor, he was able, as he put it, "to lead this captive planet to the foot of his throne." He established in the case of Mars his first two laws:

1. The planet describes an ellipse, the sun being in one focus.
2. The straight line joining the planet to the sun sweeps out equal areas in any two equal intervals of time.



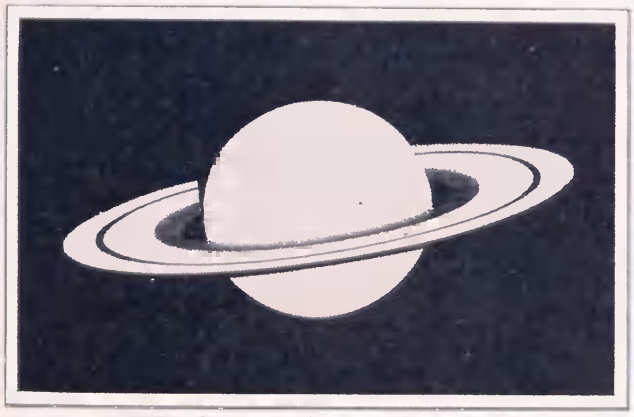
SATURN—Dec., 1907
Showing the rings "edge on"

Kepler then turned to the other planets, and in time evolved the third law:

3. The squares of the times of revolution of any two planets (including the earth) about the sun are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun.

The meaning of this law is not clear to the average mind, but it is simple enough to astronomers—and very important.

Kepler's works are voluminous, and full of wild, imaginative matter. But his three laws of planetary motion are a sufficient contribution to assure him immortal fame.



SATURN Showing the "open phase" of the rings

The following table shows the relative time consumed by the planets in encircling the sun. Beginning with Mercury, which is nearest to the sun, the orbits grow larger and, of course, the period required to complete the circle grows longer:

Planets	Sidereal Period
Mercury	88 days
Venus	225 days
Earth	365 days
Mars	687 days
Jupiter	12 years
Saturn	30 years
Uranus	84 years
Neptune	165 years

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

STARLAND *By Sir Robert S. Ball, F. R. S.*

ASTRONOMY, A POPULAR HANDBOOK *By Prof. Harold Jacoby*

PRACTICAL TALKS BY AN ASTRONOMER *By Prof. Harold Jacoby*

THE SYSTEM OF THE STARS *By Agnes M. Clerke*

THE FRIENDLY STARS *By M. Martin*

THE NEW ASTRONOMY *By S. P. Langley*

THE SOLAR SYSTEM *By Percival Lowell*

MARS *By Percival Lowell*

ASTRONOMY WITH THE NAKED EYE *By Garrett P. Serviss*

AROUND THE YEAR WITH THE STARS *By Garrett P. Serviss*

*** Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor

There is romance in the stars. It is the attraction of one planet for another that holds them together in lasting bonds. The discovery of Neptune through his attraction for Uranus is one of the most interesting events in the history of Starland. The story is only about seventy years old. It was Uranus' behavior that betrayed Neptune and disclosed his presence. But for the infatuation that drew Uranus out of its proper course, Neptune's presence in the solar group of planets might never have been known. He might have kept his secret for all time.

★ ★ ★

Uranus was discovered in 1781 by the famous astronomer Herschel. Its orbit was determined, and it seemed to be pursuing it with steadfastness and regularity. Had Uranus really done so, we would never have known anything of Neptune. On one occasion, when Herschel was watching Uranus and tracing the course of its orbit, he found that his calculations did not check up correctly with the figures of earlier observations. Now, astronomers are not accustomed to be wrong in such matters, and when there are any discrepancies the first thing they do is to find out what is the matter. Let us see what they did. We get the story from Sir Robert Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland.

★ ★ ★

Bear in mind first that this matter of attraction among the planets is mutual. Of course, the sun's attraction is much stronger than any other forces. Nevertheless, it is true that not only does the sun pull the planets, but all the planets are pulling at each other. There is a constant struggle going on in the family party. Fortunately, the sun is so much more powerful than any other member that he keeps them all pretty well in order. So, if any one of them misbehaves in the least degree, there must be some real substantial reason for it.

★ ★ ★

The path of Uranus seemed simple enough. Jupiter gave it a pull here, and Saturn there, and it was thought that its whole course was explained by the action of these big, well-known planets. Then at one part of its orbit it was found that Uranus went just a little astray from the spot where calculations indicated that it should be. It was evident to the astronomers that the planet could not have left its track of its own accord, and that there must, therefore, be some agency at work of which they were ignorant. What sort of a heavenly body could it be that was drawing Uranus away? The fixed stars were all too far off. They have nothing to say in the domestic matters of our little solar system. Two celebrated astronomers—Professor Adams of Cambridge, and Leverrier of Paris—set to work on this problem that had puzzled Herschel, and they performed an astonishing piece of experimental calculation. They figured out that *if a heavenly body of a certain size was in a certain position in the sky*, it would exert enough attraction on Uranus to draw it out of its course in just the manner that was puzzling them. They had to guess for awhile, but it was very intelligent guessing. Finally they determined on a planet of just the right weight and moving at the right speed to pull Uranus the way they had observed it to be pulled.

★ ★ ★

These two astronomers had now discovered a planet, but as yet it was only a planet on paper. Those that knew the exactness of science were confident that the planet was really in the sky, but they had not seen it yet. So Leverrier calculated that this planet, on a certain night in the autumn of 1846, should be in a particular spot in the sky, where it could be seen from some locality a little north of central Europe. Accordingly, he wrote to Dr. Galle, of the Observatory in Berlin, requesting him to point his telescope, on the evening in question, to the very spot indicated, and see if he did not discover there a planet that human eyes had never before observed. Of course Dr. Galle was delighted to undertake this marvelous commission. The evening was fine; the telescope was opened; it was directed toward the heavens; and there, in the very spot which the calculations of Leverrier had indicated, shone a beautiful planet. And they called it "Neptune."

W. D. Moffat

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THE MENTOR

THE STORY OF RUSSIA

By LEO PASVOLSKY
Editor "The Russian Review"

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 11

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Flashlights on Russia

THE population of Russia is 180,000,000—eighty per cent. more than that of the United States, three times that of Germany, and four times that of Great Britain.

Russia has been for years the greatest rye producing country in the world, and second only to the United States in production of oats, wheat and oil. Russia, like Brazil, has enormous natural resources waiting for development.

Petrograd, with a population of over 2,000,000, ranks eighth among the cities of the world. It is on the 60th parallel of latitude. It is as far north as Mount Saint Elias in North America, the middle of Hudson Bay, the northern part of Labrador; farther north than Scotland and the lower part of Greenland; and far above Japan. If it were located in the Southern Hemisphere, it would be far below the southernmost point of South America.

The Volga is the longest river in Europe. Its length is 2,325 miles. The Danube, next to it in length, is 1,775 miles long. The Rhine, 760 miles long, is shorter even than two tributaries of the Volga—the Oka and the Kama.

Since the Great Wall of China, the world has seen no undertaking of like magnitude to the Siberian Railway, which carries passengers from Moscow and Petrograd to Vladivostok and Port Arthur. The first suggestion of a trans-Siberian railway came from an Englishman, and enterprising Americans were the first to lay before the Russian Government a definite offer to build it on certain terms. The Russians decided, however, that it must be their own task, and the first railway to reach Siberia was built in 1878. It was constructed with a speed without parallel in railway building. The whole work was divided into seven sections, carried on as far as possible simultaneously. At the Vladivostok end the recently deposed Tsar, as Tsarevitch, wheeled the first barrow and laid the first stone of the railway, on May 19, 1881. The entire cost of the railway system is put at about $450,000,000. The length, all branches included, is 5,413 miles, of which 1,070 miles are in Chinese territory. Over a million passengers are carried annually.

Nicholas II, deposed Emperor of Russia, was born May 18, 1868, and succeeded his father, Emperor Alexander III, on November 1, 1894. His wife is the Princess Alexandra Alice, daughter of Ludwig IV, Grand Duke of Hesse, German Empire. The Romanov family is descended in the female line from Michael Romanov, Tsar in 1613. In the male line the family is descended from Duke Carl Frederick of Holstein-Gottrop. The members of the family for over two centuries have married so generally into the German royal houses that the present Romanovs are practically Germans by blood—as much so as their kinsman, the head of the German Empire.

Russia occupies the first place in the world as far as the extent of the coöperative movement is concerned. In 1916, after a half century of the movement, there were 37,000 coöperative groups, with a membership of 11,000,000 families, embracing over 60,000,000 persons, or one-third of Russia's total population. These coöperative groups include credit societies, loan and savings associations, consumers' leagues, agricultural societies and companies of artisans.

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IPATIEV MONASTERY, KOSTROMA
From this monastery young Michael Romanov was called to be Tsar in 1613

IVAN THE TERRIBLE
Statue by Antokolsky. Original in bronze in the Alexander III Museum, Petrograd

THE STORY OF RUSSIA

By LEO PASVOLSKY
Editor of The Russian Review

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE DOUMA, PETROGRAD · THE NEVA PROSPECT,* PETROGRAD · THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW · KIEV, SHOWING THE PECHORSKAYA LAVRA · NIZHNY-NOVGOROD · RUSSIAN PEASANT HOME

THE story of Russia begins in the middle of the ninth century of the Christian era. During the three centuries that preceded, the Slavic tribes that laid the foundation of what is known as Russia today had been spreading through the Russian plain from their homes around the Carpathian Mountains in central Europe. They settled in many parts of the country, the most prosperous centers having sprung up in the region of the northern lakes. Here it was that Russia was born, when, according to the old tradition, the inhabitants of Novgorod (nov'go-rod) invited a Varingian (varin'gian) prince to rule over them. Thus the first Russian dynasty sprang from Rurik (ru'rick), who came to Russia at the invitation of the people and became the ruler of what was then Russia. The followers of Rurik, and later on his descendants, spread throughout the vast, forested plain. An important center

*Russian form of the name "Nevski Prospekt."

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PETER THE GREAT

sprang up on the Dnieper (Russian, dnyep'er; English, nee'per or nee'pr), at the place where Kiev (kee'ev) now is. United under Prince Vladimir (vlah-dee'mir), during whose rule, in 988, Christianity was introduced in Russia, the different centers gradually split up into separate principalities, ruled by the descendants of Rurik. There were particularly three localities where early progress was made, and which later merged into what was destined to become the State of Russia. One was the Kiev principality, situated very favorably for trade with the Byzantine (biz'an-tin or bih-zan'tin) Empire. Then, in the northwest, important trading centers sprang up around Novgorod, which traded both with the interior of the country and with the German cities. Finally, to the east of Novgorod, there developed the Suzdal (sooz-doll') principality. Within this principality rose the city of Moscow, which later became a principality. It was the prince of Moscow that finally succeeded in uniting the different principalities into one body, and creating of them first the Grand Principality of Moscow, and finally the Russian Empire.

The Two Invasions of Russia

The process of Russia's development was arrested in the thirteenth century by the appearance in Europe of the Asiatic hordes of Tartars. They first appeared in Russia in 1223, and for a century and a half after that continued their efforts to overrun Europe. They succeeded in conquering practically all of the Russian principalities, numerous at that time, and engaged in constant wrangles and internal dissensions. The Tartars did not substitute their own rule for that of the Russian princes. They left them in their places, but made of them vassals of the Tartar Khan (kahn). The Russian princes ruled by virtue of patents received from the Khan, and all that was expected of them was that they pay regularly and in full the tribute imposed upon them.

BELL TOWER AND CHURCH OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE, MOSCOW

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER MOSCOW
A beautiful piece of architecture

The fact that the Tartars left the Russians practically to their own resources as long as they paid the tribute was one of tremendous importance. While it is true, of course, that the invasion left very marked

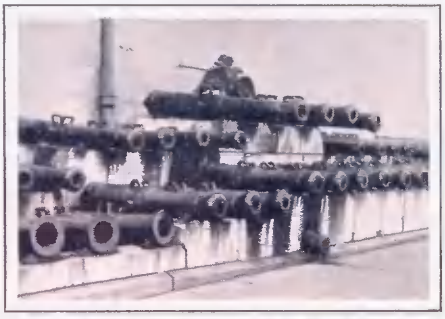
PETROGRAD
View from the Neva, showing the river and Winter Palace

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Tartar strains in the blood of Russia, and that the whole life of Russia was profoundly influenced by the Tartars, the invasion was really conquest and not subjugation. The Russians finally succeeded in bringing their dispersed forces together, and in 1380, almost a century and a half after the invasion began, they defeated the Tartars on the field of Kulikovo (koo'lee-ko-vo), near the River Don. After this victory Europe definitely assumed the initiative in the struggle with the Asiatic invaders. For a whole century after that the Tartars still held their position in Russia, but torn by internal dissensions, in the face of the growing power of the integrating Russian State, they gave way, and toward the end of the fifteenth century, their rule in Russia was finally broken by the Grand Prince of Moscow, Ivan (ee-vahn') the Third.

Ivan married a Byzantine princess, the niece of the last Emperor of Byzantium. It was this marriage that gave the Russians their traditional claim to Constantinople. Ivan's reign was devoted almost exclusively to the consolidation of Russia. This work was continued by his son Vassily (vah-see'lee), and in even greater degree by his grandson, Ivan the Terrible. Despite his almost maniacal cruelty, Ivan IV was a great ruler. In his reign the boundaries of Russia were extended beyond the Ural Mountains, a large part of Siberia being conquered by a Cossack named Ermak. Ivan established commercial relations with England, and introduced numerous internal reforms.

He was succeeded by his son, Theodore, a weak and irresolute man. When Theodore died, the country was without an heir, as Ivan's second



NAPOLEON'S CANNON, KREMLIN, MOSCOW
Guns left by the French when they withdrew from Moscow in 1812

son, Dimitry (dee-mee'tree), had been murdered at the instigation, so the story runs, of Ivan's son-in-law, Boris Godunov (bo-ris' go-doo-nov'). The crown was offered to Boris and he accepted it. But his reign was brought to an end by a popular insurrection headed by a "false Dimitry," a young monk, who declared himself the son of Ivan, miraculously delivered from the hands of the assassins. The impostor became Tsar, but he was also driven out, and a period of bloody internal dissensions set in.

During this period Russia was overrun by the Poles and the Lithuanians, who had frequently invaded the country, their king coveting the Russian crown. Moscow fell into their hands, and Russia was almost ready to receive the Polish king as her sovereign. But a popular movement, started by Kozma Minin (koz'mah mee'neen), a butcher of Nizhny-Novgorod (neezh'nee-nov'go-rod), and led by Prince Pozharsky (pozhahr'see), succeeded in driving out the invaders. Then the young Michael Romanov (mik-ha-il' ro-mah'nov), remotely related to the old Rurik dynasty, was chosen Tsar. He ascended the throne in 1613.

Peter the Great

It was the fourth Tsar of the Romanov dynasty that left the first really important mark upon Russia's national history. Peter the First ascended the throne in 1682. But he was a boy then, and the country was ruled by his sister Sophia (so'fee-ah). During Sophia's rule, an "eternal peace" was declared with Poland, and two military expeditions were sent to the south in an unsuccessful attempt to conquer the Crimea (cry-mee'ah) from the Tartars who still held it. Peter continued this work, though his efforts were directed against the Turks, the allies of the Crimean Tartars. His first expedition was successful, and the important port of Azov (ah-zov'), on the Sea of Azov, fell into his hands.

LARGEST BELL IN THE WORLD
Kremlin, Moscow. 26 feet in height, 68 feet in circumference, and weighing 200 tons

In 1697 Peter went abroad and lived in Prussia, Holland, and England. In all of these countries he was a diligent student of every phase of their life, especially military, commercial and industrial. He went there incognito and worked as an ordinary workingman most of the time

HOUSE OF THE ROMANOVS, MOSCOW

that he was there. Soon after his return to Russia, the great Russo-Swedish war began.

At that time the Swedes were in complete possession of the eastern coast of the Baltic Sea, most of which territory they formerly conquered from the Northern principalities of Russia. Peter began his great war in 1700, and continued it with changing success for twenty-one years. Russia's allies in this war were Poland and Denmark, while against her was Sweden, allied with Turkey. The really decisive battle of the war was fought at Poltava (poll-tah'vah), in southern Russia, in the year 1709. The Russians were successful in this battle, which marked the turn of Sweden's tide of successes. The war, however, did not end until 1721, when Russia received the long coveted shores of the Baltic, including a part of Finland. Upon this territory the city of St. Petersburg (Petrograd) was built. Following the brilliant victories of the war Peter assumed the title of the Emperor of all Russia. The only other war of Peter's reign was another struggle with Turkey, which gave Russia a footing on the Caspian Sea.

CROSS, KREMLIN, MOSCOW
Marking spot where Grand Duke Sergius was blown to pieces by a bomb in 1904

The internal reforms of Peter's reign were manifold, and affected every phase of Russia's life. Peter introduced a stable administrative system, dividing the country into twelve governments, or provinces, and centralizing the governing power in the imperial hands. He introduced a new administrative system for the church, establishing the Holy Synod as its administrative organ. He reorganized the army, placing it on the footing of regular, recruited and paid troops, instead of the practically feudalistic system that Russia had before. He introduced social, educational, and economic reforms, notably in the system of taxation. Peter did much good for Russia, but it was he, too, who laid the foundations of the bureaucratic system that had brought Russia to colossal national disasters in 1854 and in 1905, and came very near, but a few months ago, to bringing Russia to the greatest disaster in the world's history.

Catherine the Great

During the thirty-two years that elapsed between the death of Peter the Great and the accession to the throne of Catherine the Great, Russia had six rulers, three of them women. But during these six reigns little was done to continue Peter's work. Catherine may be truly called Peter's heir, for she not only continued and extended the traditions established by him,

but introduced changes of her own. Catherine's reign, like that of Peter, was a mixture of excellent, far reaching reforms, and of very bad changes. Peter was completely dominated by the spirit of Prussia, and Catherine, herself a German princess, was swayed by the same spirit, despite her dabbling in the ideas of the radical French philosophers of the time —Diderot (dee-dro′), Voltaire (voltare′) and others. The manner in which reforms were introduced by both of these rulers was entirely too iron handed, and for this reason the infiltration of the new ideas into the inner life of Russia was a slow, and, in many instances, unsuccessful process.

THE HERMITAGE GALLERY IN PETROGRAD

Catherine gave Russia a new system of local government and administration in the provinces. She aided education, and otherwise assisted the artistic and intellectual development of Russia. But, at the same time, it was in her reign that the system of serfdom reached the zenith of its development. Never before did the owner of the serf enjoy such complete and tremendous power over his human property as he acquired at this time. Great as was Catherine's work for the upper classes, the majority of the people groaned under her rule.

In her foreign ventures Catherine was quite successful. She conquered and subjugated the Crimea, thus realizing a part of Peter's dream of gaining possession of the Black Sea and of Constantinople. She fought two wars with Turkey, the ultimate object of which was the conquest of Constantinople, but the successes in these wars were only partial. During Catherine's reign Poland, weakened by internal dissensions, was partitioned between Russia, Prussia and Austria.

CIRCASSIAN SOLDIER

First Half of the Nineteenth Century

The nineteenth century was ushered in for Russia with the accession to the throne of Alexander I, the grandson of Catherine. He succeeded his father, Paul I, who had been murdered by the court party, with the consent of Alexander. The first half of Alexander's reign was dominated by Europe's titanic struggle with the great Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose French armies made a whole continent tremble. Russia took an active

IMPERIAL SUMMER HOME
Palace of Peterhof and avenue of fountains

part in this struggle. During the first years of Alexander's reign, Russia's ally in the war with Napoleon was Austria. But the Russian-Austrian troops were badly defeated at Austerlitz. In 1807 the famous Treaty of Tilsit was signed between Russia and France. Alexander recognized all the changes made in Europe by Napoleon, and the two emperors signed an agreement providing for a defensive and offensive league. A year later Russia waged a war on Sweden as an ally of Napoleon. Through this war most of Finland came under Russian rule. In the meantime, for six years, from 1806 to 1812, Russia fought a long war with Turkey, the outcome of which was indecisive, as it came to an end when Napoleon began his invasion of Russia.

Despite the existence of the treaty of Tilsit, Russia and France could not be friends, for Russia stood in Napoleon's way toward the realization of his dream of a world empire. The struggle came in 1812, when Napoleon invaded Russia with an army made up of practically all the nationalities of Europe and numbering over half a million men. The French army entered Russia in June, 1812, and by September it was already in Moscow. But Napoleon found the city deserted and in flames. In the meantime, the Russian army, after the famous Borodino (bor-o-dee-no′) battle, which gave Moscow to Napoleon, began to cut Napoleon's lines of communication with the west. Napoleon ordered a retreat. The Russians then began offensive operations, and the French armies were soon in full flight toward the western border. The expedition ended in disaster and sealed Napoleon's fate.

COSSACK HORSEMAN

Alexander's reign came to an end in 1825, and he was succeeded by his brother, Nicholas I, who ascended the throne amid the bloody strife of Russia's first political revolution. The spirit that manifested itself in France in 1830, in England in 1832, and in other countries at some time during that period, led a group of thinking Russians to organize, with the aid of a part of the army, a revolutionary outbreak in December, 1825. Nicholas personally led the loyal troops against the

revolutionary forces. The outbreak was put down, and some of Russia's best men of the time perished. Five years later Nicholas faced a Polish revolt, organized for the purpose of re-creating Poland, as an independent State. This revolt was put down, and Poland from an autonomous kingdom, as it was established by Alexander I, became five Russian provinces.

Thus beginning his reign, Nicholas, throughout the thirty years that he was the Emperor of Russia, continued to justify the title of "the international gendarme" that was given to him. His aim was to uphold monarchic rule wherever it was in peril. If it were not for the Polish revolt, Russian troops would have gone to France and Belgium in the thirties to quell the revolutions there. When uprisings began in Italy in 1847, Nicholas made a large loan to Austria and promised her troops. In 1849, he did send troops to Hungary to quell the revolution there, and refused reimbursement for the expenses incurred in fitting out this expedition. Within the country itself he maintained the same rigid forms of autocracy that he wanted to see in force throughout Europe. Under him the bureaucratic system reached the stage of complete isolation from the people.

HOME OF WEALTH, MOSCOW

Nicholas fought two wars against Turkey. The first one was in 1828, when Russia was victorious and obtained considerable concessions. The second was the Crimean War (1854-55), in which Turkey had for her allies practically the whole of Europe. During this war Nicholas died. It is a fairly well substantiated historic fact that he poisoned himself rather than see the defeat of all his hopes for occupying the most important position in the affairs of Europe.

The First Phase of the New Russia

Nicholas's son, Alexander II, brought the disastrous Crimean War to the finish. Russia's defeat was perhaps the greatest in her history, but the war awakened the country to the necessity of changes. The first two decades of the second half of the nineteenth century may be truly considered the first phase of the new Russia. The greatest of the reforms of this period came in 1861, when, by a manifesto, Alexander set free millions of serfs, and abolished forever within the bounds of the Russian Empire the institution of serfdom.

Alexander introduced numerous other reforms, fundamental and really far reaching. He established the beginnings of a system of self-government in the provinces. Municipalities received also what amounted to the beginnings of self-government. Russian laws, codified in the reign of Nicholas I, were radically reformed, and a most excellent system of judicial

procedure was introduced. The statutes of Alexander II are perhaps the best in the world's history; surely the most democratic. Universal military service was introduced, instead of obligatory service only for the lower classes, introduced by Peter. Advances were made in education, the status of the schools and the universities being much improved. During Alexander's reign Russia waged several wars. After sixty years of constant warfare, the Caucasus was finally conquered in 1864. Turkestan, several other mid-Asiatic territories, as well as two large territories in the Far East, were annexed to Russia, partly through conquest and partly through peaceful negotiations. Alaska was sold to the United States in 1867. Toward the end of Alexander's reign Russia waged a war on Turkey (1877), in which she was brilliantly successful. But at the Congress of Berlin, held after the war, Russia was entirely outmanœuvered by Prince Bismarck, and lost practically everything she had gained in the war.

A STEAMER ON THE VOLGA
Type of boat used for transportation and passenger service

Alexander was assassinated in March, 1881. The revolutionary spirit that was rising in Russia decided that by assassinating the Emperor the first step would be taken toward the real liberation of the country. But the forces of the revolution were hurled back by the reaction that set in with the accession to the throne of Alexander III. The years of Alexander's reign were perhaps the darkest in the whole of Russia's political history.

GREAT STAIRCASE AT ODESSA
Leading up from the harbor

Alexander III followed a policy of nationalism in the narrow sense. He believed that all parts of Russia should become russified, and he applied this policy in Finland, Poland, the Caucasus and elsewhere. During Alexander's reign, nevertheless, Russia passed through the beginning of her real economic development. The economic vigor of the country demanded a field of application, and forced its way out despite all difficulties.

The Last Romanov

Alexander III died in 1894, and left the throne to his son, Nicholas II, who after ruling Russia for twenty-three years, through his abdication in March,

TSAR, TSARINA AND FAMILY
Olga (1895), Tatiana (1897), Marie (1899), Anastasia (1901), Alexis (1904)

1917, brought the Romanov dynasty to a close. Nicholas' reign began with a horrible incident. During his coronation at Moscow, the field of Khodynka (kho-dyn'kah), where the celebration was to take place, was so inefficiently prepared that in some places the ground caved in, thousands being crushed to death. It is said that this diabolic deed was engineered by the Tsar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, who, ten years later, fell victim to a revolutionary bomb. The blood of this dreadful incident stained, as it were, the whole reign. With Nicholas, the German influences, which were obscured somewhat in the reign of Alexander III, who had married a Danish princess, again came to the front. Nicholas married a German princess, of the house of Hesse, and his whole reign was dominated by influences from Berlin. It was Germany that induced Russia to begin an expansion toward the Far East, and to seek an ice-free port on the Pacific Ocean. In this way Germany hoped to draw Russia's attention away from her age-long dream of acquiring Constantinople. Russia took part in putting down the Boxer uprising in China, and after this she acquired Port Arthur on the Yellow Sea. But her attempts at an imperialistic expansion in Korea aroused Japan, and led to the Russo-Japanese war, which ended disastrously for Russia in 1905. In the meantime the revolutionary spirit was growing. Things were brought to a head by the unsuccessful Japanese War. On October 30, 1905, the Tsar, disturbed by the impending cataclysm, issued his Constitutional Manifesto, by virtue of which a limited monarchy was officially established in Russia.

But the manifesto remained a dead letter, for two days after it was issued, a period of unprecedented administrative reaction and repression set in. For three years the bureaucracy tirelessly and ruthlessly conducted its work of "pacifying" Russia. During this period whole territories were declared under extraordinary laws and punitive expeditions sent there, the commander of the expedition being given the power of life and death over the inhabitants of his territory. For a whole decade after the revolution Russia continued to live in conditions of unimaginable arbitrary rule. Yet, despite everything, she continued her economic development.

Political circumstances, largely due to Germany's mishandling of things, led Russia into the Entente, and, in August, 1914, the colossal war

broke out. The war has had the profoundest influence imaginable upon Russia. It brought together the different classes of the people, and it isolated more than ever the bureaucracy from the people.

WHERE TSARS WERE MARRIED
Kremlin, Moscow

The war required the mobilization of all the resources of the country, their enlistment for the struggle, in an infinitely greater and more intimate degree than any other struggle in history. Yet the bureaucracy was near-sighted enough not to perceive the colossal and profound changes that this produced in the people. The bureaucracy was thoroughly inefficient, and, because of this, brought the country to the verge of complete economic disorganization. But it went still further. Believing that its safety from the rising tide of democracy lay in the support of Germany, it prepared for an act of unprecedented treason. Through its agents it was treating with Germany for a separate peace, thus contemplating the betrayal of both the Russian people and the Allies into the hands of Germany.

WHERE TSARS WERE BURIED
Church of the Annunciation, Kremlin
Moscow

This treason did not take place, for before it could be consummated, the Russian people, animated by its purpose of liberation from the economic and political domination of Germany and her agents in Russia, rose in a tempest of revolution and swept aside with one blow the old and pernicious system of bureaucratic misrule and abuse of power. Together with the bureaucracy, autocracy and the last vestiges of monarchism were swept out of existence, and a long and painful chapter of Russia's story was brought to a close. A new sun is now rising over Russia, emerging from beyond the somber clouds of war. Russia has started definitely on her upward course toward Freedom and Democracy.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

HISTORY OF RUSSIA *By V. Kluchevsky*
ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA *By J. Mavor*
A THOUSAND YEARS OF RUSSIAN HISTORY *By S. A. Howe*
MODERN RUSSIAN HISTORY *By Kornilov*
MODERN RUSSIA *By G. Alexinsky*
SELF-GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA *By P. Vinogradov*
RUSSIA OF THE RUSSIANS *By H. W. Williams*
POTENTIAL RUSSIA *By R. W. Childs*
ALL THE RUSSIAS *By Henry Norman*
THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA *By Ruth Kedzie Wood*

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

Three hundred years of Romanovs, and now, almost "over night," a Republic! Witness a spectacle of vital and absorbing world interest—a reigning family of supreme power suddenly relegated to private life, and the reins of a vast government in the hands of the people. We see the men of the day in Russia facing a colossal task; that of forging a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," out of the old metal of iron-bound monarchism and bureaucratic rule. Already the furnace glows and the molds are taking shape. It is no time for prediction. We shall see what we shall see. But we are told that the men who are shaping Russia's destiny in the dawn of this new day represent unmistakably those elements of the Russian people which alone can lead the country through its problems; and that the strength of these men is not merely transitory, and created by the needs of the occasion. The men themselves may change, but the fundamental things they stand for will endure; Liberty, Democracy, and Economic Progress.

★ ★ ★

It is said that a return to the old is impossible. The three hundred years of Romanovs complete a chapter of history. The story of these three hundred years is virtually the story of the Russia that we know. While the records show that Asiatic hordes invaded Russia as far back as seven or eight centuries before the Christian era, there is little to tell of progress or enlightenment until the coming of the Romanovs. Russia in the Middle Ages had its epic poem, "Igor's Expedition," a work of grace, beauty and power. But during the two centuries ending with 1462 the Russian princes were vassals of the Mongols, and in that time all traces of cultivation disappeared. Russian literature, art, and music are all of comparatively recent origin. Peter the Great (1689–1725) laid the corner stone of national Russian literature. Catherine the Great (1761–1796) lent her great influence to the foundation of national music in Russia. Whatever may be our thoughts of the character of the Romanov dynasty or of the monstrous things that some of the Romanovs did, the three hundred years that began with the rule of Michael Feodorovich Romanov in 1613 cover the period of Russia's real growth and progress.

During most of these years Russia was concerned chiefly with her own internal development. Not until recent times has there been any considerable attempt on the part of the Russian to express himself nationally to the rest of the world. Peter the Great and Catherine were seekers. They reached out for all that other nations could give them in politics, literature and art, and developed the fruits of their search for Russia's benefit. If anyone wanted to learn about affairs in Russia, he had to go there and seek information—and not infrequently he got into trouble by doing so. But now, within the last fifty years, Russia's voice has been strong in the Hall of Fame, first in literature, then in music and art. Today, in all these forms of expression, Russia has the attention of the world. Russian literature is studied and discussed in many lands. Tolstoy in literature and religious philosophy holds a place of enduring world interest and importance. Vereshchagin carried the message of Russian art to other nations. Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein and Rimsky-Korsakov laid a noble foundation of Russian national music on which many native composers of today are building works of vigor and originality. In every line of achievement we are made constantly aware of the presence of Russia. As Henry Norman has aptly put it, "She moves in every path: she is mining in every claim. To the call of the nations as they peer from their borders, comes ever the reply, 'Who goes there?—*Russia.*'"

★ ★ ★

We shall cover Russia in several Mentors. In the present number we get the story of Russia in broad, simple outlines from one who is in a full sense qualified to treat the subject. Russian music has already been considered (Mentor No. 118), and we are preparing now for special numbers on Russian art and literature. We have been fortunate in securing a remarkable collection of fine photographs of notable Russian paintings in the galleries of Moscow, Petrograd, and elsewhere. We shall publish them, with an article on Russian art, some time during the fall months. A number on Russian literature will follow.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

Here are the Men and Women Who Make The Mentor for You

JOHN C. VAN DYKE, Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College, and Author of many books.

HAROLD JACOBY, Professor of Astronomy, Columbia University.

DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF, Traveler and Lecturer.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Professor of Government, Harvard University.

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THE MENTOR

THE STORY OF THE HUDSON

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Professor of Government
Harvard University

DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 12

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Glimpses Down the River

AT THE SOURCE The sources of the Hudson are in the wildest part of the Adirondacks. So many are the mountain streams that help to make the river that it is hard to name the first contributor. If the highest stream of all be the true head, the source is Lake Tear-in-the-Cloud, near Mount Marcy, at an elevation of 4,325 feet.

THE CATSKILLS In early morning, shrouded in misty raiment; in the late afternoon, glowing in purple and gilded by the setting sun, these enchanted hills, rich in legend, unfold to the enraptured visitor a thousand charms.

THE HIGHLANDS A poet was abroad when the Highland hills were named; Dunderberg, what a sonorous mouthful it is! Then Storm King, Beacon Hill, Bull Hill, Sugar Loaf, Bear Mountain and Anthony's Nose. The name of Cro' nest suggests "untamed crags and the sweep of wings through masses of cloud." George P. Morris, the lyric poet of long ago, sang from his Highland home: "Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands winds through the hills afar, old Cro' nest like a monarch stands, crowned with a single star."

WEST POINT In noble lines of masonry the massive walls of New West Point present a martial front to the river, shielding behind them the old, time-worn buildings that are the witnesses of a hundred years of heroic men.

THE LAND OF IRVING One cannot pass Sleepy Hollow or Tarrytown without being conscious that Washington Irving stretched his scepter over these hills and valleys. From the gables of Sunnyside to the north and south his domain extended, and it is still his territory, let who will pay the taxes.

THE PALISADES Stone sentinels, standing like close set trees—so they appeared to the imaginative Indians. The Indian name for the Palisades was "Weh-awk-en," "awk," the middle syllable, meaning "rocks that resemble trees."

BETWEEN TWO CITIES Millions assemble at the river's mouth. There beats the pulse of the world's wealth and power, and there, facing the sea, stands Liberty with uplifted torch.

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THE STORY *of* THE HUDSON

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government, Harvard University

MENTOR GRAVURES

MOUTH OF THE HUDSON, NEW YORK HARBOR

WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME, "SUNNYSIDE"

PEEKSKILL BAY, SOUTHERN GATEWAY TO THE HIGHLANDS

DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON
From painting by Warren Sheppard

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE PALISADES, SHOWING SUMMER CAMP SETTLEMENT

WEST POINT, VIEW FROM THE HUDSON RIVER

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., AND BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON RIVER

TIME was when the top notch of flattery for a Southern beauty was to name a Mississippi steamboat for her; and Captain Gray in 1792 turned the tables by calling the most majestic river in western North America, the Columbia, after his lady ship. A third pinnacle of fame is to name the river for the captain of the discovering vessel, and that was the happy fortune of Henry Hudson, a bold navigator and intrepid sailor; yet but for his river he would never have been classed among the immortals.

Indeed, that river is far greater than its godfather; for though outdone in length by hundreds of world streams, its topography and the liveliness of the people who dwell upon its banks have made it one of the most famous rivers. Its navigable length of 160 miles is an important link in a great commercial waterway, reaching to Chicago and Duluth and Fort William. It brings commerce to a place which disputes with London the distinction of being the most populous city on earth. Likewise, it suggests the historic legends and events of four centuries, and is intertwined with

Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1913, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1917, by The Mentor Association, Inc.

the romance of picturesque Indians and their unavailing attempts to push back the rising tide of European settlement.

LANDING OF HENRY HUDSON
The Indians believed Hudson and his men to be gods, and welcomed them with gifts

The Hudson is a special pet of the geologists, because in the lower two-thirds of its course tide-water twice a day flows from mouth toward source. In strict scientific sense, that Hudson which is navigated, visited and admired is an estuary, occupying the bottom trough of a stream which in bygone ages flowed in a valley which may be traced a hundred miles farther south under the present ocean waters. This long, straight, navigable Hudson is in fact a sea reach, a strait, from the northern end of which an easy land crossing reaches Lake Champlain. The actual course of running sweet water is shorter than that of the Merrimac or the Connecticut; yet it is Lord Hudson among American rivers, for its convenience, its navigability and its historic associations.

Various Names of the River

The Hudson River did not accept the name of an English sailor, sailing under the Dutch flag, without protests and rivalries. The Five Nations, who lived for ages on or near the head waters, could not name it for its discoverer, because to their minds it never was discovered: it was there when their ancestors appeared. The Senecas called it the "Skanehtade Gahunda," that is, "the river beyond the openings"; or (perhaps at a later hour of a festive day) the "Tioghsahronde Cahohatatea."* The "openings" were the valleys of the Hudson and its larger tributary, the Mohawk, where they came together.

HENRY HUDSON
From painting by Count Pulaski, in New York City Hall

The first European to describe the later Hudson was Verrazzano, in his voyage for the French king in 1524, whose first impression of the inhabitants is not unlike that of some modern visitors. He says, "After proceeding

*A puzzle for experts in pronunciation!

one hundred leagues, we found a very pleasant situation among some steep hills, through which a very large river, deep at its mouth, forced its way to the sea . . . we found the country on its banks well peopled, the inhabitants . . . being dressed out with the feathers of birds of various colors. They come towards us with evident delight, raising loud shouts of admiration, and showing us where we could most securely land. . . . We passed up this river about half a league, when we found it formed a most beautiful lake three leagues in circuit. . . . All of a sudden, as is wont to happen to navigators, a violent contrary wind blew in from the sea, and forced us to return to our ship, greatly regretting to leave this region which seemed so commodious and delightful, and which we supposed must contain great riches, as the hills showed many indications of minerals." The name that Verrazzano gave to this aboriginal Great White Way was Riviere Vendôme.

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line

THE UPPER WATERS

The Sacandaga River, a rich tributary of the Hudson. The water which these Adirondack hunters are crossing, finally flows by the Statue of Liberty

The year following, the Spanish navigator Gomez came along the coast, whence perhaps the name Rio San Antonio and Rio de Guamas, which appears on some maps. Hudson himself in 1609 appears to have used no name but the Great River. The Dutch tried to fix upon it the name of Prince Maurice or of River of the Mountain, sometimes the Nassau River. DeLaet in 1625 called it the Manhattas or Great North River of New Netherland, as opposed to the South River, which was the Delaware. The English early began to call it Hudson River; and when they seized the country in 1664 they had the opportunity to make that title of the river clear.

Modern critics carp at Hudson, alleging that neither Hudson Strait, Hudson Bay, the Hudson's Bay Company, nor the Hudson River were first discoveries of his. Nevertheless, he deserves the

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line

THE HUDSON AT GLENS FALLS—Scene of episode in *Last of the Mohicans*

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line ALBANY

View from the Hudson, showing the Day Line Boat *Washington Irving* at the dock

glory of the river, for he and his *Half Moon* were the first to explore its waters. If he stumbled on New York harbor in an effort to find a water route to the East Indies, what more did Columbus do?

Mate Juet wrote the record of the experiences of the fateful September 2, 1609, as follows: "We came to a great lake of water, as wee could judge it to bee, being drowned land, which made it to rise like islands, which was in length ten leagues . . . and from that lake or bay the land lyeth north by east, and wee had a great streame out of the bay." Thence the *Half Moon* made its way up the river, "passing by high mountains"; till, on the two and twentieth of September, "our boat returned in a showre of raine from sounding of the river; and found it to bee at an end for shipping to goe in. For they had beene up eight or nine leagues, and found but seven foot water, and unconstant soundings."

The Coming of Commerce

Thus began the international commerce from the mouth of the Hudson; for soon Dutchmen came, intent upon the fur trade, for which the river was a convenient funnel. The English misliked this Dutch colony; twenty-four years later the Dutch skipper De Vries found an English ship lying off Manhattan, the captain of which claimed that the land was English because "David Hudson first discovered this river and he was an Englishman." De Vries wanted to "help him away from the fort with *beans* from the eight-pounder"; and informed the new Governor, Wouter Van Twiller, "that I had no good opinion of that nation, for they were so proud a nature that they thought everything belonged to them."

Indians and Whites

In truth, the Hudson River, like the St. Lawrence, was an open highway up into the country of the Indians. Every mile of the Hudson and the Mohawk has an association with those original Americans. The Dutch

soon founded Fort Orange and a few towns farther west, at the gateway of the Five Nations, the redoubtable Iroquois, who later became Six Nations, the fiercest, best organized and toughest of the enemies of the early colonists. The Dutch burghers usually kept on the good side of these ferocities, and sometimes extracted a French missionary out of the fangs of their torturers. When the English came along, they too patted the backs of the Six Nations. Before the Revolution, Sir William Johnson of Johnson Hall made himself a sort of feudal magnate among the barbarians. They have left a few place names, such as Kiskatom and Niskayann in the midst of the Dutch towns of Esopus and Poughkeepsie and Saugerties and Schaghticoke. Long ago they and their kinsfolk faded away, though they still live in the pages of Cooper.

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line

A HOME ON THE HUDSON

When this house was built by its owner, the late W. B. Densmore, at Staatsburgh, it was one of the largest private dwellings in the country

"The Last of the Mohicans" is staged for its most fascinating chapter at Glens Falls in the upper waters of the Hudson. All the world remembers how Cora and Alice and Uncas and Major Hayward and Chingachgook and Hawk Eye the scout fled to a spot where "the river was confined between high and cragged rocks. . . . These again were surmounted by tall trees, which appeared to totter on the brows of the precipice." The whole party took refuge in a "deep, narrow chasm in the rocks," where they fought their enemies; concealed themselves under a heap of brush, and were at last dragged out and made miserable captives by the Hurons.

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS FROM THE HUDSON

This range contains many peaks over 3,000 feet above the sea

THE LONG STRETCH OF THE PALISADES

The Upper Hudson

Glens Falls is a good point of departure for an historical pilgrimage down the great river. The stream heads fifty miles farther north on the south slope of the Adirondacks near Mt. Marcy and the Haystack. Historic interest begins at Fort Edward, whence the ancient carry of fifteen miles was the path of the marauding Indian, or the traveler, or the Colonial soldier, as the case might be, across to the head of Lake George. There, not more than five miles from the Hudson, was enacted the tragedy of the massacre of Fort William Henry in 1757, when the French were unable to prevent their savage allies from tomahawking, scalping and massacring hundreds of white men and women. Near by, Jane McRea was done to death by the Indians during the Revolution. Farther down the lake, near Ticonderoga, were fought various battles between the French and the English. Over the well-worn road from Lake Champlain to the Hudson passed the army of Burgoyne in 1777; and near the Hudson, at Bemis Heights, his army fought its last fight and was bagged by the Americans.

A "CLOSE-

A few miles farther down, the Mohawk comes over the falls of Cohoes; it is hardly shorter than the upper Hudson, and far more important, because it leads up to the lowest divide between the ocean and Lake Erie, and is therefore the route of two railroads and the Erie Canal. According to the maps, the Great Lakes are drained through Lake Ontario by the St. Lawrence River, so that Milwaukee and Quebec are situated along the same stream. Commercially, the Great Lakes flow across Northern New York and down the Mohawk and the Hudson to the sea. This low depression, leading to one of the world's best natural seaports, has diverted both rail and water traffic from the Northwest to

VIEW FROM UPPER NEW YORK CITY

PALISADES
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New York City. The long and stirring annals of the Erie Canal are but one of many tributes to the world significance of the Hudson River.

Albany is a city set on a hill which cannot be hid; a French fort may have stood there once; the Dutch Fort Orange or Aurania, founded in 1624, was the central point in the upper valley. A village called Beverwyck arose between the fort and the river; and in 1664 James, Duke of York and Albany, generously divided his name so as to convert New Amsterdam into New York and Beverwyck into Albany.

In the neighborhood is the mansion of Rensselaerwyck. The founder, Killian Van Rensselaer, pearl and diamond merchant of Amsterdam, received a feudal grant of a trifling estate extending twenty-four miles down the river from Cohoes and twenty-four miles east and west from the river; much of which was divided into rented lease-holds. Two centuries later, when Stephen Van Rensselaer died in 1839, leaving four hundred thousand dollars in uncollected back rents, he prepared the way for the famous Anti-Rent War, which went on merrily in this neighborhood, and on the somewhat similar estates of the Livingstons and others.

From Albany Down

From Albany down the river, one hundred and sixty miles to New York, extends one of the beautiful rivers of the world. The slopes are not castle-studded like those of the Rhine, nor does the stream run in sweeps and curves like the upper Danube; but after flowing through a broad, shallow valley, flanked by rising hills, the Hudson enters a mountain region, culminating below Newburgh in the gorge of the Highlands. This course, easily followed by a rail line on either bank, or by steamer, cuts a

Photograph by Press Illustrating Service WEST POINT FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER

cross section not only through the mountains, but through the history of three centuries. A few Dutch houses of the seventeenth century may still be noticed. Such comfortable mansions as those of the Van Cortlands and the Philipse family gleam from their surrounding shrubbery. The semi-English brick houses of a hundred years ago command the best river views. And the latest thing in revived Georgian architecture, with Greek porticos and Italian pergolas, occupies a point of vantage.

To the scenic beauty of the Hudson there is a cloud of witnesses. In 1744 Dr. Alexander Hamilton of Annapolis took passage by the Albany sloop and records that: "We weighed anchor and entered the Islands, which presented a wild, romantic scene of rocks and mountains." Isaac Weld in his quarto travels of 1799 says that "To describe all the grand and beautiful prospects presented to the view on passing along this noble river, would be an endless talk; all the various effects that can be supposed to arise from a happy combination of wood and water, of hill and dale, are here seen in the greatest perfection." George William Curtis, in his "Lotus Eaters," said "The Hudson has the most exquisite episodes. Its morn and evening reaches are like the lakes of dreams. Looking from this garden, at twilight, toward the huge hills, enameled with soft darkness, that guard the entrance of the Highlands, near West Point. . . . Out of that dim portal glide the white sails of sloops, like specters: they loiter languidly along the bases

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line
A GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER AT WEST POINT

Photograph by Press Illustrating Service
LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM OPPOSITE WEST POINT

of the hills, as the evening breeze runs after them, enamored, and they fly, taking my fascinated eyes captive, far and far away, until they glimmer like ghosts and strand my sight upon the distance."

West Point

The most noted, as well as the most beautiful, spot on the Hudson is West Point, made a fortress during the Revolutionary War. Here Washington and Lafayette and a cohort of other military celebrities passed and stayed. Subsequently it became the site of the national Military School, the new buildings of which are majestic, vast, and lofty. The place will always go down to history chiefly as the scene of the Benedict Arnold treason. West Point, the Robinson house and the Joshua Smith house are all connected with this amazing episode.

In this dark tale of greed and treachery moves the spirited figure of André, the young and gallant, the imprudent, whose manly life was forfeited while the black-hearted Arnold escaped.

The First Steamboat

The whole length of the river is interspersed with memories of another exciting event—the trip of the first successful steamboat, the *Clermont*, August 11, 1807. Fulton's invention revolutionized river, lake and ocean travel; changed all the methods of intercontinental commerce, and sent the sailing ships of war to the scrap

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line
ANTHONY'S NOSE
Showing train leaving the tunnel

heap. His own account of this epoch-making success is as follows:

"I left New York on Monday at four o'clock and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at one o'clock on Tuesday; time, twenty-four hours; distance, one hundred and ten miles. On Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at nine o'clock in the morning and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon; distance, forty miles; time, eight hours. The sum is one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours, equal to near five miles an hour. On Thursday at nine o'clock in the morning I left Albany and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening. I started from thence at seven and arrived at New York at four in the afternoon; time, thirty hours; space run, one hundred and fifty miles. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead; no advantage could be derived from my sails; the whole has, therefore, been performed by the power of the steam engine." A farmer who saw the steamer walking the water declared that he "had seen the devil going up the river in a sawmill."

Photograph by Press Illustrating Service
ROCKY POINT AND ROADWAY
On the Palisades opposite 180th St., New York

Photograph by Press Illustrating Service
STORM KING MOUNTAIN
The *Mary Powell* going down the river

Courtesy, Hudson River Day Line
NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE
Day boat *Washington Irving* going up the river

Fulton and Livingston built three other steamers, each an improvement on the previous one. The New York Legislature gave them a monopoly of steam travel on the Hudson within the State limits; but in the case of Gibbons *vs.* Ogden in 1824, the Supreme Court of the United States did away with this monopoly. Later appeared another river king, Cornelius Vanderbilt, who first and last owned about thirty river boats, and in 1847 backed his *Vanderbilt* for a seventy-mile race against the *Oregon*. Though the *Vanderbilt* bucked the other boat, the *Oregon* came in first, and the Commodore for once lost money.

The running time from New York to Albany was cut down in 1864 by the *Chauncey Vibbard* to six hours and forty-two minutes.

LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM GRANT'S TOMB

Below the Highlands

Below the Highlands the river widens out into a majestic tideway, flanked on the west by the picturesque Palisades, large parts of which have recently been made a public park. On the other side lie beautiful slopes which include Sleepy Hollow and all the Washington Irving country. Then the descending steamer approaches the heights of Fort Washington, where the little American army escaped across to New Jersey in 1776. The Great River here takes on the ancient name of North River, and its shores are lined with wharves which envelop great steamers. The myriad towers of Greater New York shoot up into the air, marking the splendid city which owes its site and its amazing growth to the confluence of the Hudson, the East River and the Narrows.

ROBERT FULTON'S BOAT *CLERMONT*

The model of the first steamboat passing up the river in the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, September, 1909

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE HUDSON RIVER FROM OCEAN TO SOURCE *By E. M. Bacon*

CHRONICLES OF TARRYTOWN AND SLEEPY HOLLOW *By E. M. Bacon*

OLD STEAMBOAT DAYS ON THE HUDSON RIVER *By D. L. Buckman*

THE PICTURESQUE HUDSON *By C. Johnson*

**Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

One of the best and brightest young men on The Mentor staff joined the Ambulance Corps several weeks ago, and is now on his way to the front "somewhere in France." The following letter, just received, is so good that you must all read it.

★ ★ ★

SANDRICOURT, OISE.

"My time since I reached France has been spent mostly in Paris—three weeks of it. We had no duties whatever for the Corps, so had a great chance to see every bit of 'Paris, the Incomparable,' as Mr. Moffat named it. Hewas quite right—I've never seen anything to come up to Paris—nor any of France. The Corps put us up at hotels in town, and paid our necessary expenses, so the hole in my fortune is not so large as 'three weeks in Paris' would indicate.

"The lazy life in Paris got a little tiresome, so we were all glad to get orders to entrain for this place. We came on Friday. This is Monday, and in that short time we have all fallen in love with the spot.

"It is a 10,000-acre estate owned by Mr. Goelet of New York, and our quarters are in what once was, I imagine, the grooms' and stablemen's house. It is a huge quadrangle—the court being at least 150 feet square. Three sides are stables—the fourth the chambers, kitchen, etc. Built on a hillside (France seems to be all gentle hillsides with pleasing views) with the house on the upper side, we have a splendid outlook on the surrounding fields and woods and pastures—all simply beautiful. America has the same things, but never are they so thoughtfully planned nor cared for from the beauty standpoint. Even in the most remote quarters—here, for instance—where strangers come but rarely, not the slightest detail of appearance has been neglected. This must be part of what is meant by 'old world' finish and refinement. It is easy to see that it takes centuries to attain.

★ ★ ★

"So here we are—sixty of us—in the midst of the most beautiful country, secluded and quite happy. We came to be trained for our work at the front, and this training was today started. It will last until our ambulances are ready for us, at which time we will go to the front—but just when this will be, no one can say. I hope it will be soon, for surely a wonderful experience is waiting there for us all.

"It is very interesting right here, though. I only wish I could tell you all about what we've seen here of the war that *was*, and what we hear of that which *is*. But we've been forbidden to write out the first word about it. So I'll have to tell you when I get back.

"Our duties are quite light—a few fatigues of one kind or another, shared by all of us, leave a good part of the day for walking, or baseball, or just resting under the trees and dozing. Our drills are short, and ambulance instruction interesting. The food is splendid for an army camp, the officers mighty good, the quarters pleasant, so we are all mighty happy. You can imagine sixty fellows such as these—you saw them at the pier—all together, and what fun there is. The boys are absolutely the best! Not a lot of adventure-seeking chaps, but serious, active, willing young fellows with 'American' written all over them. With every day that goes by I am more glad that I have come—it is all so very new and different.

★ ★ ★

"Since arriving it has grown on me more and more that there is only one thing America can do—will do, and that is to send an army here at once, and follow it up with more as rapidly as possible. Now we are in, we must stand firm and 'see it through,' no matter what it involves.

"I am sitting out in the orchard, with my back against an apple tree, and the birds all about are singing their heads off. A lovely day, a breeze that actually whispers, a peaceful orchard, and a smell of good fields in the air, the voices of a few chaps chatting a short way off, perfect calm and quiet everywhere, complete and happy content—these things would make it hard to believe that here is a land in the struggle of a terrible war, if it were not for the occasional distant booming of cannon.

★ ★ ★

"Please send me *The Mentor*, *The American*, and *Every Week*. Reading matter will be mighty highly prized, not only by myself, but by every fellow in the outfit, for all such things are passed around and swapped. You know what *The Mentor* meant to Sergeant Bell, that Scotch officer who wrote to us from the trenches last year.

"Au revoir. RALPH."

TO THE MEMBERS OF OUR ASSOCIATION

I LIKE to feel, as I sit here at my desk, that you are just as much responsible for what The Mentor is as I am. Many of our good members have sent me some splendid suggestions. Some we have been able to use, others we have not. But they all helped.

The subjects which The Mentor covers are selected with a view to their having the greatest interest and the fullest value.

And, as a guide for the coming year, I would deeply appreciate it if you would answer the following questions:

1. What parts of The Mentor Course have you found most interesting and profitable, and why?
2. In what subjects are you most interested—in Art, Literature, Science, History, Nature, Travel?
3. What do you think of the editorial matter on page 12 and cover page 2?
4. What subjects not yet covered in The Mentor Course would you suggest for treatment?

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AUGUST 15 1917 SERIAL NO. 137

THE MENTOR

PREHISTORIC ANIMAL LIFE

By Dr. W. D. MATTHEW
American Museum of Natural History

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 13

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Extinct Animal Forms

An introductory statement specially written for this number of The Mentor by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Curator Emeritus, American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

THE art of restoring extinct forms of life is not so seriously considered as it should be, because the true scientific artist is in competition with the caricaturist on the one hand, and, on the other, with the amateur scientist, who may boldly undertake a restoration without sufficient knowledge of the anatomy, the habits, or the environment of the animal that he attempts to depict.

* * *

REALLY scientific restoration is not only a fine but an extraordinarily difficult art, because of the general imperfection of the materials with which the artist and the scientist who presides over the work have to deal. A restoration is not a painting, for which either the sitter or the subject is before the painter, but a production in which the scientific imagination is guided by actual knowledge derived from fossil remains and of the rocks in which they occur, amplified by intelligent comparison with the existing animal forms that are most closely allied to the subject under treatment. Such a serious restoration is to be regarded as a trial hypothesis, in which is expressed all the existing knowledge of the subject.

* * *

IT by no means discredits a restoration that, after a lapse of years, new knowledge may radically modify the scientists' conceptions and make a new restoration necessary. The best that the serious restorer succeeds in doing is to give an idea of the external proportions, based on the arrangement of muscles in adaptation to certain habits, and the general mode of life. Accepting it as such, a truly scientific and artistic restoration of an extinct animal and its environment is of very great value as an interpretation, and is, therefore, helpful to both the man of science and to the layman.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

EDITORIAL NOTE—The Mentor is indebted to Dr. Osborn and to the American Museum of Natural History for the privilege of printing the remarkable pictures that accompany the present article. The fine restorations by Mr. Charles R. Knight are especially appreciated.

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY
AUGUST 15, 1917

AUG 2 0 1917

MR. CHARLES R. KNIGHT FINISHING A RESTORATION OF A DINOSAUR
This creature flourished in Wyoming eight million years ago, and is an armored dinosaur, known as Stegosaurus

PREHISTORIC ANIMAL LIFE

By W. D. MATTHEW, Ph. D.
Curator of the Department of Vertebrate Palæontology, American Museum of Natural History, New York City

MENTOR GRAVURES

SMILODON, THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGER · SIBERIAN MAMMOTH · UINTATHERIUM
EOHIPPUS, THE ANCESTRAL HORSE · TRACHODON, A DINOSAUR · BRONTOSAURUS, A DINOSAUR

THE geologic record of life on earth is divided into three great eras, the Palæozoic or Ancient Life, Mesozoic or Middle Life, and Cenozoic or Recent Life. The Palæozoic begins with the oldest formations that contain any considerable fossil fauna. The Palæozoic era was much longer than the others. An average of various estimates that have been made in recent years would be thirty million years for the whole, of which eighteen million would be the Palæozoic Era, nine million the Mesozoic Era, and three million the Cenozoic Era.

The lower forms of life first appear in our record. During the greater part of the Palæozoic Age the highest types of animals are crustaceans, molluscs, worms and other invertebrates. In the later part appear the first remains of fishes, and towards its end the earliest land vertebrates.

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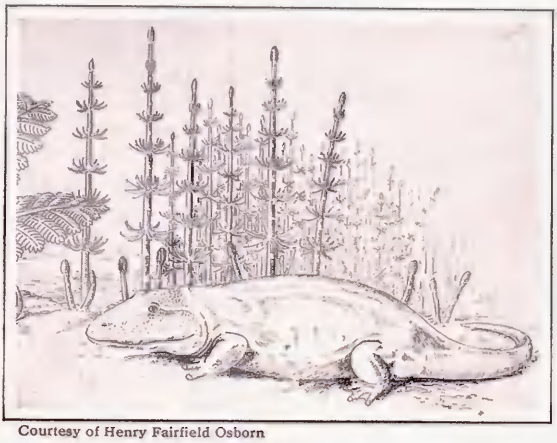

Courtesy of Henry Fairfield Osborn

ANCIENT AMPHIBIAN

The remote ancestors of all higher land animals were of this general type

It was the Age of Amphibians; and during this time the land vertebrates were gradually emerging from the amphibious stage of their evolution, when they lived in the water and breathed by gills when young, to a dry land existence, breathing air through lungs.

Among these amphibians and primitive reptiles were probably ancestors of the later vertebrates. Others were strange, eccentric looking creatures, races that flourished for a time and died out without leaving descendants. Such were the Finbacked Reptiles, *Naosaurus* and *Dimetrodon*, with an enormous rigid bony fin upon the back. All of them were clumsy, slow-moving animals, small or large, but none of gigantic size. Their remains have been found chiefly in northern Texas, in South Africa and on the Dwina River in Russia. The great Armored Amphibian *Eryops*, with its large flat head, thick body, short, sprawling legs, webbed feet and eel-like tail, looked like a giant mud-puppy five feet long. It represents very well the stage of evolution among vertebrates when they had abandoned the purely aquatic fish-like existence, and had become partly but not wholly fitted for land and air-breathing existence.

Such then were the animals of the late Palæozoic, or Coal Period—the sluggish, amphibious crawlers from which the land animals of after times evolved. In their later evolution we shall see the dinosaurs, the birds, the mammals evolving upon different plans of adaptation to more efficient and active life.

The dinosaurs are specialized from the first for land life; they develop long, straight limbs and compact feet for walking upon the ground, either upon all fours, or balanced upon the hind limbs. Most of them are large animals; many acquire huge size, and some of them revert partly to a swampy or largely water habitat. The large dinosaurs may, for aught we know to the contrary, have evolved a more perfected and active circulation of blood than modern reptiles, which would enable them to be as active and powerful as their bones would suggest. But it is certain that they had a low type of brain, and in intelligence they were not above the grade of modern crocodiles and lizards.

The birds evolved along a different line. They evolved a warm protecting coat of feathers, which enabled them to maintain a very active circulation and a high and constant body temperature, and, developing wings, they took the air for their province. The aërial life, demanding an intense activity and high intelligence, stimulated the development

of the brain of birds to a grade much above the reptilian stage. A third province remained of the dominion of the land, the arboreal or tree-life, intermediate in its demands and requirements between the land and air. To this habitat it appears probable that the ancestors of the mammals were at first adapted and for a long time confined. Only after the extinction of the dinosaurs did they come down from the trees and occupy the land. Like the birds, these early mammals developed a warm protective coat, enabling them to maintain a high and constant body temperature; and the higher development of the mammalian brain was probably conditioned by this fact, as well as by the stimulating effect of the active and varied movements required in tree life. The protective coat in mammals was of hair instead of feathers.

A second great feature of progress, enabling them to advance to a higher grade of intelligence and activity, is the increasing care for the young, seen among both birds and mammals, but evolved along different lines. The nesting habits of the bird and the feeding of its helpless newly hatched young, serves the same purpose as the suckling of the young and helpless mammal. In each case it provides the young organism with the time and nourishment necessary to evolve its highly complex organs before it is compelled to apply them in the struggle to maintain an independent existence.

The Mesozoic Era or Age of Reptiles

The Mesozoic Era is divided into periods, as shown in our diagram. The Mesozoic is preëminently the Age of Reptiles. Reptilian life was dominant during the whole of this long era, on land, sea, and even in the air. The reptiles, which had evolved during the previous age from amphibian ancestors, now branched out into a great variety of different races, adapted to different habits and environment. The dinosaurs were chiefly terrestrial, filling the place in nature now taken by the various kinds of higher quadrupeds. Some of them were carnivorous (flesh eating), others herbivorous (herb eating), many of them of gigantic size.

THE LATER AGES OF GEOLOGIC TIME

Eras	Periods	Epochs	Life Ages	Characteristic Animals
CENOZOIC	Quaternary	Recent Pleistocene	Age of Man	Mammoth. Saber-tooth Tiger
	Tertiary	Pliocene	Age of Mammals	
		Miocene		
		Oligocene		
		Eocene		Uintatherium. Four-toed Horse
		Paleocene		
MESOZOIC	Upper or True Cretaceous		Age of Reptiles	Duck-billed Dinosaurs Horned and Armored Dinosaurs Giant Carnivorous Dinosaurs
	Lower Cretaceous or Comanchic			Iguanodon. Armored Minosaurs Amphibious Dinosaurs
	Jurassic			Carnivorous Dinosaurs
	Triassic			Primitive Dinosaurs (foot prints, etc.)
PALAEOZOIC (Upper)	Carboniferous	Permian	Age of Amphibians	Naosaurus. Dimetroden Eryops
		Pennsylvanian		
		Mississippian		
	Devonian		Age of Fishes	

ALLOSAURUS—A CARNIVOROUS DINOSAUR
A fierce dominant land animal of the Age of Reptiles, three million years ago

Some walked chiefly upon the hind legs, while others walked upon all fours. Some were covered by a scaly skin, others by heavy, bony armor like a crocodile. The brain case shows that the brain was small and of low type, as it is in all modern reptiles; they were active and powerful, but not intelligent. Such as they were, they had no rivals, for the higher quadrupeds that later populated the earth had not yet arisen.

Other groups of reptiles, adapted to marine life, were dominant in the seas during this era, filling the place now occupied by cetaceans (whales and porpoises) and seals. The Ichthyosaurs were swift swimming reptiles of fish-like form, with the limbs converted into paddles, and a high triangular dorsal fin and forked tail fin, much on the lines of shark or dolphin. The Plesiosaurs were long-necked, with broad body and long paddles like sea-turtles, but no bony shell. The Mosasaurs were another group of marine reptiles, also with paddle-limbs, but proportioned more like the lizards to which they were related.

The most extraordinary of these long extinct races of Reptilia were the Pterodactyls, flying reptiles, with leathery wings like those of bats, but stretched upon a single immensely elongated finger. Most of them were small, but some of gigantic size, twenty-two feet from tip to tip of the extended wings.

Crocodiles and turtles of various kinds were common, and among these too were gigantic marine kinds larger than any now existing. Lizards and snakes also existed during the Age of Reptiles, but very little is known about them. These four orders of reptiles have survived down to the present day, the first two in diminished numbers. The lizards and snakes, on the other hand, seem to have prospered, so that they are now numerous and widespread.

Finally, at the close of the Age of Reptiles, the great majority became extinct. The reasons for this extinction are not clearly seen. The geological record does not seem to support the view that they were

exterminated by the competition of the higher quadrupeds or mammals; rather it suggests that great changes in geography and climate, the drying up of the swamps and disappearing of the shallow seas, and a change from world-wide extension of uniform, moist, tropical conditions to a colder, drier and more zonal climate were in some way connected with their disappearance.

The Dinosaurs

The oldest dinosaurs are found in the Triassic formations of Europe and America. Skeletons have been found in Germany, but in this country they are chiefly known from the innumerable tracks preserved in the slaty sandstones of the Connecticut valley and elsewhere. When first found these tracks were supposed to have been made by gigantic extinct birds, for the three-toed footprint is very like that of a bird. Closer study showed the occasional prints of the fore feet and tail, and here and there the marks of the pelvis and hind limb where the animal sat down to rest. The discovery of dinosaur skeletons in the same formation, with slender limbs and feet that accorded exactly with the impressions, confirmed this explanation. No fossil birds are known until a later period (Jurassic). Some of these footprints (*Brontozoum*) are of large and ponderous animals, but most of them small and slenderly proportioned. The most gigantic of their race were the Amphibious Dinosaurs, that lived about the middle of the Mesozoic, in the Jurassic and Lower Cretaceous periods. These were the largest of four-legged animals, amphibious or aquatic in habits, wading in the streams and bayous of vast coastal marshes and feeding upon the rank vegetation. The best known are the *Brontosaurus* and *Diplodocus*, which reached a length of seventy or eighty feet, and are estimated to have weighed nearly forty tons in life. Even larger than these is the *Brachiosaurus*, distinguished by the great length of fore limbs and neck, through which it could wade to a depth of forty feet without submerging the head. These huge animals are found in all the continents except Australia.

In contrast to the Amphibious Dinosaurs are the Carnivorous Dinosaurs, with large heads, sharp teeth, and sharp, curved, eagle-like claws. These walked or ran upon the hind limbs, using the fore feet to seize and tear their prey. They were active, powerful beasts, with long hind limbs and a long, lizard-like tail, compact body and short neck.

ORNITHOLESTES

An agile little dinosaur restored as seizing one of the primitive birds of the Age of Reptiles

Some were of gigantic size, others smaller. They all appear to have been terrestrial, not well adapted for swimming or wading. The *Allosaurus* was a contemporary of *Brontosaurus* and reached a length of thirty-eight feet; while the little *Ornitholestes* was only six feet long. Unlike the Amphibious Dinosaurs, this group survived until the end of the Age of Reptiles, and in the late Cretaceous gave rise to the huge and bulky *Tyrannosaurus*, forty-seven feet in length, as well as to smaller and more slenderly proportioned animals.

Another large group is the *Iguanodonts* or Duck-billed Dinosaurs. These were also more or less bipedal, but otherwise very different from the preceding groups. They were herb eating, with teeth adapted to cutting and grinding vegetable food, a horny beak like a duck, and hoofs upon the feet. Of the last survivor of this race, the *Trachodon* or Duck-bill Dinosaur, many skeletons have been found, occasionally with large proportions of the skin preserved, dried and shrunken like a mummy.

Another group is the Armored Dinosaurs, so called because of the bony plates that cover and protect the body. In one kind, the *Stegosaurus*, the largest plates are set up edgewise in a double row along the back; in others they lie flat, imbedded in the skin as they are in the modern crocodiles. These also were mostly of large or gigantic size, and the latest and largest of them, the *Ankylosaurus*, armor-plated from muzzle to tip of tail, and even the eyes protected by a bony lid, has well been called "the most powerful animated battleship the world has ever seen."

But the most extraordinary of all these extinct giants were the Horned Dinosaurs or Ceratopsians. These walked on all fours, with limb proportions something between a rhinoceros and an elephant, and a shorter tail than the others. The head is of huge size, bearing long, straight, stout horns. Some kinds have a pair of horns above the eyes three feet in length; others have a horn on the nose like the Indian rhinoceros; and all of them have an enormous bony crest or frill projecting backward and protecting the neck. The feet were round and stubby, like those of elephants, with small hoofs half buried in a thick elastic pad. The jaws, provided with a sharp, hooked, horny, parrot-like beak, and with grinding cheek teeth of curious pattern, show that the animal was of vegetarian habits, and

DIPLODOCUS
Enormous dinosaur adapted to take refuge in deep water out of reach of fierce, flesh-eating land animals

TRICERATOPS
Great horned dinosaur, equalling a fair sized elephant in size

it probably used the horns for defense against the huge and fierce carnivorous dinosaurs that were its associates.

A strange world indeed it must have been at the time when these dinosaurian giants lived, some millions of years ago. We are apt to think of all these extinct animals as "prehistoric," and to imagine them as associated with prehistoric man in an antediluvian world peopled with all sorts of grotesque creatures, with whom our skin-clad ancestors had to contend. Such an association is a favorite subject for the cartoonist, but it is far from the truth. In those long vanished days, when dinosaurs still ruled the earth, our remote ancestors were tiny, shrew-like mammals, struggling upward through the slow and difficult stages of their development.

Finally, at or before the close of the Mesozoic Age, most of the reptilian orders disappeared, and the mammals and birds were left to take their place, while the crocodiles, turtles, lizards and snakes survived and continued to play their subordinate rôle throughout the Cenozoic down to the present day.

The Cenozoic Era

The Cenozoic is the era during which the various kinds of mammals were evolved. Only near its close is there any evidence of man as such. It is divided accordingly into the Age of Mammals, or Tertiary Period, and the much shorter Age of Man or Quaternary Period.

The geologic records of the evolution of land animals are far more complete during the Cenozoic than in older periods, especially in the Western States, where the evolution of many races of quadrupeds can be traced through numerous stages of progress in successive geologic formations, from small primitive ancestors, all very much alike, to their widely different specialized modern descendants. Besides these still existing races there are many others that have become extinct.

With the extinction of the dinosaurs a wide field for expansion was thrown open. Coincident with this extinction

BRONTOTHERIUM

was a great extension of the areas of dry land, through the drying up of the shallow seas and vast coastal swamps that had extended over great portions of the continents during the later Cretaceous. Undoubtedly there was also a great change during the Tertiary, from the moist, subtropical climate that had prevailed in the Cretaceous, to a drier and more zonal condition, cold at the poles, arid in the interior of the continents.

Two groups of animals stood ready to adapt themselves to the new conditions of life, the birds and the mammals. Both were distinguished above their fellows by activity, intelligence, and enterprise; but the long tree experience of the mammals had trained them perhaps to a more flexible, adaptable attitude towards new habits and environment than the more severe but less varied physical training involved in the aërial life of the bird. Whether or not this be the cause, it was the mammals that most readily adopted a purely land life and succeeded best in its various phases. The birds competed with them to some extent and evolved various terrestrial non-flying races, but these were of subordinate importance, except on oceanic islands, where mammals could not arrive save by some rare accident, or in some special environment where they could not so readily maintain themselves. In their own sphere, however, there is reason to believe that the birds expanded during the Cenozoic into the vast variety of races and adaptations that exist today. Unfortunately their fossil record is very defective; fossil birds are few and fragmentary, and we judge chiefly by inference from the structure and affinities of the living forms.

OPOSSUM
Specially interesting as a surviving relative of the Primitive Mammal

The Primitive Mammals

At the beginning of the Tertiary the fossil mammals were all of small size. Their teeth were adapted for insects, fruits, or a varied diet. Their bodies were slender, limbs flexible, feet five-toed, tails long; their brains were small, yet decidedly above the reptilian stage. The majority were of proportions and general appearance much like the modern opossum; these we may suppose were still tree-dwellers. Others had already begun to be adapted to terrestrial life and omnivorous or vegetarian diet, converting claws into hoofs, adapting the feet for walking or running instead of climbing, changing the cheek teeth into a crushing or grinding apparatus and increasing in bulk. The occupation of the new field had already begun, therefore, when the last of the dinosaurs became extinct at the end of the Cretaceous; but it had not progressed far. A few

AMERICAN MASTODON
Extinct relative of our existing elephant

conservative races, like the opossum, have persisted almost unchanged to the present day. Certain others, the *primates*, remaining in the trees, continued to perfect their organization for this mode of life, while increasing steadily in brain capacity, and gave rise to the lemurs, monkeys and apes of the present day. Among the other groups of mammals some retained or reverted to tree life in varying degree; only among the hoofed animals was it altogether lost, and even here there are one or two exceptions.

The terrestrial races evolved into carnivora and various types of herbivora. The carnivora, preying upon other animals, evolved sharp teeth and claws, activity and speed. Some became the ancestors of the modern carnivores, others of races that became extinct. The ancestry of the dogs and cats and of most of the wild carnivora has been traced back to the early Tertiary, where they become so much alike and so confused by the collateral extinct races that they can no longer be distinguished.

Among the hoofed animals we find the ancestors of horses, rhinoceroses and tapirs, animals widely apart today in structure and appearance, so much alike that they are hardly distinguishable, and so different from their modern descendants that the relationship would not be suspected, and was not, until the long series of intermediate stages was discovered in the successive geologic formations of the Tertiary period.

CORYPHODON

So too with the progenitors of pigs, sheep, cattle and all kinds of ruminants. We find their earliest ancestors, at the beginning of the Eocene, barely recognizable as such by certain peculiarities in the foot bones, but with teeth and skulls in no way distinctive, and only through the succession of intermediate stages

can we see how they were gradually changed into their modern descendants. About the end of the Eocene we are able to distinguish as such the ancestors of camels and llamas; a little later we can distinguish the beginnings of the deer family, and in the Miocene we meet the first distinguishable antelopes and cattle.

ELOTHERIUM

Evolution of Elephants

The earliest known ancestor of the elephant is an animal of quite moderate size, the *Palæomastodon*, with very short trunk and small upper and lower tusks, and a nearly complete set of small, simple cheek teeth, which are very different from the highly specialized grinders of the elephant. In the Miocene we find the mastodons, first the *Trilophodon*, of larger size than *Palæomastodon*, with longer trunk and larger tusks and the cheek teeth becoming fewer in number, but those that remain are larger and more complex. Then follow *Tetralophodon* and *Stegodon* and finally *Elephas*, the trunk progressively longer, the jaw shorter, the lower tusks disappearing, while the upper pair grow into the great curving tusks which we see today lose their enamel completely, and the cheek teeth are reduced finally to one on each side of each jaw; but this is a complex grinder with numerous transverse plates of enamel perpendicular to the wearing surface, and alternated with dentine and "cement."

The direct ancestors of *Palæomastodon* have not been found, but it is no doubt related to a group of primitive Eocene hoofed animals known as Amblypoda. These are traced back to very primitive animals with pig-like teeth, and also gave rise to some very singular extinct types, the *Coryphodon*, with large flaring front teeth and tusks, and the *Uintatherium*, with great saber-like upper tusks, and two or even three pair of bony bosses or "horns" on the top of the skull. Both were large animals, the *Uintatherium* as large as a rhinoceros, and, like the elephant, they have curiously short five-toed feet and straight, post-like limbs, although the skull and teeth do not suggest elephants.

HAIRY RHINOCEROS

These Amblypoda played an important part in the world in their day. Since the large quadrupeds of modern times had not yet come into existence, the *Coryphodon* and the

Uintatherium took their place in nature, and doubtless lorded it over their smaller associates with the same bullying contempt for the rights of the little peoples and heavy confidence in their own strength and size as a modern rhinoceros shows today.

They in turn became extinct, and were succeeded by other massive giants, such as the *Titanothere*, with a pair of big bony horns above the nose, a distant relative of the rhinoceroses; the *Entelodon* or Giant Pig, a creature with enormous jaws and savage looking teeth; and the *Moropus*, an odd-looking giant, with the neck and head of a horse, a massive body with long fore legs and great claws on the feet instead of hoofs.

ARSINOTHERIUM
Great double-horned beast — remains recently found in the Fayum Desert of Egypt

During the early Tertiary all the southern continents were isolated by ocean barriers, as Australia is today, and in their isolation each one evolved a whole series of animals independently of the northern world. Among these extinct animals the most remarkable in Africa was the great horned *Arsinothere*, a huge elephantine beast with a pair of long, stout horns. In South America an entirely different set of animals, often resembling the northern animals in one way or another, yet in no wise related, was evolved.

In Australia an equally peculiar set of animals was evolved, representing the various kinds of northern animals, and resembling them often very closely, yet in fact being not even remotely related to northern species, but descended all of them, from opposum-like animals which had arrived in Australia in the Age of Reptiles. Many of these Australian animals still survive. In Africa and South America very few of their native species now survive; most of them have been supplanted by the northern invaders.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE AGE OF MAMMALS *By Henry Fairfield Osborn*
HISTORY OF THE LAND MAMMALS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE *By W. B. Scott*
DINOSAURS *By W. D. Matthew*
WATER REPTILES, PAST AND PRESENT *By S. W. Williston*
THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE *By W. D. Matthew*
THE EVOLUTION OF THE ELEPHANT *By R. S. Lull*
ANIMAL ROMANCES *By Graham Renshaw*
MORE ANIMAL ROMANCES *By Graham Renshaw*
ANIMALS OF THE PAST *By F. A. Lucas*

The following are now out of date, although good in their day:

EXTINCT MONSTERS AND CREATURES OF OTHER DAYS *By H. N. Hutchinson*
EXTINCT ANIMALS *By Ray Lankester*

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor

THE OPEN LETTER

FOOTPRINTS OF A DINOSAUR
Fossil remains found in the red sandstone of New Jersey

The world is an old, old place. The Solar System, of which it is a small member, is older still; and outside of that is the limitless Universe — and Eternity. The mind exhausts itself in trying to grasp it all. It may be that we were never intended to understand Eternity. Time is for us, and the things of time. We can know and understand some of the things that have happened in the Universe in the course of time–even if the period be millions of years. Such things as are known about the Story of Existence will be told in The Mentor in a clear and simple way by men of recognized authority.

★ ★ ★

In a recent number, Professor Jacoby gave us an account of our planet neighbors. He told us the theories of the origin of the Solar System, according to which large bodies of matter were either flung off from the sun and revolved around it as a center of attraction, or else were set whirling in a vast spiral of which the sun was the hub. Our earth was a small factor in all this great affair, and yet on this little earth was unfolded the greatest mystery of all—Human Life. The Story of Life is a long one—extending back many millions of years. While the earliest records of civilization date back some seven thousand years, Man has existed for at least one hundred thousand years—many high authorities believe that it is even much longer than that.

★ ★ ★

The Story of Life begins with the astronomer. He tells us how our little sphere, playing its part in the Solar System, whirled along and gradually cooled its surface. As it cooled outwardly and labored inwardly, mountain ranges were heaved up, seas were formed and atmosphere was generated. The geologist tells us that part of the story from the records of the earth itself. Then came organic life. By some act of creation —and there a mystery lies—there appeared a jelly-like, semi-fluid substance which was the physical and material basis of life. This the scientists call "protoplasm." It is made up of two Greek words—*protos*, "first," and *plasma*, "from." Protoplasm was the first living material, and out of this substance, scientists tell us, all living organisms developed. Animal life developed first in the water, then on land, and then in the air. In the present number of The Mentor we have from an eminent authority an account of some of the types of animal life as they are to be traced through fossil and other records.

★ ★ ★

The French, always deft in expression, speak of fossils as "documents"—records, that is to say, upon which is chiefly based what we know of the history of life upon the earth. And just as the historian, delving among the documents preserved in museums and libraries, finds there the materials to rewrite or revise the various chapters of human history, so the palæontologist finds in the fossil specimens of natural history museums the evidence for writing the history of the world during the early ages. It is on such evidence that the story in the present Mentor is based.

★ ★ ★

During the latter part of this story Man appeared. In a future number of The Mentor we shall give an account of the beginnings of Humanity, and Prehistoric Man will be considered in text and pictures in a manner similar to that of the present number.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

A Ten Dollar Prize Is Offered

For the Most Interesting Story of the Value and Use of *The Mentor*

THE other day, in the mail, we received a photograph from one of our members. The picture showed two children lying on the floor, deeply absorbed in The Mentor pictures which were spread about them. This good father was telling his children of the wonders of Brazil.

Every day brings us stories of the value and interest of The Mentor in the home, how the whole family waits for its coming, and of the broadening influence it has had on children.

"I believe," one of our editors said, "that one of the best things we could do would be to find out from our members just how *they* use The Mentor to good advantage." Hence, this notice.

The small prize is offered merely to arouse interest, as we know that most of our members would be glad to send their stories. *Letters must be received by September 15.*

Please address all letters concerning this to

The Contest Editor, THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

222 Fourth Avenue, New York City

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

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SEPTEMBER 1 1917

SERIAL NO. 138

THE MENTOR

HAWAII

By E. M. NEWMAN
Lecturer and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 14

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The Open Letter

I CAME over to this page to make room for the map on page 12. Maps are a great help, and the daily mail tells me that Mentor readers want them. Many of us have a real affection for maps. When an individual devours maps and timetables as eagerly as he would the morning paper, he has qualified as a master traveler and a competent citizen of the world. And lack of consideration of maps and timetables betrays a dependent nature. Maps and timetables are such sure, steadfast friends. When we are floundering in the slough of doubt and despond they lift us out and lead us with a firm hand to solid ground. They admit of no argument; they silence opposition. To all that raise questions they answer in cold, clean cut terms, as one who would say: "I am not discussing these matters with you; I am telling you."

* * *

OUR friend the Map does much more than set us right in matters in which we have been uncertain. It corrects the innumerable little errors to which the human mind is prone, and it tells us of many interesting and wonderful things in the world that we would never have known but for the enlightenment afforded by its bright and cheerful stretches of green, yellow, pink and purple tinted lands, with pale blue for the sea.

* * *

THE map of the Hawaiian Islands tells us many things about our new island possessions that we all ought to know, but many of us do not. The general impression is that there are three or four islands in this group. Our map tells us that there are eight inhabited islands—and a number of others, and that they stretch in a curve in the form of a comet from just below the Tropic of Cancer southeast through the summer sea. The head of the comet is the Island of Hawaii itself, the largest of all. The group lies on a line with Hongkong, China, from which it is distant nearly 5,000 miles. On the same line in the east lie Mexico City, Vera Cruz, a part of Cuba, Hayti, and Porto Rico. To many of us Hawaii means simply Honolulu. Our map tells us that Honolulu is not on the Island of Hawaii at all. The capital city of Hawaii is Hilo, and Honolulu is on the Island of Oahu, which lies many miles northwest of Hawaii.

* * *

WE have all heard of the great volcano of Kilauea, and many of us have received post cards with singed edges that friends have dipped in the cracks of the lava beds on the side of the mountain. Many suppose that the volcano is situated near Honolulu, and we search the Island of Oahu in vain for the name of Kilauea. We find it at last, down on the Island of Hawaii, about thirty miles from Hilo, and then we discover, to our surprise, that Kilauea is not a separate, distinct and independent volcano, but is a crater situated on the slope of the great volcanic mountain Mauna Loa.

* * *

AND so, one by one, we take in the interesting disclosures of the map, and we conclude with the conviction that our faculties of observation need exercise. A full life is largely made up of observation and reflection. Consider the words of a confirmed student-traveler,

"If you would make the world worth while,
Keep open eyes where'er you turn.
Let books and maps odd hours beguile,
And ever seek to learn and learn."

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

AUG 30 1917

DIAMOND HEAD AND WAIKIKI BEACH

SURF RIDING AT WAIKIKI

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

By E. M. NEWMAN
Traveler and Lecturer

MENTOR GRAVURES—STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA, HONOLULU · PALACE, HONOLULU · WAIKIKI BEACH · RESIDENCE OF QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, HONOLULU · A SEA COAST SCENE, HAWAII · HELL'S KITCHEN, VOLCANO OF KILAUEA

MARK TWAIN once said that the Hawaiian group was "the loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean." Conjure up a memory of a perfect May day, when sunshine, soft air and smiling Nature combine to make the heart glad, then multiply that day by three hundred and sixty-five, and the result is a round year of Hawaii. The Hawaiian Islands are semi-tropical, radiant and beautiful, full of the life and spirit of the United States. We discover there an intense Americanism, a people as patriotic as are those in any State of the Union.

It is a journey of five days from our Western coast before one hears the cry, "Diamond Head is in sight." From the deck of the steamer one looks upon the protruding nose of the Island of Oahu, which though not the largest island in the group, has the greatest number of inhabitants and contains the largest city. From an extinct crater rising

Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1913, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1917, by The Mentor Association, Inc.

abruptly above the city, known as the Punch Bowl, one obtains his best view of the capital of the islands. It is a flower-embowered metropolis, where every house is surrounded by foliage, trees and floral beauty.

Honolulu

Fort Street, the principal business thoroughfare of Honolulu, reminds one strongly of a street in one of our prosperous Western cities. The buildings are typically American in style of architecture, and the shops are modern and up-to-date. Many of the larger stores would be a credit to any of our metropolitan cities.

Hawaii is the melting-pot of the Pacific—nowhere else is there a more curious or polyglot population. On May Day there is an assemblage of children to celebrate the coming of spring. Upon this occasion one may see representatives of almost every nation, and types representing a mixture of the blood of many nationalities.

THE PALI
The famous pointed peak near Honolulu

Honolulu has many beautiful homes. The old-style house, built in the Colonial style, with a double-porch front, is gradually disappearing. In its place sugar barons are erecting mansions, such as one might expect to see at Newport, Rhode Island, or at Pasadena, California. Magnificent grounds surround many of these palatial residences.

Yesterday and Today

Kamehameha was the first to unite the islands under one head. Soldier and warrior, Kamehameha ruled despotically but wisely, and he is today worshiped by the descendants of the early inhabitants.

The little opera bouffe kingdom succumbed to the law of destiny in 1898, when the reigning queen was deposed.

Surrounded by a beautiful park, the old palace is intact, and occupies one of the most conspicuous locations in the city. Here in former days reigned King Kalakaua, and later Queen Liliuokalani, and all the etiquette, all the form and ceremony that obtained in the royal houses of Europe were observed here.

Of the old régime there remains only the deposed Queen Liliuokalani, living out the eventide of an eventful life in the home built by her husband, the Prince Consort. The house is filled with relics of the days of

DATE PALM DRIVE, HONOLULU

royalty. On Hawaiian holidays, on her birthday, and on other occasions she still receives in semi-royal state. Guests are ushered into her drawing-room by the same officer who officiated as chamberlain during her reign. Her attendants are the same women that attended her in the days of the monarchy. Behind her throne may still be seen the old silken royal standard of Hawaii. The Hawaiian people appropriate every year in the legislature a sum of $15,000, so that the Queen may pass her declining days in comparative comfort.

Society still has its royal set, among whom is Prince Cupid, the representative of the islands in our national House of Representatives in Washington. His home is frequently the scene of brilliant functions, and in the quaint little Hawaiian hut, conspicuously placed on the lawn, the Prince and Princess often serve tea, and society gathers to partake of unusual hospitality.

When the Hawaiian kings held high festival in the old days, princesses of royal blood, representing the four chief islands, appeared in the retinue of the monarch. Each wore a flowing pau or long skirt, the colors denoting the rider's island. Today these pau riders appear in pageants in reproduction of the garlanded pomp of the island monarchy.

In former days royalty was entertained by hula dances. Beautiful young women were chosen for the dance, but in recent years it has degenerated into a vulgar exhibition. There is nothing objectionable when the hula is properly danced, as it is purely native, and in its rhythm and music typically Hawaiian.

FORT STREET, HONOLULU
Principal business street of that city

There is much of beauty to be found in the purely native type. We observe it in the well-rounded features, in large, luminous and lustrous eyes, and in the rich, light brown complexion. At one time there were more than 200,000 natives; today there are less than 40,000, and of that number many have intermarried with other races; it is therefore evident that the Hawaiians are a passing race.

ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU

More than one hundred years ago missionaries were at work in the islands, and through their efforts many of the natives were converted to Christianity. The first church to be built by the missionaries still stands as a reminder of the early days. It was built of coral blocks, cut from the reef outside the harbor, and on Sunday morning services are still conducted in the native dialect in the old coral church.

Among some of the wealthiest and most prominent families on the Island of Oahu are descendants of the early missionaries. One of the finest buildings in Honolulu is the Bishop Museum, which was presented to the city by the Bishop family, whose forebears were missionaries. The museum is filled with interesting relics that afford a visible history of the islands.

Beauty Spots

In attempting to describe the floral beauty of Hawaii one feels that there is something lacking in the English language. Ordinary adjectives will not adequately describe what one sees. If one had pointed out to him a single flower he might find words to express his appreciation, but when without previous warning a whole hedge of night-blooming cereus is thrust upon him, he simply gasps for adequate words.

A golf player would be amply repaid if he traveled all the way to Honolulu for the privilege of playing golf on one of the most beautiful links in the world. Surrounding the Country Club is an eighteen-hole course, beautifully laid out, half by nature and half by man. With a perfect climate, and a fine course, every day a May day, playing is an enjoyable privilege.

OLD CORAL CHURCH, HONOLULU

In Kapiolani Park is the famous aquarium, filled with "impossible fish," so called because they are so gorgeously colored that it does not seem possible that they can be real. Near the park is Waikiki (wei*-kee'-kee), an all-the-year round bathing

*ei as in *height*.

FINE PRIVATE RESIDENCE, HONOLULU

resort, where the water throughout the year is usually at a temperature of 70°. It is a most delightful place of its kind, tempting visitors from all parts of the world.

Waikiki Beach

Along the beach, which stretches for some distance, are numerous villas and hotels. A prettier spot could not be found.

Hawaiian mermaids make their homes upon the soft sands of Waikiki. Marvelous swimmers are these native girls; like human fish they surmount the huge breakers that roll in over the coral reefs. The Hawaiian children, clad only in innocence, are a joy to see. They learn to swim before they are old enough to think, and they play through the surf in laughing sport like children of the waves.

Surf-board riding is the most thrilling sport at Waikiki. Picking out a "comber," as the riders call it, they fling themselves astride their surf-boards; balancing themselves and standing erect, they ride at lightning speed on the crest of the enormous roller. Like winged Mercury they seem fairly to fly over the water. One experiences many thrills and sees many spills. Although women participate as well as men, it is a sport for the sturdy, not for the timid.

Equally popular at Waikiki is riding in out-rigger canoes, and these boats also require skill in handling, as they are easily overturned. There are many exciting races by crews consisting of natives who are pitted against American crews. When our thoughts dwell on the Island of Oahu, Waikiki comes readily to mind in memories of sunbathed days and moonlit nights, when we sat on the beach listening to the tinkle and strum of the ukelele, the sad but melodious songs of the Hawaiians, and passed the hours as if in dreamland.

Pali, the Precipice

No place on the Island of Oahu is more familiar than the Pali, a word that is Hawaiian for precipice. It is surmounted by a curious cone-shaped peak, that lures us from the city below to the edge. We come suddenly upon the rim and look down

M'KINLEY HIGH SCHOOL, HONOLULU

1,300 feet to the floor of the valley, which is on the other side of the island.

THRONE ROOM IN PALACE, HONOLULU
This room is retained in the same condition as when King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani ruled. The building is now occupied by the Government

Pineapples, Rice and Sugar

We may motor from the Pali over a splendid road down the side of the mountain and continue all the way round the island, making the circuit and returning to Honolulu. High above us are the bleak and barren summits of the mountain range which divides the island, while about us are cultivated fields of great fertility. Covering the undulating hills are pineapple plantations.

As a rule pineapples are picked when they are still green, but not in Hawaii. There they are permitted to ripen, as they are taken directly from the fields to the pineapple cannery. In 1901 but two thousand cases of pineapples were canned and sent to the United States, but so has the industry grown that last year there was a total of about 2,500,000 cases shipped to the United States. Last year the value of the crop approached $5,000,000. Within the factory are machines which with one movement peel, core and cut the end off the fruit, after which it is forced against a set of knives which slice it to the desired thickness. It is then carried along an endless belt and dropped into tins, where it is sealed, made airtight and dustproof.

A railroad has been completed which now extends about half way around the island. The look-out-for-the-car warnings are printed in three languages—Hawaiian, Japanese and English, another evidence of the polyglot nature of the population.

One motors past a panorama of scenic grandeur which continues mile after mile. Here and there the mountains are indented by valleys, all of which are accessible by motor, but through one valley we must walk; it is so narrow that a road is impossible. We therefore abandon our motor car and walk for about two hours amid superb scenery. At the terminus of the valley we come upon the sacred falls, one of the prettiest in this semi-tropical paradise.

ENTRANCE TO THE AQUARIUM, HONOLULU

It is on this side of the island that we come upon Haleiwa, where the

Hawaiians go for a rest. It is a delightful resort. Here one may motor over splendid roads, enjoy swimming, fishing, walking, and golf and comfortable hotel life. The semi-tropical climate is not suitable for the cultivation of such cereals as wheat and corn; we therefore find vast fields of rice. There is an embargo on the shipment to the United States of anything but canned fruit and sugar, as we do not want to import semi-tropical insects, which might be a menace to our crops, so everything else grown on the island must be consumed there.

Fields of waving cane call attention to the greatest of all industries in Hawaii, that of sugar-growing and refining. More than one hundred millions of dollars have been invested in sugar mills and plantations. The production of sugar is limited by the labor supply. Since the Chinese have been excluded, the great problem that has confronted the sugar planters is obtaining sufficient labor. Refineries dot the landscape, but until the time comes when a sufficient supply of labor can be obtained, the sugar industry has gone about as far as it can.

COUNTRY CLUB AND GOLF LINKS, HONOLULU

HOTEL AND GARDENS, HALEIWA
Across the Island of Oahu from Honolulu

Inter-island steamers ply between the various islands, and afford excellent service. The boats are not large, and the distance is at no times great, and yet in crossing the channels one may experience all the terrors of the English Channel in rough weather.

Kauai and Maui Islands

One of the most attractive of the islands is in the northern group, and although one of the smallest, it is a scenic gem. Few tourists go to Kauai, because of its

inaccessibility, but for those who have the time and sufficient wanderlust to endure fatiguing climbs, Kauai offers some of the finest mountain scenery on the islands.

Native life is primitive; here we still find straw huts and see the natives in their original state. Government schools are bringing the children into closer touch with civilization, but the older generation are today as they were before annexation.

HULA HULA GIRLS

Hawaiian girls with ukeleles, ready for the dance. From an old photograph taken in the days of King Kalakaua

Huge cracks indicate that at one time there must have been a violent upheaval of nature, which split in twain the range of mountains intersecting the island. Splendid canyons extend across the center of the island. These gorges are very deep, and are painted by nature in many colors. At the base of the principal canyon is a raging torrent. We follow the rim for many miles, and returning to the seashore go on board another steamer, which transports us south to the Island of Maui.

Maui is one of the larger islands, and like the others, is covered with mountains. On this island is one of the largest extinct craters in the world, that of Haleakala. Standing on its rim we may look across seven miles to the opposite side, and in the intervening distance see a number of huge cinder cones.

RAINBOW FALLS

Situated about four miles from Hilo, Island of Hawaii

On the precipitous side of the cliffs are caves, which were once used as burial places by the natives. They have long since been abandoned, but remain as interesting memorials.

Upon the Island of Molokai is the leper settlement, which recalls the martyrdom of Father Damien. Life there has been greatly improved. The settlement is now well managed—all its arrangements being conducted in thoroughly scientific and humane manner.

Island of Hawaii

Coconut Isle marks the entrance to the bay of Hilo in the Island of Hawaii, the largest island in the group. On this island is the only tame volcano in captivity. Hilo, the seaport, is the second largest city on the

islands, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants. It contains 800 automobiles, and in addition boasts of a splendid hotel. A few miles distant are the Rainbow Falls, and another interesting excursion is over the Hilo railroad, where one may enjoy two hours of scenery unsurpassed for beauty.

In the lowlands of the Island of Hawaii are many paddy or rice fields. Wherever one finds rice growing he is sure to come upon Japanese. The Japanese now compose one-third of the total population of the islands.

Some of the finest sheep ranches are also to be found on this island, and probably nowhere on earth would one see such a curious assortment of farm hands, and hear as many different languages spoken as upon one of these Hawaiian ranches.

KALAKAUA AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

This photograph of the former king and the celebrated author was taken in Honolulu about 1889

From Hilo a fern-fringed road leads to the volcano, thirty miles distant. One may motor all the way, or go by train to within nine miles of the crater, but the motor ride is by all means preferable, especially if one is in search of novel and unusual sights.

Kilauea Volcano

From the veranda of the Volcano House, one may see, rising from the crater of Kilauea, dense clouds of smoke, steam and sulphur fumes. In the intervening space are barren fields of lava rock, seven miles of dead, burned out cinder, absolutely arid, utterly desolate.

Formerly one went by horse over the trail which leads to the crater, but now a motor car takes one to the brink in less than half an hour. It is a weird, almost uncanny, experience to travel over the gnarled and knotted surface of lava rock. Cracked and broken, twisted into every conceivable shape, this dead mass continues for miles.

MAKAHUENA, ISLAND OF KAUAI

The old time picturesque grass huts have given way to crude wooden cottages

Over this scene of desolation a motor road has been built, and one may now park his car within a few

feet of the brink. With grinding brakes we move on. Darting through clouds of steam, assailed by choking whiffs of sulphur fumes, we begin to realize our nearness to the crater. Tourists usually hurry to Hell's Kitchen, where they scorch postal cards in the crevices, but they do not remain long; the sulphur fumes are too much for them.

PINEAPPLE PLANTATION, ISLAND OF HAWAII
The earth, to all appearances, has just had a close hair cut!

Approaching the brink, we shade our eyes from the heat and look down into Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire." Hundreds of feet below is a bubbling, seething pool of boiling lava, a living fire, two hundred feet in width and seven hundred feet in length.

Spray showers of molten rock and burning gas leap to a height of seventy feet or more, making a roar louder than the mightiest surf that beats on rockbound shores. Some months ago the surface of the burning lake dropped two hundred feet, and since then it has grown in activity from day to day.

At night the volcano takes on new life, and then we appreciate anew its awe-inspiring grandeur. Luminous streaks appear in every direction,

THE PINEAPPLE GROWS HIGH IN HAWAII

giant flaming fingers rend the inky surface like the forks of chain lightning. Ever widening, the cracks extend until the whole mass bursts, throwing jets of golden lava high in the air. Leaping, writhing rockets of liquid fire hiss through the air, spreading showers of glowing sparks. Far below, huge sections swirl and are tossed about in the currrents, like corks on an ocean wave. Turning end up, they roll over and convert themselves into seething furnaces, cauldrons of bubbling gold. Here is a workshop that has been running a double shift since the dawn of time. This is not a fire that consumes itself, but an ever-living, unquenchable thing, burning a melting world. In 1912, the lava rose to within sixty feet of the top, and during the same year sank suddenly one thousand feet in a space of twenty-four hours. An everlasting struggle is going on between the exterior and interior forces of the earth. From this dragon's mouth rises a flood of scarlet flame, illuminating the heavens, casting a living glow of red on the edge of a visible Hades.

RICE FIELD NEAR HONOLULU

FIELD OF TWISTED LAVA, KILAUEA VOLCANO, HAWAII

It is hard to impart in words the charm that casts its spell upon the visitor to these garden lands of the Summer Sea. Add to climatic conditions a group of islands of scenic splendor and carpeted with beautiful flowers, and on one of these islands place the most wonderful of active volcanoes—and you have some idea of this paradise of the Pacific.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

HAWAII, PAST AND PRESENT
By W. R. Castle

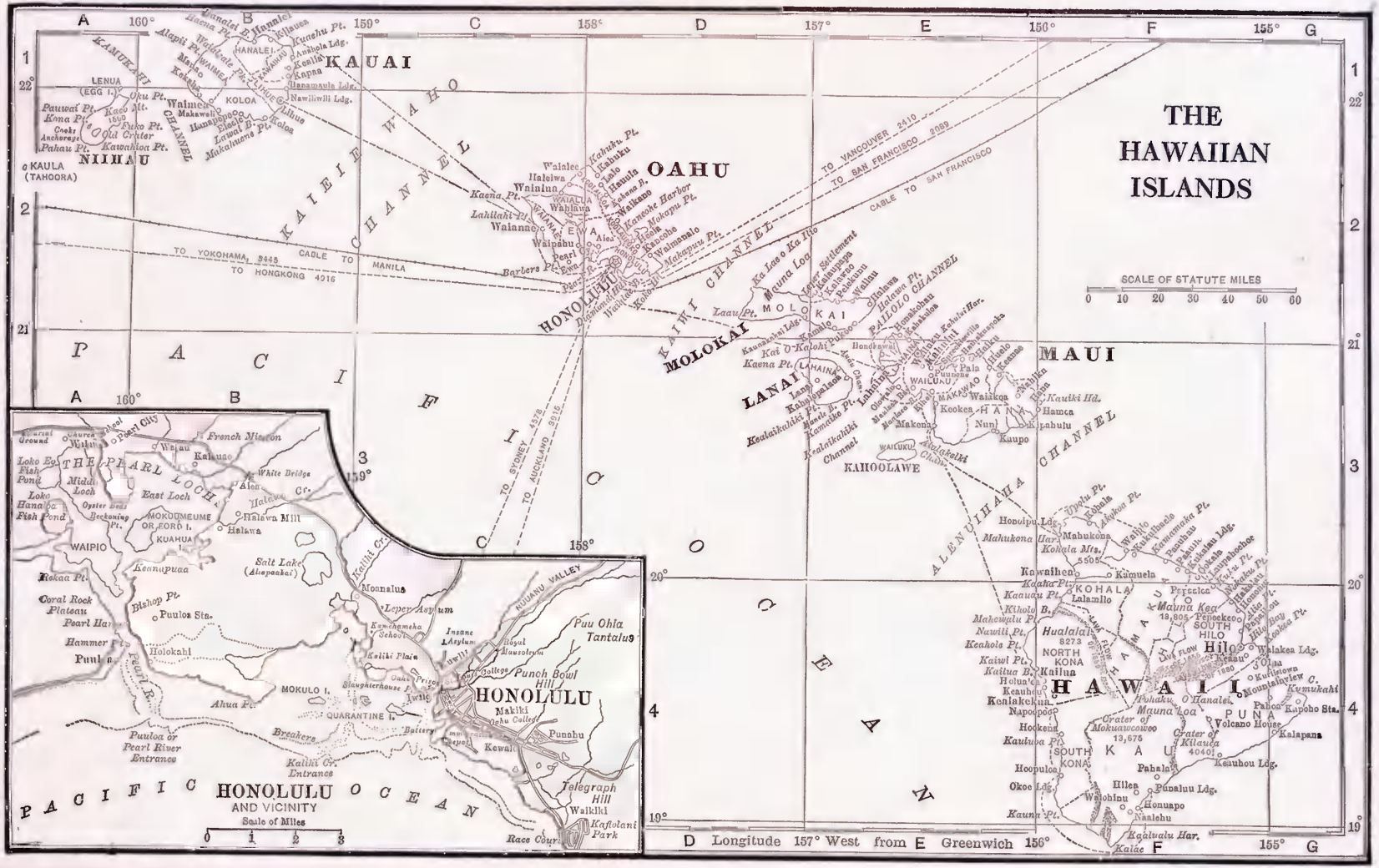
HAWAII: SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS
By K. F. Gerould

HAWAIIAN LEGENDS OF VOLCANOES
By W. D. Westervelt

THE STORY OF HAWAII *By M. C. Alexander*

COMING HAWAII *By J. K. Goodrich*

***Information concerning the above mentioned books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.


THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60
KAUAI
NIIHAU
OAHU
MOLOKAI
LANAI
MAUI
KAHOOLAWE
HAWAII
KAIEIE WAHO CHANNEL
KAIWI CHANNEL
PAILOLO CHANNEL
ALENUIHAHA CHANNEL
PACIFIC OCEAN
TO YOKOHAMA 3445
TO HONGKONG 4916
CABLE TO MANILA
TO VANCOUVER 2410
TO SAN FRANCISCO 2089
CABLE TO SAN FRANCISCO
TO SYDNEY 4378
TO AUCKLAND 3915
HONOLULU
AND VICINITY
Scale of Miles
0 1 2 3
THE PEARL LOCH
Pearl City
Waiau
Kalauao
French Mission
East Loch
Middle Loch
Loko Hanalua Fish Pond
Loko Eo Fish Pond
Oyster Beds
Beckoning Pt.
MOKUUMEUME OR FORD I.
KUAHUA
WAIPIO
Halawa Mill
Halawa Cr.
White Bridge
Aiea
Kennupuaa
Salt Lake (Alupaakai)
Kalihi Cr.
Moanalua
Leper Asylum
KUUANU VALLEY
Pu'u Ohia Tantalus
Insane Asylum
Royal Mausoleum
College
Punch Bowl Hill
Kaniakapupu
Kalihi Plain
Slaughterhouse Pt.
MOKULO I.
QUARANTINE I.
Akua Pt.
Breakers
Puuloa or Pearl River Entrance
Kalihi Cr. Entrance
Battery
Punahu
Kewalo
Telegraph Hill
Waikiki
Kaplolani Park
Race Course
Coral Rock Plateau
Bishop Pt.
Puuloa Sta.
Hammer Pt.
Holokahi
Pearl R.
Pearl Harbor
Puuloa
Kekaa Pt.
Barbers Pt.
Ewa
Waipahu
Waianae
Lahilahi Pt.
Kaena Pt.
Waialua
Haleiwa
Kahuku Pt.
Kawela B.
Kaneohe Harbor
Makapuu Pt.
Waimanalo
Koko Hd.
Koko Crater
Diamond Hd.
Waikiki B.
Honolulu
Kaena Pt.
Laau Pt.
Ka Lae o Ka Iko
Mauna Loa
Leper Settlement
Kalaupapa
Kalawao
Pelekunu
Waliau
Halawa Pt.
Halawa
Kaunakakai Ldg.
Kaunakakai
Kamiloloa
Kaiakahinalii Pt.
Kaluakoi
Kaunakakai Har.
Mauna Kahalawai
Hondrawai
Kaai o Kaloli
Kaena Pt.
LAHAINA
Lahaina Roads
Lanai
Kahoolawe Channel
Kealaikahiki Pt.
Kanaha Pt.
Kealaikahiki Channel
Hanakohau
Kanakaloa
Hanamaulu
Haiku
Paia
Huelo
Keanae
Nahiku
Hana
Kaukini Hd.
Hamoa
Kipahulu
Kaupo
Nuu
Makena
Kookea
Waiakoa
MAKAWAO
WAILUKU
Kahului
Maalaea
Maalaea Bay
Lahaina Har.
Honolua Har.
Honolua Pt.
Honolua Ldg.
Mahukona
Mahukona Har.
Kohala Mts.
5505
Kawaihae
Kumuela
Kohala
Kapaau Pt.
Waipio
Kukuihaele
Kawaimeeka Pt.
Pauuluu
Pauuluu Ldg.
Kukuau Ldg.
Kapaahoehoe
Kukuau Pt.
Hakalau
Hakalau Ldg.
Honomu
Kaiwiki Pt.
Kolekole Pt.
Hilo Bay
Hilo
Waiakea Ldg.
Waiakea
Kaumana
Kaumana Cave
Olaa
Kulaniuiwa
Mountainview
Kumukahi
Pahoa
Kapoho Sta.
Kalapana
Volcano House
Mauna Kea 13,805
Mauna Loa 13,675
Hualalai 8273
Kohala Mts. 5505
Lava Flow 1880
Lava Flow 1859
Lava Flow 1855
Lava Flow 1852
Lava Flow 1843
Lava Flow 1840
Lava Flow 1832
Lava Flow 1823
Lava Flow 1801
Lava Flow 1800
Crater of Kilauea 4040
Crater of Mokuaweoweo
Kaiwi Pt.
Kailua B.
Kailua
Holua'a
Keauhou
Konlakekua
Napoopoo
Hookena
Kaulupa Pt.
Hoopuloa
Okoe Ldg.
Kauna Pt.
Kaalualu Har.
Kalae
Pohaku
Manalei
Honuapo
Naalehu
Punaluu Ldg.
Kaauau Pt.
Kiholo B.
Mahewalu Pt.
Nuwili Pt.
Keahole Pt.
Kaiwi Pt.
Kailua B.

The Biggest and Best Business in the World

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SEPTEMBER 15 1917 SERIAL NO. 139

THE MENTOR

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES

By C. F. TALMAN

Of the United States Weather Bureau

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 15

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Echoes of Vulcan's Workshop

THE VOLCANO Subterranean disturbances which commence merely with quakings of the ground often terminate with the forcible ejection of heated matter from the interior of the earth. A rent may be produced at some weak point, and this crack then serves for the passage of large volumes of steam and other vapors, with showers of red-hot ashes, accompanied or followed by streams of molten rock. The solid materials are shot forth into the air, and fall in showers around the mouth of the orifice, where they form, by their accumulation, a cone-shaped mound or hill. Such a hill is called a volcano, or popularly a "burning mountain." It must be borne in mind, however, that it does not "burn," in the sense in which a fire burns, but it merely offers a channel through which heated matter is erupted from below. It differs again from an ordinary mountain, in that it is simply a heap of loose materials and melted matter, which has been piled up layer after layer, around a hole leading down to the interior of the earth.

STEAM AND FLAME At the beginning of an eruption, clouds of steam are copiously belched forth, showing that water has its part to play even in these fiery phenomena. The steam generally issues spasmodically, each puff giving rise to clouds which shoot up to a great height, and are either dissipated, or condensed in torrents of rain. Associated with the steam are various gaseous exhalations, most of which, however, are not combustible. Hence, the appearance of a column of flame, often said to be seen issuing from a volcano, must generally be an illusion, due to illumination of the vapors, partly by the sparks and red-hot stones and ashes shot out at the same time, and partly by reflection from the glowing walls of the pipe and from the surface of the molten matter below.

VOLCANIC DUST During an eruption, ashes are commonly ejected in great quantity, but it must be borne in mind that the materials so called are very different from the partially burnt fuel of the domestic hearth. Volcanic ashes are, in fact, nothing but fragments of lava, or partially-fused rocky matter. When jets of this lava are shot forth from the volcano, the liquid is broken up by the air, and so splashed about that it falls in drops, which harden into small spongy fragments, resembling ashes and cinders. In some cases, the lava is broken into such fine particles that it is known as volcanic dust or sand; dense showers of such dust have been known to darken the sky for miles around the volcano, and have been wafted by winds for even hundreds of miles.

When the steam, which is abundant in most eruptions, condenses in torrents of rain, the volcanic dust is frequently worked up into a hot mud, which rolls down the hill in a sluggish stream, burying everything before it. Herculaneum was sealed up by a crust of volcanic mud discharged from Vesuvius; while Pompeii was overwhelmed by a vast accumulation of dust and ashes during the same eruption.

LAVA The partially molten rock called lava rises up in the volcanic pipe, and may eventually run over the lip of the crater, or force its way through cracks in the hill, forming red-hot streams, which generally present a consistence something like that of treacle. These lava-torrents are often of great magnitude; thus, it was estimated that in the famous eruption of Skaptar Jokul, in Iceland, in 1783, the mass of lava brought up from subterranean regions was equal to the bulk of Mont Blanc. The lava rapidly cools on the surface, though long retaining its heat beneath the protecting crusts; and, ultimately, the entire mass solidifies, forming a hard rock, more or less like a slag from an iron furnace. In some cases the rock is compact, while in others it is spongy or cindery, when it is said to be scoriaceous. The little cavities, or vesicles, in this scoria or cellular lava, are formed by the disengagement of bubbles of gas or vapor, when the matter is in a pasty condition; just as the porous texture of a piece of bread is due to the presence of bubbles of gas evolved by the fermentation of the yeast. Pumice stone is a lava of very porous texture; its name recalling its origin as the froth or scum of lava. Occasionally, a very liquid lava may be caught by the wind, and drawn out into delicate fibers, like spun glass; this beautiful form is very abundant in Kilauea, a volcano in Hawaii, where it is known as Pelé's hair, its name being borrowed from that of an old goddess who was supposed to reside in the crater. Other lavas again are vitreous, and strongly resemble dark-colored bottle-glass, when they pass under the name of obsidian. This kind of lava was largely used by the ancient Indians for making rude knives and other cutting instruments; a hill in northern Mexico, formerly worked for this material, is still known as the "Hill of Knives."

THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

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EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES

By
CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN
Librarian of the U. S. Weather Bureau

From a copyrighted photograph by Chester Mullen
ERUPTION OF LASSEN PEAK, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1915

MENTOR GRAVURES

MESSINA, SICILY—SCENE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

SEISMOGRAPH

ON THE ROAD TO VESUVIUS, ITALY

RUINS OF ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, HAWAII

THE "molten interior" of the earth has been banished from books on geology, but its place has not yet been satisfactorily filled. Our views concerning things subterranean are distinctly less confident than were those of our grandfathers. We still believe that intense heat prevails far within the globe. Measurements in mines and deep borings show an increase in temperature with descent, which, while it varies greatly from place to place, amounts on an average to about one degree Fahrenheit for each 50 or 60 feet. We also believe that the material at the depth of even a few miles, regardless of its temperature, must be mashed by the enormous weight of the overlying rocks into something like a thick liquid, which flows under strain instead of breaking or crumbling. But this is not quite the same thing as a "molten interior." Most substances expand when melting; in other words, they diminish in density. By several methods, agreeing well in their results, the earth as a whole has been weighed, and its average density is found to be about 5.5 times as great as that of water. Now the average

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density of the rocks at the earth's surface is only about 2.8 times that of water. In other words, the material in the core of the earth, instead of being lighter than the surface material, as it should be if it is the same in composition but in a melted state, is actually very much denser.

MESSINA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE
The statue in the center remained uninjured by the shock

Again, the interior of the earth must be extremely rigid. Otherwise, the same pull of the moon and the sun that produces the tides of the ocean would cause great distortions in the shape of the whole globe. Tides in the earth's crust—known as "earth tides"—have, indeed, been observed and measured, but they are so small as to indicate that the average stiffness of our globe is at least equal to that of steel. Lastly, the vibrations due to earthquakes—of which we shall have more to say—travel through the earth in such a way as to give strong support to the belief that the interior is not only very dense, but also a solid, rather than a true liquid or gas. When all is said and done, however, this subject remains enigmatical, because we do not know how matter behaves under the stupendous pressure to which the interior of the earth is subjected.

The Earth's Crust

Concerning the earth's crust we have more positive knowledge. Its history is written in unmistakable language. Strata, the structure and contents of which prove them to have been originally horizontal sheets of sediment deposited at the bottom of the ocean, are now found at all elevations, up to the tops of high mountains, and are warped into folds and creases like the wrinkles in the skin of a dried apple. These deformations of the crust did not all occur in the remote past. Within historic times marked changes of level have occurred in various parts of the world. These changes are especially easy to observe along coastlines, where beaches have been conspicuously raised or lowered within a few centuries.

Apart from a general shrinking of the crust that appears to have been in progress from early ages, local oscillations of the surfaces are constantly produced by such disturbing factors as the tides, the transportation of material under the effects of water and wind, falls of rain and snow, and so forth. An increase in the surface load at one place on the earth causes a depression of the crust, and this is likely to be compensated by an elevation somewhere else. Some of the agencies that produce these movements are very gradual in their action; others are abrupt. The study of

earthquakes has revealed the fact that even fluctuations in atmospheric pressure are capable of producing readjustments of level in the earth's crust.

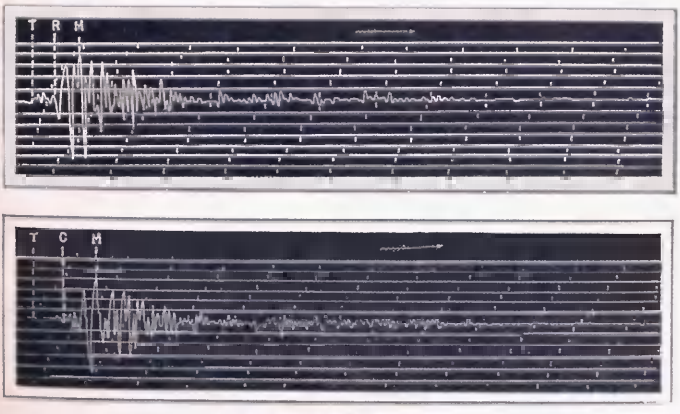
Below a depth of fifteen miles or less the rocks are probably so tightly compressed that, though they yield to squeezing, after the manner of clay or putty, they cannot split. The term *zone of rock flowage* describes the part of the earth's interior in which this plastic condition prevails. Above this zone lies the brittle outer shell of the earth, in which the warping processes above described cause the splitting of the rocky crust into blocks of various sizes, some of them hundreds of miles in diameter. This is known as the *zone of fracture*. At the surface itself the rocks are generally, but not everywhere, overspread with a thin layer of soil.

Earthquakes

There are two minor causes of earthquakes that we may quickly dispose of: (1) The subterranean concussions attending volcanic eruptions produce local quakes, not generally of much violence. (2) The collapse of caverns hollowed out in soluble rocks (limestone, etc.) by underground waters causes quakes, also generally local and unimportant.

THE SHAW-MILNE SEISMOGRAPH
Built by J. J. Shaw for the U. S. Weather Bureau

The chief cause of earthquakes, and probably the cause of all those of great magnitude, is the jar given to the earth's crust, either by the sudden formation of the fissures that divide the surface shell into the blocks already mentioned, or by the slipping of adjacent blocks along the walls of fissures previously formed. Such slipping is technically described as *faulting*, and the places where it has occurred are called *faults*. They reveal themselves in many places at the earth's surface in the abrupt interruption of exposed strata, or sometimes by crevasses or terraces in the ground. Since ruptures and faults can occur only within the zone of fracture, the source of an



A SEISMOGRAPH RECORD

earthquake is never more than a few miles beneath the surface.

The breaking of the rock or the slipping of adjacent rock faces upon each other sets up vibrations similar to those produced by the drawing of a violin bow over the strings, and these vibrations are transmitted in all directions through the earth. The part of the earth's surface lying directly over the source, or *focus*, of the disturbance is called the *epicenter* of the earthquake, and here the vibrations are most distinctly felt. It is these vibrations, rather than the mere dislocations of the ground, that do most of the damage in destructive earthquakes.

SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE, 1906

Except where water-waves and fire add to the destruction, the loss of life that occurs in disastrous earthquakes is almost entirely due to the shaking down of buildings. If people lived everywhere in tents, or if houses were constructed like ships—which are so designed that they may be jolted and tossed about by the waves of the ocean without damage—these now dreaded visitations would do comparatively little bodily injury to humanity. A great deal of attention has been devoted to devising methods of construction and selecting building materials adapted to resist the effects of earthquake shocks, but in the countries most subject to these disturbances (except Japan) the knowledge gained in such investigations has not been generally applied. After the frightful Messina disaster of 1908, in which more than 77,000 people perished, the Japanese authority, Omori, declared that at least 99.8 per cent. of this number were the victims of the faulty construction of buildings. Earthquake damage also depends in part upon the kind of ground on which buildings are erected; those standing on rock are generally less affected than those built on soft earth.

Some Famous Earthquakes

An earthquake that destroyed the greater part of the city of Lisbon in 1755 cost the lives of between 30,000 and 40,000 people. A majority of these people were drowned, after they had fled from the city proper, by a huge wave, sweeping in from the ocean. Such waves are frequently generated by earthquake shocks. Sometimes they have their origin in

earthquakes far out at sea, which are felt on board ships and which may break submarine cables. They inundate nearby coasts, and, like the huge waves produced by hurricanes, are popularly known as "tidal waves," though they have nothing to do with the tide.

In 1783 numerous towns and villages in Calabria and Sicily were destroyed by an earthquake, with a loss of more than 30,000 lives. This event attracted much attention in scientific circles, and elaborate reports were published upon it.

Probably no other country has suffered so many severe earthquakes as Japan, where the records of modern times show that a destructive shock occurs, on an average, once every two and a half years. In 1891 the densely populated provinces of Mino and Owari, in that empire, were violently shaken, and 7,000 people were killed, while about 17,000 were injured.

The great earthquake that occurred in Assam, India, in 1897, is remarkable for the immense area over which it was destructive, amounting to about 150,000 square miles.

In 1908 the cities of Messina and Reggio, in southern Italy, were completely destroyed by the most disastrous earthquake of which we have any definite record. Official reports place the loss of life at 77,283, but much higher estimates have been published.

The Charleston, S. C., earthquake of 1886, and the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 were the most destructive that have occurred in the United States. In the attendant loss of life these two disasters were insignificant compared with most of the famous earthquakes of history, but in the San Francisco quake the property loss, due chiefly to fire, amounted to more than $200,000,000.

From "The California Earthquake of 1906." Copyright by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

EFFECT OF CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE

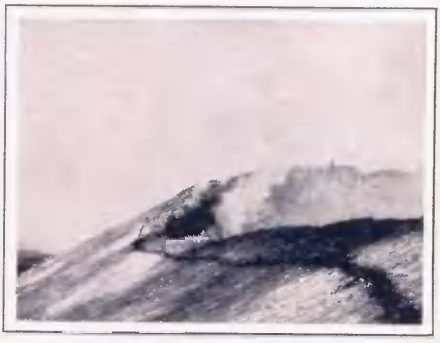
This fence, previously straight and continuous, was broken and parted by the earthquake "fault," the offset being 8½ feet

The New Science of Seismology

Seismology, or earthquake science, is mainly a product of the last thirty years, and its remarkable progress is especially due to the invention of delicate instruments (*seismographs*) which make autographic records of the vibrations set up by earthquake shocks. These instruments record not only the shocks that are perceptible to the senses, but also the far more numerous fainter shocks that are not. The seismograph has shattered our faith in *terra firma*. Our globe is

trembling somewhere most of the time, and a severe shock at any place upon it is recorded by seismographs all over the world. The seismograph is essentially a heavy mass of metal, suspended in such a manner that its inertia prevents it from partaking readily of the motion of the earth when the latter is shaken. A pen or stylus attached to the suspended weight traces a record of the earth's movements on a sheet of paper carried along by clockwork. Complete apparatus of this kind registers vibrations in three directions—north-south, east-west, and up-down.

An earthquake sends out two principal sets of vibrations. One set travels around the earth's surface (*i. e.*, through the crust), while the other takes a "short cut" through the interior of the globe. The latter set is registered first by a distant seismograph, not only because it has not so far to travel, but also because it is propagated at a much greater speed through the material of the earth's core. Moreover, the vibrations that pass through the earth are of two distinct kinds—longitudinal (moving forward and back) and transverse (moving from side to side)—which travel at different speeds and trace waves of different shapes on the record sheet. The difference in the time of arrival of the various kinds of vibrations gives a clue to the distance of the source from the point of observation. These and other characteristics of seismograph tracings (*seismograms*) make it possible to locate an earthquake with considerable accuracy from the records of stations thousands of miles distant.



MT. ÆTNA, SICILY—EDGE OF CRATER

Nearly every civilized country now maintains a seismological service, for the sake of coöperating in the worldwide study of earthquakes, and also of determining which regions in each country are most subject to danger from this source. In the United States the "earthquake survey" is conducted by the Weather Bureau.

STROMBOLI, "THE LIGHTHOUSE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN"

Volcanoes

A volcano is an opening in the surface of the earth through which heated matter is ejected. The accumulation of ejected material around the opening usually forms a conical hill or mountain. The opening is known as the *vent* or *chimney*, and the cup-shaped

MT. ÆTNA—THE OBSERVATORY

enlargement at its upper end is called the *crater*. The act of ejecting material is termed an *eruption*, a volcano being described as *active* while an eruption is in progress.

A few volcanoes are constantly active. Among these is Stromboli, in the Mediterranean, which constitutes a natural lighthouse. In most cases, however, there are long periods of repose between eruptions, during which the volcano is said to be *dormant*. If no eruption has occurred within historic times, or if, for any reason, the volcano is assumed to be incapable of further eruption, it is described as *extinct*.

The rocky material expelled by a volcano is called *lava*, if in a molten form, and *ash*, *cinders*, *scoriæ*, etc., if solid. The amount of such material is sometimes enormous. During the eruption of Tambora (or Tomboro), in the Sunda Islands, in 1815, nearly twenty-nine cubic miles are said to have been discharged. A Japanese volcano once ejected so much of the light, spongy material known as *pumice*, that it formed a layer upon the surface of the sea over which it was possible to walk for twenty-three miles.

All violent eruptions include the discharge of an immense volume of steam, forming a huge dust-laden cloud. In many cases this cloud is forked with lightning, and discharges torrents of rain, which, mingling with the dust in the cloud and on the slopes of the volcano, forms a sort of mud-lava. In its hardened form this is called *tuff*.

Contrary to popular belief, there is little real flame connected with a volcanic eruption. The intermittent glow seen over a volcano at night is the reflection of the incandescent lava in the crater upon the overhanging cloud.

The violence of eruptions varies through all grades from quiet outflows of lava to tremendous explosions. The great craters of Kilauea and Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, are examples of the quiet type of volcano. They are characterized by lava lakes, which occasionally well up and overflow. In one discharge Mauna Loa sent forth a stream of lava fifty

THE GLOOMY CRATER WALL OF VESUVIUS

miles long and in some places three miles wide. The most famous of explosive eruptions was that which blew away a great part of the island of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, in August, 1883. The noise of this explosion was heard 3,000 miles away, and the concussion was so heavy as to break windows at Batavia, nearly 100 miles distant. The dust from the explosion was hurled upward more than seventeen miles, and was carried around the globe by the winds. Its presence in the atmosphere was responsible for remarkable sunset glows all over the world for months after the eruption. The disturbance in the sea produced enormous waves, which drowned more than 36,000 people on neighboring coasts. Another stupendous explosive eruption was that of Mont Pelé,* in the island of Martinique, in May, 1902. This explosion blew away the side of the mountain and sent down the slope a great cloud of hot gases and glowing dust, which annihilated the city of St. Pierre, killing all but two of its 30,000 inhabitants, and destroying most of the shipping in the harbor. The most frightful of all explosive eruptions is said to have been that of Asama, in Japan, in 1783. Bandaisan, in the same country, after remaining dormant for 1,000 years, was the scene of a gigantic eruption in 1888.

SAKURA-JIMA IN ERUPTION
Taken from the quay of Kagoshima, Japan, on January 12, 1914

Vesuvius, on the Bay of Naples, probably the best known of all volcanoes, has had many eruptions, generally of an intermediate type of violence, since the memorable one of A. D. 79, which buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii so completely that for 1,600 years the very site of the latter remained unknown. Excavations have since uncovered about half of Pompeii, but comparatively little progress has been made in disinterring Herculaneum. Apart from its occasional violent outbreaks, Vesuvius is in a state of mild activity most of the time.

Between 300 and 400 volcanoes are at present known to be active. More than half of these are on oceanic islands, while most of the others are close to ocean shores. A remarkable belt of volcanoes nearly encircles the Pacific Ocean. The shores of the Atlantic are almost free from volcanoes.

* The name means "bald mountain." In French this is *la Montagne Pelée* (feminine) or *Mont Pelé* (masculine). The form *Mont Pelée*, widely used by writers of English speech, is impossible French.

MOUNT KATMAI, ALASKA, AFTER THE ERUPTION, JUNE, 1912

Republished from the *National Geographic Magazine*, Washington, D. C.—copyrighted 1917. The National Geographic Society has sent an expedition, under the leadership of Professor Robert F. Griggs, into the Mt. Katmai region, and a very exhaustive analysis will be made by the Society as a contribution to the world's knowledge of this, the greatest of all volcanic areas

COLLECTING GASES FROM THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, HAWAII
These men, in gas masks, have laid a pipe on the lava floor to carry the gases to the collecting tubes and pump

Very few volcanoes have been active within the United States (exclusive of Alaska) within historic times. The latest outbreak was that of Lassen Peak, California, which began a long series of eruptions May 30, 1914.

Mud volcanoes are little hills or mounds of clay, which discharge mud and gases, and sometimes naphtha or petroleum. The "paint-pots" of the Yellowstone Park are examples.

Volcanism and Volcanology

Volcanic activity, in its various phases, is known as *volcanism*, and its investigation has raised a wide range of problems, some of which go back to the remote history of the earth. These, as well as more practical questions, are dealt with by the science of *volcanology*.

Just why volcanoes "erupt" we do not know. The generation of steam appears to have much to do with the process, and this steam is now believed to be formed from water that has always been present in the depths of the earth, rather than from that which has soaked down from the surface.

The average density of lava differs little from that

IN THE CRATER OF KILAUEA

of the surface rocks. This fact seems to indicate that such material does not come from a great depth. Its molten condition has been variously explained. As has already been stated, the pressure of the overlying rocks probably prevents the deeper material of the earth from melting, in spite of its high temperature; but if, in the various movements of the crust, this pressure should be relieved at some point, melting would doubtless occur.* The same movements may account for the rise of the lava; a depression of the crust at one place would perhaps force the lava up at another. "Perhaps" and "probably" are words that necessarily recur in any discussion of volcanism.

MAYON VOLCANO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Volcanology is not so well organized as seismology, but a few observatories have been installed on the slopes of active volcanoes for the purpose of keeping close watch of their phenomena (for example, on Vesuvius and in Hawaii), and daring volcanologists have descended into the craters in order to measure temperatures and collect specimens of volcanic gases. In a few cases fairly accurate predictions have been made of volcanic eruptions.

ERUPTION OF TAAL VOLCANO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, JANUARY, 1911

A large reproduction of this picture, with an account of the eruption, will be found in *Mentor* No. 89

The Hawaiian Volcano Observatory, situated close to the crater of Kilauea, issues a weekly bulletin, reporting in detail the state of the Hawaiian volcanoes. Important investigations relating to volcanoes are carried on at the Carnegie Geophysical Laboratory in Washington.

*"Most substances, and probably all of the ordinary rocks, expand in passing from the solid to the liquid condition. . . . For this reason liquefaction is opposed by pressure, and a much higher temperature is necessary to melt a rock subjected to great pressure. The fact that subterranean substances are hot does not, therefore, of itself demonstrate that they are liquid."—*G. K. Gilbert.*

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

EARTHQUAKES *By William H. Hobbs*

EARTHQUAKES IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW SEISMOLOGY *By Clarence E. Dutton*

VOLCANOES, THEIR STRUCTURE AND SIGNIFICANCE *By T. G. Bonney*

TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY *By L. V. Pirsson and Chas. Schuchert*

GEOLOGY, PHYSICAL AND HISTORICAL *By H. F. Cleland*

PLINY'S LETTERS (Bohn Library) *Edited by F. C. T. Bosanquet*

THE CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE OF 1906 *Edited by David Starr Jordan*

SEISMOLOGY *By John Milne*

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of the Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

GEOPHYSICAL LABORATORY, CARNEGIE INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D. C. A CENTER OF VOLCANO RESEARCH

Have you read "The Last Days of Pompeii"? If you haven't, get a copy of that fascinating novel at once, and read it in connection with this number of The Mentor. You will find in it a graphic account of the eruption of Vesuvius (in the year 79) that buried the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the course of time the name of Pompeii passed from the memory of man, and it was not until 1748 that an inspection of an underground aqueduct revealed the fact that under the vineyards and mulberry trees that covered the site there lay the entombed walls of an ancient city.

★ ★ ★

Bulwer's description of the eruption of Vesuvius in "The Last Days of Pompeii" is based on an actual account of the catastrophe written by an eye witness. A young Roman named Pliny (age 18), was nearby and saw the eruption. He told about it in letters that have come down through the years. Pliny's uncle lived close to Pompeii and was lost in the catastrophe. Here is a part of Pliny's story:

There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. Though it was now morning, the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful; the buildings all around us tottered, there was no remaining without imminent danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town.

A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame; these last were like sheet-lightning, but much larger.

Soon afterwards, the cloud began to descend, and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ and the promontory of Misenum. My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape, which, as I was young, I might easily do. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me.

The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense, dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the high road," I said, "while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark, by the crowds that are following us." Night came upon us—not such as we have when the sky is cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights put out. You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world.

It now grew rather lighter, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up and shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap.

At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, like when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions.

A TREASURE CHEST AT YOUR DISPOSAL

Clubwomen! Are your programs for the year made out? We cordially invite members of Women's Clubs all over the country to adopt The Mentor Course as a plan for the coming year's reading and study. Many clubs have used The Mentor with conspicuous success in the lines of pleasure and profit to themselves.

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222 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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A Story Told by A Young Lieutenant

HE had just returned from France, the battleground, and was telling us his experiences, with all the zest and power of a keen observer and a good talker. His conversation dealt graphically with various hand encounters with the enemy, with the incessant bombardments, with gas attacks, trench and air raids. But the most interesting parts to me, an American about to leave for France, were his stories of what the soldiers did in their spare time.

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OCTOBER 1 1917 SERIAL NO. 140

THE MENTOR

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD
Author and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 16

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Canada's Mountain Wonderland

WHAT is the peculiar charm of that mighty, snow-capped sea of mountains, whose stupendous waves, tossed far into the heavens, seem ever about to overwhelm the level wheat-fields of western Canada? The lure of the mountains defies analysis, but it is surely there with its irresistible appeal to all in whom the spirit of romance is not quite dead. It stirs the blood strangely when, far out on the plains of Alberta, you get your first glimpse of the Canadian Alps—a line of white, glittering peaks just above the horizon, infinitely remote and ethereal, something altogether apart from the prosaic world about you of grain and cattle, neat farm-house and unsightly elevator.

* * *

AS you follow the course of the sun, the peaks loom gradually up into the sky and dominate the scene, but still retain the atmosphere of another world. The rolling foothills in the foreground, like spent waves from the storm-tossed sea, seem tangible and comprehensible, but beyond and above the dark ramparts of the outer range, the towering outer wave of the mountains, float silvery outlines that seem to be the fabric of some other and purer world.

* * *

WONDERFUL things to look at are these white peaks, perched up so high above our world. They belong to us, yet they are not of us. The eagle links them to the earth; the cloud carries to them the message of the sky; the ocean sends them her tempest; the air rolls her thunders beneath their brows, and launches her lightnings from their sides; the sun sends them his first greeting, and leaves them his latest kiss. Yet motionless they keep their crowns of snow, their glacier crests of jewels, and dwell among the stars, heedless of time or tempest.

From "Among the Canadian Alps," by Lawrence T. Burpee.

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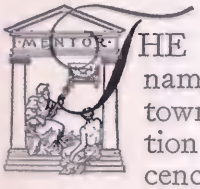
WINTER SPORTS AT BANFF

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, author of "The Tourist's Russia," "The Tourist's California," "The Tourist's Northwest," etc.

CASCADE MOUNTAIN AND BANFF VILLAGE · THE LAKES IN THE CLOUDS · MT. STEPHEN AND THE TOWN OF FIELD · MALIGNE GORGE, JASPER PARK · MT. ROBSON, THE MONARCH OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES · MT. ASSINIBOINE, THE MATTERHORN OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



THE thrilling promise of map and time-table, the lure of odd names and unfamiliar routes! Across the Canadian border are towns, peaks and streams whose very names spur the imagination and invite one to roam. Settlements of Indian reminiscence—Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Shuswap and Squilax, Kamloops and Spuzzum, the river of the Kicking Horse, the glacier called Illecillewaet, Takakkaw Falls, Yellowhead Pass, Maligne Lake, regal Sir Donald and Assiniboine, Robson and Geikie, the caves of Nakimu, the thunderous beds of the Fraser and the Yoho, the serene vales of the Athabasca and the Saskatchewan: where all these are and how they look we may learn through the magic of transportation.

Travelers across the Canadian Rockies enjoy without leaving the car seat a succession of matchless vistas. More intimate scenes await those who descend at mountain stations and journey by road or trail to awesomely beautiful regions north and south of the main thoroughfares. The way of the casual tourist is attended by all the luxuries of modern service. The mountain lover, the artist, the sportsman and the tepee dweller are equally well provided for, according to their needs.

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A share in this wonderland belongs to each one who comes, how large a share depends upon individual capacity to appreciate Nature in royal garb. Whether the pilgrim boards an express at New York, St. Paul or Montreal, enters the domain of crag and snow by way of Calgary or Edmonton, Vancouver or Prince Rupert, whatever the route, the reward is sure. Only in one's ability to recognize sublimity is there chance of disappointment.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

Banff and Bow River

West of Calgary, border crests of the Rockies rise like turrets on a castle wall set high above a plain, foretelling the grandeur that lies beyond. The rails of the Canadian Pacific find space to run where the Bow River forces a passage through the eastern barrier of the range. Soon the silver-headed host gains in height and numbers. Banff, most delectable of North American mountain resorts, is girdled by splendid peaks that stand apart from each other, distinctive entities, massive, grim, superb in line. Through the village flows the Bow River, whose source is hundreds of miles to the north, near the upper boundary of Rocky Mountains Park. This park, 1,800 square miles in extent, was set apart by the Canadian Government about thirty years ago, following the completion of the trans-continental railway from Halifax to Vancouver.

Speaking in exact terms, the Rockies of Canada are only sixty miles wide. But the Selkirks, which lie west of the Columbia River and differ geographically, geologically and climatically from the dominant range, are customarily included in the general term, the Canadian Rockies. The Purcell, the Gold and the Coast Ranges also make part of this area, resplendent with icy summits, forests, starred meadows, rivers and colorful lakes.

JOYS OF THE CAMP

How the Rockies Were Formed

The entire cordillera is a fascinating study in rock formation and glacial action. Scientists ask us to

LAKE LOUISE CHALET

conceive a sea overflowing the territory now covered by the mountains. Sedimentary material, laid in horizontal strata, formed their foundation on the bed of the sea. By geological process the layers of silt were hardened into stone, then by a resistless force, which probably had its origin in the west, the gigantic mass was pressed upward, crowded upon itself, overthrown, hewn into peaks, and sunk into enormous depressions. The base of the Rockies dates from the Cambrian Period. Early in the Tertiary Period occurred the upheaval. The Selkirks are even older than the Rockies. Both systems have been carved by the "agents of denudation"—water, ice and wind. A vast area is believed to have lain in the Glacial Period beneath a cloak of ice, and valleys and lake beds were hollowed out, crests ground down by the movement of the frozen streams. According to geologists, the present-day glaciers, which lie at the head of innumerable valleys, are merely the shrunken remnants of the greater ice-packs of the Glacial Period.

Copyright by Mary E. Vaughan

LAKE LOUISE

Many glaciers are visible from the railway, and from tourist trails out of various resorts. The most impressive glacier-bearing peak in southern Canada is Assiniboine, the pyramidal mountain whose head soars 11,860 feet above sea level. It is reached by a fifty-mile saddle trail from Banff, a joyous path bordered by gay flowers and shimmering waters, and beaconed by lofty pinnacles that shine above snowburdened flanks.

Camps and Campers

The tourist who ventures afield with guides, horses and camp equipment inhales the true breath of the Rockies. Camping parties follow the trail for approximately five hours each day, and a halt is then called for man and beast. The "wrangler" unlashes the grub-box from the back of the kitchen horse, pack and saddle ponies are turned out to graze, tepee poles set up, fires made. Soon, alluring odors of coffee

EMERALD LAKE, NEAR FIELD

and bacon mingle with the crisp smell of woods and mountains. At night, beds of boughs and blankets are spread in the smoke-stained tepee for "guests." Guides and helpers, white and red, sleep "spoke-fashion" about the hub of the camp fire, which burns all through the dark hours. On the morrow, if the morrow be clear, everyone is up betimes, trail clothes are quickly adjusted, ablutions performed at a nearby spring or glacial stream, and uncounted flapjacks hungrily consumed. Horses are dexterously caught, and sundry packs rolled and diamond-hitched on patient backs. A new day is begun, a day of guides' tales and cayuse drolleries, of stony trails and petalled alplands, and glinting tarns, and views of summits, alone or in combination, to whose beauty one responds by a catch in the throat, a thrill in the spine, and tears that burn beneath startled lids.

Lake Louise and the Great Divide

The one motor-road through the mountains begins at Banff, and crosses Vermilion Pass and Sinclair Pass to the valley which divides the Rockies from the Selkirk and Purcell Ranges, and mothers the infant streams of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers.

EMERALD LAKE CHALET

The train carries us from Banff in view of wide valleys and gorgeous heights to Lake Louise station, thirty-five miles further west. Three miles up a mountain side, nesting among snow-mantled stalwarts, is the little lake famed throughout the world of travelers for the perfection of its setting and the incomparable hue of its waters. Arriving by electric car at the top of the forest road, one is bewitched by a stainless picture, tranquil, majestic and complete. All about stand white guardians of inspiring elevation. On the face of Victoria, which bounds the far end of the lake, is a dazzling glacier framed in a V of wooded cliffs. Such is the unchanging

KICKING HORSE RIVER AND FIELD

scene that lies before the windows of the great hotel, across the round, blue-green mirror of the water.

Miles to the north, reached from Lake Louise by devious and difficult trails over far-viewing passes, is the immense territory known as the Columbia ice-fields. Mountain groups of sublime height survey broad Alberta forest lands, crossed by rivers born of melting glaciers. The highest mountain between the southern and northern rail routes, a distance of two hundred miles, is Columbia (12,500 feet). Forbes, Lyell, and Bryce are but a few hundred feet lower. Highest of all the Canadian summits is Mt. Robson, on the northern transcontinental route, west of Yellowhead Pass. The altitude of this monarch is 13,700 feet.

From Lake Louise station we climb to Hector (5,199 feet), and stride the ridge of the Rockies. Here, brother streams, sprung from a common origin, turn opposite ways to join the oceans that bound the continent.

We now leave the Province of Alberta and enter British Columbia. The descent from the Great Divide is exhilarating for its views and for its demonstration of engineering skill. Inside a mountain the rails twice make a complete circle, and on three parallel ledges incline beneath the gray eaves of Mt. Stephen to the level of the Kicking Horse River. The hamlet called Field is on the river bank.

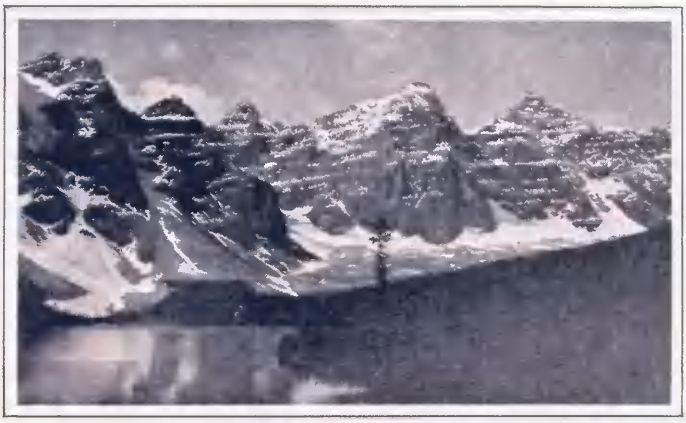
Field and Mt. Stephen

Here the valley is so narrow that mountains draw close and make us feel their friendliness rather than their power.

From the back yard of the hotel, climbers begin the fatiguing but comparatively easy ascent of Mt. Stephen's broad sides. This was the first Rocky Mountain in Canada to entice cragsmen.

YOHO GLACIER, FIELD

The highest peak, with a base directly on the railway line, it seems to step forward, like El Capitan, granite chieftain of the Yosemite, to challenge man's intrusion here.



VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

Field is the starting point for a variety of excursions. In referring to such trips, one refrains from extravagant expressions because the pen seems a poor instrument with which to translate the splendor and the loveliness, the fury and the peacefulness of these God-made pictures. A well-built road leads from Field station past the mad rapids of the Kicking Horse, up Snowpeak Avenue to Emerald Lake, within a crested barricade. Another road acquaints us with the super-beauties of the Yoho Gorge and Valley.

MEDICINE LAKE

Conveyances are for hire at the inns of all the mountain resorts, and stages make regular trips. Guides, horses and outfits are also available for camping, hunting, fishing and mountaineering expeditions.

THE THRILL OF MOUNTAINEERING

West of Field, the Ottertail, Van Horne and Beaverfoot Ranges flank the valley. As the road curves with the river, cloud-crowned wraiths start up above stately columns of dark trees, or in radiant clusters wheel into view like mystic legions manœuvering beneath the very walls of heaven. Goodsir (11,676 feet) is the reigning peak above the valley.

MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER PARK

The Selkirks

Beyond the Rockies and the valley of the new-born Columbia the rails toil upward again and approach the Selkirks. Roaring gullies and frightening precipices, wild views of peaks tumbled like storm-tossed waves, glaciers miles wide, rock sides black and forbidding, yet accessible to daring climbers—vigorous elements like these compose the panorama between Golden and Revelstoke. From Roger's Pass one of the stupendous views of the continent unfolds, but to travelers by rail is now lost, since at Six Mile Creek the train, entering a newly constructed tunnel, climbs five miles through the base of Mt. MacDonald, far below the track which formerly crossed the pass, and so reaches the loop above Glacier. Twelve million dollars has been spent to construct this road through the mountain, in order to save time, distance and energy, and the inconvenience and danger of snow slides.

Copyright by Mary E. Vaughan
MT. SIR DONALD

Illecillewaet, the Big Glacier of the Indians, is the sensational feature of the region about the station called Glacier. Tourists explore the ice fields with Swiss experts as guides and teachers, and go afoot or in the saddle to high view-points to gain a never-forgotten impression of the breadth and altitude of this rugged, haughty, storm-swept range of the Selkirks. Sir Donald is the beauteous shape upreared harmoniously behind the Great Glacier. Its apex, which frequently tempts mountaineers, is 10,808 feet above the

ALBERT CANYON, WEST OF GLACIER

sea. The king of the Selkirks in point of height is Sir Sandford, whose summit, seen far to the north within the broad bend of the Columbia River, thrusts six hundred feet further into the clouds.

The sculpturing agency of water is vividly demonstrated at Albert Canyon, west of Glacier, where the Illecillewaet River has hewn for itself a narrow bed between perpendicular walls.

THE IMPERIAL LIMITED AT GLACIER

Revelstoke, the only town of industrial importance between Calgary and Vancouver, is sentineled by outposts of the Selkirks that look down upon the meeting of the Illecillewaet with the Columbia. We cross the white flood of the latter stream, rolling southward now, and pass beyond the Gold Range to a realm of fine lakes and canyons. Beside the historic Fraser, or climbing the cliffs above it, we make our way to the Pacific. To the south, in the State of Washington, beckons Mt. Baker, one of the mighty galaxy of snow-caps that parallels the coast from Alaska to Mexico.

ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL
Five miles in length, through Mt. MacDonald

We have traveled nearly six hundred tortuous miles from Calgary to reach Vancouver, and throughout the entire distance have held in view the Rocky Mountains or peaks of neighboring ranges. South of Calgary and north of Glacier National Park, in Montana, rail lines make easy of access the imposing Crowfoot route across the Rockies to the Kootenay Valley and on to the Columbia. The Arrow Lakes, formed by the expansion of the erratic Columbia below Revelstoke, are notable for their beauty even in a region where scenic splendor is taken as a matter of course. One may travel their length in comfortable steamers without fatigue or inconvenience, and feast throughout the day and early evening upon such views as few parts of Canada or the United

States can offer. Yet the name of the twin, high-walled reaches of calm water, shadowed by summits two miles high, is familiar to but few travelers.

Jasper Park and Yellowhead Pass

Since 1914 two new roads have been opened to traffic through silent mountain-ways of the Northwest which formerly were known only to adventurers. The route of the railways is the one pursued a century and a half ago by Hudson's Bay Company traders and "Nor'westers" in traveling from Fort Edmonton to posts on the Fraser, the Columbia and the Pacific. Years later came explorers who assailed the baffling summits about Yellowhead Pass. They braved perils and discomforts of bog and forest, avalanche and precipice. We of today gaze from a car window on glories which men once beheld at risk of life.

ILLICILLEWAET VALLEY

Rocks of extraordinary contour mark the Athabasca Valley on the east, and lakes of peculiar origin, and hot springs which rival those of Banff, and hill-girt passage-ways of uncanny characteristics. These add mystery to the ascent as we draw near the sovereign peaks that stand in the high places overlooking the valley and its crooked stream. The chief wonders of this northern tract traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern lines are within the bounds of national parks. East of Yellowhead Pass is Jasper Park. On its southern border stands the mountain named for Edith Cavell, in memory of her martyrdom. At Jasper (the name recalls the rigorous days of fur trader and trapper), tourists alight to follow the trail to Maligne Gorge, Medicine Lake and Maligne Lake. The trip discloses some of the most impressive pictures in the mountain realm. The gorge is unique among river channels. Maligne Lake, called by artist

THE LOOP, GLACIER

travelers the loveliest sheet of water on the continent, is circled by peaks of extraordinary height, shape and grace.

Mt. Robson the Supreme

Beyond the Pass is the supreme one-mountain tableau of the Rockies. Already we are familiar with groups and files of excelling summits. But from the ledge of the cliff along which the rails of both roads crawl, we look upon the loftiest giant of them all, reposing in lonely majesty, with the wide, level valley of the Fraser as footstool. Here, Nature with benevolent hand has withdrawn all obstacles to a view from base to crest of the Dominion's premier peak, Mt. Robson. There are other noble summits within sight—craggèd Whitehorn, Rearguard, Resplendent, but like myrmidons in glittering armor they stand apart. Robson rules alone, o'ertopping all the rest.

Approaching the Coast

The Fraser companions the rails, flowing with ever-increasing impetuosity, and eventually turning north, then south across the Caribou country to meet the road we first traveled. Proceeding to the west, we journey beside the riotous Bulkley, known for its salmon-runs and its teeming rapids. New villages, children of the railway; old settlements where Indians of strange traditions dwell; recurring mountain vistas that announce the proximity of the Coast Range; the Skeena River, bordered by snowy walls—such scenes divert our progress through

MT. REARGUARD
A neighbor to Mt. Robson

MT. CAVELL AND LAKE, JASPER PARK
Named after Edith Cavell, the English martyr nurse

EMPEROR FALLS
Mt. Robson Park

ATHABASCA VALLEY

TAKAKKAW FALLS, YOHO PARK

the fresh plotted fields and homeless solitudes of this north country from the Rockies to the Pacific.

Mt. Sir Robert

A peak which appears within the surplice of the foothills below Darreen, and one hundred and twenty-five miles east of Prince Rupert, has recently been named Sir Robert, for the Premier of Canada. The ice stream, a mile in width, which floods the mountainside with greenish white, is known as Borden Glacier.

At Prince Rupert a steamer waits to carry us down the coast to Vancouver, amid islands and waterways whose beauties we may, with The Mentor's permission, explore another day.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

CLIMBS AND EXPLORATIONS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
By H. E. M. Stutfield and J. Norman Collie

IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES *By James Outram*

THE ROCKIES OF CANADA
By Walter Dwight Wilcox

AMONG THE CANADIAN ALPS
By Laurence J. Burpee

MOUNTAINEERING AND EXPLORATION IN THE SELKIRKS *By Howard Palmer*

THE SELKIRK RANGE *By A. O. Wheeler*

GLACIERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES AND SELKIRKS *By William Hittell Sherzer*

CAMPFIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
By William T. Hornaday

THE TOURIST'S NORTHWEST
By Ruth Kedzie Wood

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

About once in so often it seems necessary to "talk a little shop." Our membership is growing constantly, and it is the case with us as it is with that of any fast swelling assembly—someone has to stand up now and then and tell the newcomers what they should know about the Service. Many members are so intent on getting all the information they can—their appetites are so keen—that, like Oliver Twist, they present themselves at headquarters, with The Mentor in hand, and eagerly "ask for more." We are glad that it is so. This interest on the part of so many is the best sign in the world of the health and vitality of The Mentor plan. But don't let us misunderstand. Let us get The Mentor method clear in our minds. It is very simple. It is summed up in our phrase: "Learn One Thing Every Day." It means that The Mentor way is a single one. The Mentor takes up one thing at a time, one idea at a time, or one phase of a subject at a time.

★ ★ ★

The reason for calling attention anew to this is in the following note, just received:

The Mentor on "Planet Neighbors" was very good, and I enjoyed it. Why did you not give us something about the Stars, the Milky Way, and the Constellations?

The subject of the Planets was a pretty big one for one number of The Mentor—and our mail tells us that we covered it well. If we did so, then that number of The Mentor fulfilled its purpose. It gave in a simple, condensed form the essential facts about one subject. So when someone asks eagerly for "more," our answer is: "Be patient. The Stars will come in for treatment in turn. We cannot cover the whole Universe in one number of The Mentor. The Mentor Course is a continuous one, and it will go on for years. Stay with us, and you will get in time all the subjects that you want."

★ ★ ★

Here is a message of another sort—a greeting that freshens up our day's work and makes us feel a new satisfaction in giving Mentor Service:

Long live The Mentor! Each number is an inspiration and joy to me. It is up to date in every way, and gives so much on important subjects in small space. I am not writing this for you to publish, but to express to you and all your associates my appreciation of the valuable knowledge you give at such low cost. The Mentor has become a necessary factor in my mental growth.

We are just beginning a new fall and winter season of Mentor Service. I ask for no greater encouragement or inspiration than the assurance from the rest of our readers that The Mentor is, in their lives too, a "necessary factor of mental growth."

★ ★ ★

The best way for a man or a nation to keep fresh, young and vitally efficient is to cherish a few enthusiasms. It is fire that makes the machine go. One day last August there was a group of soldiers and civilians on an aviation field—one of them a young French officer. A member of the group suddenly put the familiar old question, "What's this war for, anyway? Does anyone know?" There was no answer. All had heard that sort of talk before. The speaker went on: "Here we are: American, English, Italian and French. Then there are the Russians and the rest of them. And what's it all for?" Turning to the Frenchman he exclaimed: "Do you know what you are fighting for?"

"Yes!" the answer, was like the snap of a pistol.

"Well, what?"

The young officer stooped quickly, tore a piece of sod from the earth and pressed it to his lips.

"For France! France!" he exclaimed.

Do you get the full thrill of that? It may sound theatrical to the cool, safe and formal mind, but it means something big and vital in national life. The sod that the young French officer lifted as a symbol of his national sentiment was American sod. Let him be assured that there are millions here that would press that sod to their lips and cry, with equal fervor,

"For my Country!"

★ ★ ★

The mail has just brought us a stimulating inquiry from a young man in the far Southwest. He asks us to tell him "How to end the war in 250 words." How we wish we could do it!

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

A Revolutionary Idea—Another Way for You to Acquire Knowledge Easily

THIS announcement introduces you to the greatest educational innovation since the founding of The Mentor Association—another way to make it easy to acquire knowledge. For a long while we have felt the need for an extension reading course. Many members have asked for it, and now under the guiding hand of Dr. Lyman D. Abbott, the task has been completed.

It is an extension of The Mentor Idea, "Learn One Thing Every Day," to the realm of Literature, and has rightly been called

THE POCKET UNIVERSITY

It is not merely another set of books. It is not even a set to be dipped into haphazard; it is a four-year University Course in literature, with a complete course of reading for every day in the year. For even after the books had been compiled an equally important task remained,—to apply The Mentor Idea to them, to plan out a daily course of reading that could be covered in about twenty minutes of a busy man's time. Then it was that the great idea suggested itself, the idea that was to make the Pocket University truly a substitute for the systematic reading done at college.

As an educator Dr. Lyman Abbott recognized that knowledge is more easily gained when it is imparted with timeliness. Knowledge about trees, rocks and flowers is absorbed with less effort, and remembered more clearly, if imparted while walking in the fields.

Facts about the discovery of America have an added interest if brought to your attention upon Columbus Day; they are associated more closely with his life, made more interesting and remembered better because you learn them at the appropriate time.

This modern educational principle of association has been, therefore, applied in preparing the great Reading Guide to the Pocket University,—making it a calendar of the world's greatest events.

A FEW INSTANCES SHOWING HOW THE IDEA IS APPLIED EVERY DAY

For example, take January 1st. On that day you look forward to all that the coming year is to bring; to the progress you will make, both mental and financial. Everybody wants to become better and bigger as time passes. What, therefore, could be more helpful on New Year's Day than to read the selections which Dr. Abbott has approved for this date? Here they are:

Benjamin Franklin's "Rules of Conduct"
Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"
Bryant's "Thanatopsis"
Lowell's "To the Future"

No one could read these four inspiring bits of literature without getting a clearer sense than he ever had before of the meaning of the passage of another year of life.

In the same way, April 15th, the anniversary of the death of Lincoln, is the day of days on which to read his "Fragment on Slavery," a few of his wonderful letters, and Walt Whitman's inspiring poem to Lincoln, entitled "O Captain! My Captain!"

Do you begin to see how the Pocket University, with its Calendar Index, will broaden your knowledge of the history of your own country and of the world, and at the same time make you familiar with the best things that great men have thought and written about the tremendous events that took place on the memorable dates of history?

On April 19th you will be reminded that it is the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, and Dr. Abbott will suggest (through the Daily Reading Guide) that you read Emerson's stirring "Concord Hymn."

On May 8th, the day in 1902 when the great eruption of Mt. Pelé occurred, you

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

will be reminded to read the great English scientist Huxley's absorbingly interesting article on "Earthquakes and Volcanoes."

By acquiring in this easy, timely manner a little knowledge every day, you will rapidly acquire a wide familiarity with the best books, the historic times in which they are written, and the events that led their authors to produce their masterworks.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SECURING THE POCKET UNIVERSITY IS OFFERED TO MENTOR MEMBERS ON SPECIAL TERMS

As a faithful reader of The Mentor, you have already acquired a great deal of information about the superb European works of art and architecture, which your residence in this country has, perhaps, kept you from knowing intimately at first hand.

Now, through this extension of The Mentor Idea into the Pocket University, you will be enabled to become acquainted with the choicest selections from authors whose complete works you might not be able to secure, and which you probably would not have time to read in their entirety.

With the Calendar Daily Reading Course supplied with its 26 volumes, The Pocket University furnishes you with an easy, pleasant method of gaining the literary culture which is becoming more and more essential to men and women who wish to succeed in a big way, to be looked up to as being well informed, and to be at ease in the best of company.

Naturally, we are glad to make it easy for Mentor subscribers to profit by it first.

YOUR MENTOR MEMBERSHIP ENTITLES YOU TO A SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 17 PER CENT.

The regular price for these 26 volumes, pocket size, bound in beautiful limp leather, including a complete index and the Calendar Guide to Daily Reading, is $35.00. As a member of The Mentor Association you may save $5.00—and pay in easy instalments.

We are enabled to make this special concession to you for two reasons:

First, because we appreciate the welcome you have given to The Mentor idea by becoming a member of the Association.

Second, because we feel sure that your response, as members of The Mentor Association, to this offer of the Pocket University, will be quicker than if we made it to a class of people who were wholly unfamiliar with the advantages of "Learning One Thing Every Day."

After our own members have been supplied, the increasing cost of book production will undoubtedly prohibit the sale of the Pocket University to the general public at a cent less than the regular price—$35.00.

Now, as a Mentor subscriber, it is yours on easy terms for only $30.00.

MAY WE SEND YOU ONE OF THESE SETS FOR A WEEK'S FREE EXAMINATION?

Rather than prepare an expensive circular to describe the books and the reading plan, we prefer to send them to you for your own examination for one week, without the slightest obligation to buy unless you want to.

Merely send a post card and the Pocket University will be sent to you. Keep the books in your home for a week: Read the references daily suggested to you by the Reading Guide. If then you find that you want to keep them, send only $3 per month for 10 months, or accept a 5 per cent. discount for cash in full.

If after examination you decide that you do not want the Pocket University—merely return the books and calendar at our expense.

Remember that you are successful exactly in proportion to what you know.

Remember that here is the greatest knowledge of all times, ready to be obtained by you in a simple, easy way; in a few minutes a day.

Remember, too, that in sending your request you are merely asking for the privilege of examining the books for a week free. Therefore, write on a post card or letter, "Send the Pocket University on approval, as advertised," and mail at once to

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

222 Fourth Avenue, New York City

LEARN ONE THING EVERY DAY

OCTOBER 15 1917

SERIAL NO. 141

THE MENTOR

COROT

By ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD
Artist and Author

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 17

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Landscape and Life

OH, the trees and hedges, the vines, the wild flowers and the gentle grass! Is there contentment more soul satisfying to be found anywhere than in the embowered hills and meadow lands? Is there any finer companionship in life than that of the oak, the elm, the maple, and their fellow trees—any sweeter breath in life than that of the fresh cut grass? When we have lost these friends for a time—perhaps after months of illness—we know what restorers of life they are. We taste the full joys of their companionship when, after long absence, we return to Nature and renew our allegiance to the growing things of the earth.

* * *

THE poet was wise who placed the statue of Mnemosyne, goddess of memory, in a garden grove, for landscape scenes seem dedicated to memory. The voices of the trees and grass, like those of old time friends, are filled with echoes of the past. They stir our hearts with memories of years of fresh, dewy mornings in the springtime of life, when our spirits soared to the sky with the lark; of summer moons when, resting on the fragrant soil, we listened to the gentle night sounds and dreamed the long, long dreams of youth.

* * *

LANDSCAPE, especially in the twilight hour, has a magic that all of us feel—few of us can define. Most of us can only yield to its spell and dream. What we love in the landscape paintings of Corot is that they cast over us that same potent spell. Apart from the appeal that is purely artistic, there is a dream quality in Corot's pictures that holds us encharmed. Those sprites that dance in the open are no creatures of this world; they are the fanciful figures of the poetic woodland that Corot has created for us. They belong there—they are a part of the things that dreams are made of—a part of the witchery that the lovely sylvan scene exerts.

* * *

COROT was an "open air man," and the effects he obtained were studied outdoors in the midst of nature. A Corot landscape is not an actual portrait of any one spot; it is a poem on canvas, composed in the midst of the scene that inspired the painter. While ideal, then, in subject, his landscapes are real in showing the close touch of the artist with "the light and color of nature" as well as with her forms. And for that reason his landscapes become, in time, as real to us as the actual landscapes that we know and love.

COROT AND HIS ART

By ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD, N. A.*

MENTOR GRAVURES

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

A GUST OF WIND

JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875)

MENTOR GRAVURES

ORPHEUS GREETING THE MORN

SPRING

THE ENVIRONS OF ARRAS

AMONG the many distinguished men that have lived in our times there is no one more delightful to know and write about than Corot (Cor-ro). His sweetness of nature, the calm life he led, the completeness of his devotion to art, all contribute to make him a personality that it is good to know. Born in Paris, of parents who knew little of art and were not at all interested in it, his father being a milliner and seller of ribbons,—not poor, for we have the painter's own words for it that they were comfortably off always,—this boy lived to shed luster upon France and to take a foremost place among the master-painters of the world. He had not the fortune to be born the son of a goldsmith, as so many of the great ones have been, nor even to be apprenticed to a craftsman—his gift was to himself and he made the most of it. He was baptized Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, and never found it necessary to sign more than the last name to the

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* The title N. A. means full membership in the National Academy of Design.

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beautiful works that grew under his hand.

For some seven years he was sent away to school, and later put to work with a shopkeeper. This shopkeeper was a wise man, evidently, for he did not quarrel with the boy, who neglected his shop duties to make drawings under the counter, but wisely talked to the milliner, advising him to allow the boy to follow his bent—and this advice the father after awhile took. It is necessary to get these simple facts settled in one's mind if we are to know the future master and why he became great. The moment was critical and his decision swift when his father settled the matter in this way: "If you persist in this desire to paint, you may have fifteen hundred francs a year, no more—nor shall you expect to share in any future division of my estate!" Three hundred dollars a year—as we would put it—but happiness for the boy, and at once he betook himself to that fount of true knowledge—Nature herself, and began that remarkable career which all along its course poured out treasures to the world—gave, indeed, a vision of landscape beauty not known before. and immortality to the name of Corot.

THE SHEPHERD In the Louvre

Corot's Love of Nature

It is strange that Corot should have had the impulse to go to nature. At the time the art of France was dominated by the so-called Classic School, led by David (dah-veed),—whose work was of the extreme academic sort,—school trained and without any real semblance of nature. Constable, the great English landscape painter, had not yet exhibited in the Salon the works which were to set in motion those romantic forces that brought the movement known today as the "School of 1830," or the "Barbizon School"—the first being the more proper designation.

Corot pursued his own inclination, and knew at once the value of hard work. His training at school and at the shop had given him habits of early rising and punctuality—and these habits remained with him throughout life. He had none of the artistic eccentricity that had been considered a part of artistic worth. He loved the early morning hours,

and those tender silences of the half light of late afternoon, and he learned to love them at Ville d'Avray (veel dahv-ray) where his father owned a small place—and so many of his most beautiful works have no more important titles than "Ville d'Avray."

The young painter Michallon (mee'-shal-long), himself a landscape painter and prize winner, gave Corot his first lessons in landscape art, and though he died young, it is evident that Corot profited greatly by the advice of this gifted man, since he quoted his precepts later in his own criticisms. After the death of Michallon, he was for a short time, and with no benefit, under the care of the Classicist, Victor Bertin. Beyond the slight aid from these sources Corot may be said to be a self-taught man.

ST. SEBASTIAN

His several trips to Italy were of deep influence—more, I think, than his critics allow—but all agree that in his work a classic spirit is always present. This has nothing to do with technical rendering, however, as I study his work, but reveals itself in the balanced adjustment of the parts of his compositions, the dignity of the masses, and above all, the beauty of his sky lines, where he frequently touches in a tower, a church, a village with white wall gleaming beyond the trees, which is ever reminiscent of Italy.

THE KNIGHT

Corot's Art Pure Music

But we shall know him best, and I think love him most, if we think of him painting in the France he loved—at Ville d'Avray, or the environs of Paris—for Corot was ever a Parisian. He visited Barbizon, and knew the men there. Indeed, he may have painted there; but the rugged grandeur of the Forest of Fontainbleau with its giant oaks, its massed and massive rocks, did not appeal to him, nor did the broad, silent spaces of the Plain of Barbizon, which haunted Millet (mee-lay'). He left them to the great and gloomy genius of Rousseau (roo-so'), of Millet, and the sumptuous Diaz (dee-ahth'). He knew himself to be a singer of sweet songs—a lark of the morning—a

lyric singer whose harp was ever attuned to greet the coming day, or softly to dream itself in whispered tones into the lullaby of a fading twilight.

It is never necessary to strain to understand Corot. There is no tragic depth to be revealed, no mystery hidden from all who have not suffered. His art is pure music—it sings itself along in perfect unison with the song of birds, the rustle of leaves, and is tender as a zephyr. True, there were moments when he essayed another note, as we see in the "Lot and His Daughters," which is tragic only in its deeper tones, and is rhythmic rather than dramatic, since it lacks in contrasts either of line or value. Also, he at times wished for a greater volume of tone—when he seemed to feel that his harp scarcely reached the power he desired, and then we see him creating such works as the "St. Sebastian," the "Orpheus" and certain others.

We must remember, too, that in all the long years he was quite without the commercial spirit. His small stipend was enough for his wants—and studies and pictures accumulated in his studio until he came to look upon them as his children. He was more than fifty years old when he sold his first picture,—and we hear of his real sadness over this break in his collection.

We must not think, however, that his life was lonely or his art unknown, for he was a frequent, even constant, exhibitor at the Salon and elsewhere, and among artists had won the deepest respect. Personally he was much beloved, and his title among his intimates was "Papa Corot"—certainly a term of endearment.

DANTE AND VIRGIL
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

His Success and Fame

He had just turned fifty—to be exact, it was in 1846—when the

WOODLAND SCENE
Reproduced through the courtesy of S. A. Trufant, New Orleans, La.

LANDSCAPE

LANDSCAPE WITH WILLOWS

Cross of the Legion of Honor was accorded to him. His father was perhaps the more pleased of the two, saying, "After all, my boy seems to have some talent" —following this discriminating opinion by doubling his "boy's" allowance.

The public, however, remained indifferent to his work, and another ten years was to go over his head before the enthusiasm reached the heights, and the painter's collection was sought as treasure indeed by dealers and public. "My pictures have not changed," he said—"it is they who have finally understood my principles."

During these years of toil he had accumulated a great number of works; studies, sketches, lovely pictures and grave, earnest masterpieces; but even Corot's industry could not have produced the thousands of pictures which Americans possess, all duly signed by his name. And it has been said that even the *Mayflower* herself, with her elastic abilities in carrying historic people and freight, could not have brought over the number of pictures bearing his name. Nevertheless, we have many of his noblest works, and a true Corot may readily be discerned by a trained eye.

Qualities of His Art

As a draughtsman he did not claim great ability, yet his advice to young painters was ever, "Draw, draw, draw!" But an understanding eye would certainly see, in a lovely Corot, qualities of drawing of extraordinary beauty, based on feeling. His composition is chaste, delicate, and balanced to an exquisite nicety. His love of trees caused him to understand that trees are alive, that they have personality, that they have characteristics, that they are responsive to qualities of light, to the action of wind, that they are the homes of birds, and that each leaf is a quivering entity. Now look at a good Corot and see if all these things are not present. If you wonder for a moment why those long, swaying touches are not more rigid, even as the wood of limbs and twigs must be, ask yourself what is your sensation when the wind stirs the

DIANA'S BATH

VILLE D'AVRAY
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

branches? Is not the swaying, rhythmic touch the very essence of the movement he would have you see? Those unattached touches which fade away and are lost in the sky,—is not your impression that of trembling, swaying leaves, undulating, vibrant and alive? Would rigid, hard, attached touches produce upon your sight and mind such a sensation of movement?—and in Corot the leaf is not the thing so much as its movement.

Just here we begin to feel the music of his work, its lyric quality—and if you search the grasses along the pond-side, the gentle movement of the reflections in the water, you find it all akin in the harmony, and you will see him telling you just the kind of movement, just the harmony, just the mood he wants you to have by the introduction of the delicate figures of nymphs at a dance, twining garlands, or merely of bathers in the stream. It is all refined, gracious and lovely under the sky. Ah! the sky! Here Corot breathed out his very soul. In his trees, ground, figures, we have his heart, his love, his body—in the skies that other immortal part of a man,

his soul—the serene, far spaces, the infinite depths, the yearning and passion of a soul seeking infinite light. A lover always of that mystic moment before the active power of the sun appears, he seems to have touched the very spirit of Aurora herself, and filled his skies with the delicacy of her breathings. The little clouds are but her children, and the broad spaces the very garments of the morning. None but Corot has expressed the full mystery of the morning; and he too has caught that other moment when the daylight dies and the world turns from work to rest—the twilight hour.

THE LAKE AT NEMI

It was peculiarly in accord with Corot's temperament to love these two hours of the day rather than the broad glare of full daylight, or the active energy of any one of the dramatic moods of sun or weather. Once or twice he may have attempted sunsets—certainly he did paint storm effects; but it is the gentle sway of a wind higher than usual, rather than the intense, devastating blast of the storm gods,

LANDSCAPE—A POND In the Collection of Arnold and Tripp

such as George Inness has done so often. Corot was well aware of the poise of his own temper—its calmness. For this reason he said after seeing Millet's great limbed peasants and somber-toned canvases, "I do not understand it; I prefer my own little music."

THE LAKE

His Character and Personality

Yet he was very generous in his estimate of the work of others, generous, too, in that wider sense which includes the willingness to share his own with one less fortunate than himself. No recital of Corot's characteristics would be complete without special mention of this trait. The stories are many of his charities, disguised, hidden, but very real, in which the needy artist, the humble housewife, or perhaps merely a chance acquaintance, received aid when most needed. "A rich American has bought your picture," the artist would be told,—"A friend has sent this,"—and never would he allow mention of himself. A beautiful trait, and one that may be read into his work, for there is never the sense of anything held back, nothing mean, or scrawny.

LE SOIR* (EVENING)
In the Louvre

He was a man of large frame and great strength, as was Millet, and though he painted no peasants, he loved the peasant's costume, and painted in the fields clad in a blue workman's blouse, his short pipe alight, and a face beaming with joy, the very joy of life and work.

Money was of little concern to him; he was unmarried,—a little was enough. His pictures were his children—yet money came in abundance. After he once consented to sell his canvases, there was a steady demand, yet such was his fecundity of production that in the year following his

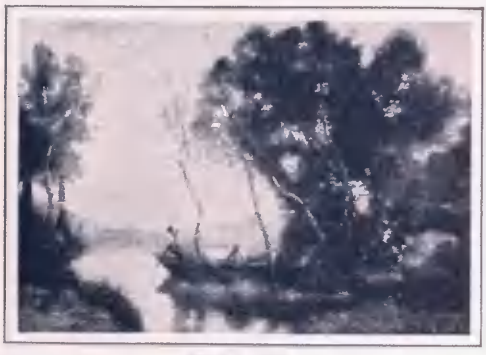
*Pronounced (luh swahr.)

death, at a sale of his effects some six hundred works were catalogued, and this after an eager public had made heavy demands upon his accumulated hoard of pictures. The prices were good at the time of his death, and began, some ten years after, to leap in great bounds, until to-day a fine Corot is almost a fortune in itself. Quite rightly so, for an object which has a rare and precious quality, when it enshrines the genius of a great personality, is really priceless.

Corot lived with his mother and sister, to whom he was devoted, and they remained with him for nearly the whole of his long life of seventy-nine years.

This calm and ordered life made possible the use of all his time for his work, and, coupled with his great facility of execution, pictures grew under his hand rapidly. Often he finished a beautiful thing at a sitting.

As with all artists, he made experiments. We find him painting figures, even portraits,—not very well drawn, very quiet in effect; but it isn't of these we think when the name "Corot" is sounded.



THE LAKE

Some Famous Corot Pictures

In the Catherine Wolf collection at the Metropolitan Museum is a canvas called "Ville d'Avray," which is a very perfect example of the master. The young leaves are all a-tremble in a filmy veil before one's eyes, and through them we see the pond and the exquisite middle distance. A lovely quality of gray, springlike color is over the scene, and the air has all the freshness and hope and love of the springtime. Birds may not be seen, but birds are there, and their song may be heard in joyous carol. This is the magic of Corot. He helps you to see, to hear and to feel.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

The great picture in the Louvre in Paris, the "Dance of Nymphs, Morning," is magnificent in design and strong in color expression. The

WOOD-GATHERERS
In the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

grace and beauty of the trees is perfectly felt, also the rhythmic beauty of the maidens dancing in graceful, swaying lilt—alive with joy in the light and breath of morning. It has been accused of faultiness in composition, as it has three avenues of perspective to the distance; none the less it is one of the well loved pictures of the world.

In the Vanderbilt Collection, Metropolitan Museum, there is a little picture showing a sunlit roadway with trees throwing shadows across the way—possibly it is a road going down to Paris, but it is one of the very precious examples that we have, showing his perfectness—for that is a word that we may use about Corot—the absolute truth of every tone and note of color, the certainty of his values—which is a word not for general usage but needed here—for this picture is a study, and perfect in its adjustment.

The "Orpheus Greeting the Morn" is one of the more dignified, less joyous productions of the master. A studio composition with a noble group of trees, the figure of the poet and musician in the foreground, a little temple giving the classic touch,—but the sky is supremely lovely—the very glory of coming day pervades it.

In some of his works of this type Corot became heavy, monotonous—as in the "St. Sebastian"—but we can never accuse him of anything ignoble.

A supremely lovely work is the "Lake Nemi," sold some years ago, I think, in the Dana sale. The beauty of this picture, with its shadowy,

mysterious trees—the limpid water filled with reflections, and luring both mind and heart with the mystic dreams of Beauty regnant—of classic myth and lyric poesy, is of itself a title to immortal fame.

The catalogue both in America and abroad is a long one, for his devotion to work made him a great producer.

The artists of France said of him, "It is greater to be named Corot than to have won the Grand Medal"—and when this at last came to him, as all honor did come—France enshrined him. All the world claims him, and Nature drawing him once again to herself, tells us that she loaned him for a time to men, that they might understand how delicate, how refined, how gentle and how beautiful she herself is,—and we, lending a listening ear, know that the world is more beautiful since Corot came to live among us.

HORSE BATHING IN A STREAM NEAR VILLE D'AVRAY

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

COROT AND HIS FRIENDS *By E. Meynell*

COROT *By Sidney Allnut*
With Reproductions in Color (Masterpieces in Color)

COROT (Little Journeys) *By Elbert Hubbard*

HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING
(Chapter on Corot) *By C. H. Stranahan*

COROT AND MILLET
By G. Geoffroy and A. Alexandre
With many Illustrations.

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to The Editor of the Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

What does Art mean to us? Is it merely a subject to be talked about learnedly, to the astonishment of our friends? It would seem so from the practice of some. We know that "better than thou" person, who follows Art as a precious pursuit, and who regards Art as an exclusive subject for superior minds. That is not art culture half so much as it is mere vanity. Art is a form of self expression—a message in which the artist makes known to us what the beautiful, and the vital things of life mean to him. And that is so whether the message be on canvas, in terms of music, or in the written word. In imparting or in receiving that message, vanity has no place. In the appreciation of Art, as in the search for knowledge, there should be a sense of humility—for what, after all, can the best of us learn in a lifetime, as compared to the sum total of knowledge? We seek for self-improvement and for the enjoyment of the finer things of life; and, as we learn, we should pass on to others some of the joy we have found.

LANDSCAPE—*Corot*

★ ★ ★

There is so much to enjoy! Why be deaf, blind and dumb when our senses are sound and we are surrounded by things of beauty? Whether it be a landscape of Corot's that stirs us like a loved scene in our own lives, a strain of music that moves and softens our hearts, or a poem that lifts us out of sordid thoughts to a sense of something better than our own selfish ends —in whatever form it may come to us, if we have caught the message and benefited by it, we have learned the ennobling value of Art. If we can then restudy the painting, rehear the music, and repeat the poem with an intelligent sense of the qualities —technical and otherwise— that have made these messages true and worthy expressions of Art, we have found the fullest satisfaction of cultivation.

Cultivation cannot be had simply by reading books or listening to lectures. Cultivation cannot come to us wholly from the outside; it must also come from the inside. It implies not only a great searching for truth, but a love of truth. The gathering of knowledge does not of itself cultivate one, but rather the spirit in which knowledge is gathered. If we would have cultivation, we must seek not only to *know* but to *improve* ourselves. We must not only learn the facts of life and the philosophy of life, so that we may judge life intelligently and discriminatingly, but we must enter completely into life, with a spirit to enjoy all that is good and beautiful in it, and a desire to do our part to make life a joy and a benefit to others.

★ ★ ★

The arts have much in common, and we can sometimes best express our appreciation of one art by using the terms of another. There is painting that is almost musical in its emotional quality, and there is music so pastoral in its spirit that it may justly be called "landscape in tone." Corot's "Orpheus Greeting the Morn" is like a bit of lyric music and one movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony is well described as "moonlight over the pines." Lines like the following by Bryant give us a woodland scene in verse:

Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlëd pines
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries.

Most of us have word pictures of this sort that we treasure in our hearts as we do the favorite pictures on our walls, or the songs that we love.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

Clubwomen! Have you arranged for your year's programs?

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THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A POPULAR INTEREST IN ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, HISTORY, NATURE, AND TRAVEL

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LEARN ONE THING
EVERY DAY

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THE MENTOR

BOLIVIA

By E. M. NEWMAN
Lecturer and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF
TRAVEL

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 18

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The Native Bolivian

THE Indian of the Bolivian plateau is still only a half-civilized man and less than half a Christian. He retains his primeval Nature worship, which groups together the spirits that dwell in mountains, rivers, and rocks with the spirits of his ancestors, revering and propitiating all as *Achachilas.* In the same ceremony his medicine man invokes the Christian *"Dios"* to favor the building of a house, or whatever he undertakes, and simultaneously invokes the *Achachilas,* propitiating them also by offerings, the gift made to the Earth Spirit being buried in the soil. Similarly he retains the ceremonial dances of heathendom, and has secret dancing guilds, of whose mysteries the white man can learn nothing.

* * *

HIS morality is what it was, in theory and practice, four centuries ago. He neither loves nor hates, but fears, the white man, and the white man neither loves nor hates, but despises him; there being some fear mingled with the contempt. Intermarriage between pure Indians and pure Europeans is very uncommon. They are held together neither by social relations nor by political, but by the need which the white landowner has for the Indian's labor and by the power of long habit, which has made the Indian acquiesce in his subjection as a rent payer.

* * *

NEITHER of them ever refers to the Spanish Conquest. The white man does not honor the memory of Pizarro; to the Indian the story is too dim and distant to affect his mind. Nor is it the least remarkable feature of the situation that the mestizo, or half-breed, forms no link between the races. He prefers to speak Spanish which the Indian rarely understands. He is held to belong to the upper race, which is, for social and political purpose, though not by right of numbers, the Peruvian or Bolivian nation.

JAMES BRYCE.

From "South America, Observations and Impressions."

BOLIVIA

By E. M. NEWMAN
Lecturer and Traveler

MENTOR GRAVURES

A PACK TRAIN OF LLAMAS IN LA PAZ

LA PAZ—FROM THE RIM OF THE HEIGHTS

HOUSE OF CONGRESS LA PAZ

THE NATIVE BOLIVIAN INDIAN

MENTOR GRAVURES

INCA TEMPLE OF THE SUN, ON LAKE TITICACA

ORURO

STREET SCENE AND MARKET, SUCRE

BOLIVIA is another Thibet; one of the highest inhabited plateaus in the world. It is one of the richest mineral sections, as it now produces about one-third of the world's supply of tin, and contains vast wealth in its rich copper, gold, and silver mines. Nearly ninety per cent. of its population is of Indian origin, and to this fact may be attributed its slow progress; as outside of its capital city, almost everything is still in a primitive state.

Since its last war with Chile, it has been shut off from the sea-coast; and to get to Bolivia one must now cross either Chile or Peru, which necessitates a long journey by rail; and if the entrance be by way of the Peruvian gateway, Mollendo, Lake Titicaca must also be crossed.

Lying in a valley, at an altitude of more than 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, is the Bolivian capital, La Paz, the City of Peace. It is picturesquely situated in a huge bowl, cut into the plateau; and to reach it one must descend in an electric car, 1,300 feet down the steep slope, where, at the bottom of the cup, lies a city of more than 150,000 people. In its situation, it is probably the most remarkable of all capitals. Although called the City of Peace, it has been the scene of turmoil and strife ever since the Spaniards invaded these solitudes.

Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1913, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1917, by The Mentor Association, Inc.

Rising high above the city is beautiful Illimani, one of the highest peaks of the Andes. Perpetually clad in snow, this magnificent mountain dominates the view, and is one of the most striking scenic features of Bolivia.

STEAMER ON LAKE TITICACA
The parts of this steamer were carried to the lake by rail and put together there

In the central square of La Paz rises the cathedral, which has been in process of building for forty years, and at the rate it is progressing it will probably not be completed for another century. On this same central square is the Bolivian House of Congress, nearly all of its members of Indian origin. This plaza is the center of political life, and radiating from it are the principal business thoroughfares.

Plaza San Francisco is another of the important squares of the city, and takes its name from the magnificent church, one of the most artistic structures in South America. Upon this square, at all hours of the day, there is a fascinating panorama of life; for, passing constantly, are picturesque Indians, clad in grotesque costumes, many of them driving burros or the Andean beast of burden, the llama.

Native Costumes

In no other city of the world are the costumes worn by Indians as elaborate as those seen in the streets of La Paz. The Cholo or half breed is resplendent in garments of the brightest colors. The women in particular are gorgeously arrayed in silk skirts, kid boots and straw hats.

There is a curious custom which is rigidly observed. Full blooded Indians must wear felt hats, and are looked upon as inferior in social standing. The Cholos may always be distinguished by their straw hats, which are never worn by the others. Having married a Bolivian, or perhaps a white man, a Cholo woman considers herself quite a superior being. She delights in patronizing the best shops, where she seeks only the costliest silks, the gayest of shawls, and kid boots with high heels, which are imported from France or from the United States.

When fully attired, she is a sight to behold. Arrayed in all her finery, she promenades like a queen through the streets of the city; and yet, back of it all, the influence of blood is evident. She may dress ever so elaborately, but the old customs still cling; she still insists upon carrying her baby on

her back in good old Indian fashion, and she is not averse to carrying her market basket when she goes to the market to make her purchases. Most numerous among the Indians are the Aymaras, who, unlike the Quichua Indians of Peru, are surly and inclined to hold aloof from the white man. They are seemingly indifferent to the white man's influence. For clothing, the Aymara men wear shirts and trousers of a coarse cotton material; and over their shoulders is thrown a poncho of heavy woolen cloth. Aside from their poncho, the most attractive part of their costume is a curious woolen head-covering, beautifully embroidered with beads in gay colors. In a climate where it is always cold except at midday, these caps with their long ear-muffs are very serviceable. Women who are wives of full-blooded Indians make no pretension in the way of attire, and they accept without question their social status, which relegates them to an inferior position.

Customs and Laws

Much of the trading carried on with the Indians is done by barter; they bring their farm and garden produce to the city, and exchange it with dealers for groceries or wearing apparel. Very few of them accumulate money, and wealth is very rare.

ON LAKE TITICACA

BALSA BOAT
Native making the boat of reeds

Many of their laws are unique, and are no doubt born of tribal customs which have been handed down for generations, and yet are usually rigidly observed. If, for instance, a doctor loses seven patients, Indian law decrees that the career of the doctor must terminate, and that his life must be a forfeit for his failure to save the lives of his patients. After the Indian doctor has lost his sixth patient, he usually departs for some unknown place.

Although the Bolivian capital is overwhelmingly Indian in point of population, in appearance it is decidedly modern. Its streets are paved with cobblestones, but as a rule are clean and kept in good condition. The pavements may be rough, but it must be borne in mind that there are very few level thoroughfares; most of the streets are very hilly, and would be almost impossible to navigate were it not for the cobblestones, which permit men and beasts

LA PAZ, VIEWED FROM THE RIM—MT. ILLIMANI IN THE DISTANCE

to maintain a foothold. Municipal laws will not permit Indians to make use of the thoroughfares for their llamas during business hours; they are brought into the city early in the morning, remaining in some patio or courtyard awaiting the evening hours, when their owners drive them home. At sunset one may see long trains of these quaint animals driven through the streets on their way back to the farms. The llama lends picturesqueness to one of the most unusual cities on the face of the globe.

Little or no coal is burned, as it costs $60 per ton, and only the very wealthy could afford to use it. There is no wood, so few of the houses are heated. Most of the English and American residents use oil burners or electric heaters in their homes; but even the principal hotel is so cold that men usually go to dinner in their overcoats and the women enveloped in furs. Most visitors usually retire immediately after dining, as the night air is so cold that it can be endured only by those acclimated. It is no uncommon thing for a guest at the hotel to pile upon his bed all the available covering that he can obtain, including the carpet on the floor of his room.

One might imagine that Cholo women are unusually corpulent; but this is apparent only because of the fact that they don from twelve to twenty skirts. At times, contests are held between Indian belles as to which has the more gorgeous petticoats, and also the greater number.

A winner is said to have displayed as many as twenty-four, disclosing a collection of brilliantly colored petticoats unequaled elsewhere for variety.

THE EVENINGS ARE COLD IN LA PAZ

Religion in Bolivia

Both Bolivians and Indians are, as a rule, Catholics. On Corpus Christi day, which is religiously celebrated, there is a curious procession in which thousands of people take part, and a strange combination of Cholos, Aymaras and native Bolivians wend their way through the various thoroughfares. In this parade, the Cholo women discard their straw hats and wear their shawls instead. Most of them belong to church societies, and these organizations are indicated by ribbons worn around the neck, the color denoting the society to which the wearer belongs.

A LEADING CITIZEN

All the dignitaries of the church take part in the Corpus Christi day procession. Business is practically suspended, and the President of the Republic, accompanied by the members of the Houses of Congress and all the officials of the Government, march to the cathedral, where services are held. On various thoroughfares, altars are erected, and these are usually decorated by the members of the different ladies' societies.

Religion has a strong hold on the people of Bolivia. One not affiliated with the church is looked upon with suspicion and becomes a social outcast. In no other country are the churches better attended.

THE FAITHFUL, HARDWORKING LLAMAS

Streets of La Paz

The most attractive of the thoroughfares in the Bolivian capital is the Alameda, a wide avenue lined with trees, and having in its center a promenade. It is on this thoroughfare that the various legation buildings are situated. As usual, one may walk along this street and seek

for the most unattractive building and be quite sure that it is the American legation building. Almost every government is here represented, so that the Alameda might be said to be the center of diplomatic life.

A HILLY STREET IN LA PAZ

La Paz is surprisingly modern in the architecture of its business structures. Most of the buildings are of brick, plastered over and painted. Many of its shops would be a credit to an American city. They are by no means mere country stores, but carry an astonishingly good class of merchandise, and many of the products of France and the United States are displayed for sale in the various shop windows. To leave the capital city, one must ascend by electric railway to the plateau, where is situated the railway depot. One may go directly south by rail all the way to Antofagasta, Chile, where steamer connections are made for Valparaiso. On this journey, one obtains a wonderful view of the back-bone of the Andes, traveling along a plateau averaging in height about 14,000 feet above sea level. The snow-clad summits of this mighty range of mountains are constantly in sight. There are few cities along the railway. Perhaps the most important of the Bolivian towns is Oruro, which is in the center of a very rich salt country, and as the railroad approaches the Chilean boundary there are rich deposits of borax and nitrate.

ALAMEDA, LA PAZ
Where the foreign Legation buildings are

Many travelers experience all the terrors of soroche or mountain sickness when traveling on the high Bolivian plateau. The altitude is dangerous for some people, and in a few cases results fatally. One whose heart is weak should not attempt the journey, as it is trying even upon

CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO, LA PAZ

the strongest constitution, and such evidences of altitude as nose-bleed and dizzy spells afflict even those who are accustomed to high altitudes.

Sucre

During the cold winter months, many Bolivians descend the eastern slope of the Andes to Sucre, which has become a favorite winter resort for diplomatic representatives. Sucre is several thousand feet lower than La Paz, and its climate is somewhat milder. Lower down, toward the Brazilian boundary, there are tropical forests and a wild, uninhabited country where disease lurks; and here are great jungles and swamps, making human habitation almost impossible except for the aboriginal tribes, which seem to be immune to the fevers that infest this low-lying country. Among other important cities in Bolivia are Potosí, and Cochabamba, where there is an American school, a branch of the American Institute of La Paz. A number of young American men and women have voluntarily left home and friends and have gone to Bolivia to teach the youth of that country. The best families send their children to the American schools, and the Bolivian boys and girls are not only taught the English language, but they are made familiar with the history of the United States. It is the ambition of many of the sons of Bolivian parents to acquire the language, so that they may make their future home in America. The American teachers are unusually capable young men and women, and the standard of efficiency that one finds in the American Institute is a credit to the young people who have made the sacrifice of leaving home and living in Bolivia.

The military system is patterned after that of Ger-

LOOKING DOWN THE ALAMEDA, LA PAZ

many, as the soldiers of the country have been drilled by German officers, and their influence is plainly evident in the familiar goose-step and the various manœuvers that one may observe in military camps. The Bolivian soldiers have not the fighting qualities of the Chileans, and in past wars have proved anything but a match for their neighbors to the south.

BOLIVIAN INDIAN MOTHER

BOLIVIAN FARMERS

BOLIVIAN CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

Lake Titicaca and Guaqui

In going from La Paz to Lake Titicaca, one travels over a level plateau, nearly three miles above the sea. Little or nothing grows at this altitude, and the few Indians living on this plain must have their food supply brought up from the valleys below on the backs of llamas. Other than mines, there is no inducement for even an Indian to make his home on this lofty plateau. There is no source of income other than working in some of the gold, silver and copper mines which abound in these altitudes.

Guaqui, a little town on the shores of Lake Titicaca, is the terminus of the railway. A regiment of cavalry is stationed at this port, as it in reality forms the boundary line of the country. In this little place, one obtains his final glimpse of the picturesquely attired Cholo women, as they are rarely seen outside of Bolivia. In their native country, their appearance excites no unusual interest; but even in Peru they are subjected to a certain amount of ridicule, which is displeasing to these haughty belles.

Because of the intense cold, school children are often seen seated in the open air, where they may enjoy the benefit of the warm sun. This applies largely to the smaller towns and villages, as in the larger cities the school houses are now quite comfortable.

Lake Titicaca is a great inland sea, lying between the two ranges of the Cordillera, and is very high above the ocean. Its area is about one-third that of Lake Erie, and its present length is about 120 miles, while its greatest width is about 41 miles. It is, without doubt, one of the highest navigable bodies of water in the world.

Among the water plants that one sees growing in the lake is a sort of rush, which abounds in shallow water from two to six feet in depth, and rises several feet above the surface.

STREET ALTAR, CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, LA PAZ

It is this material which the Indians, having no wood, use to construct their boats. In these apparently frail craft, propelled by sails of the same material, they traverse the lake, carrying with them two or three men, and in addition, a heavy load of merchandise.

Balsa Boats

There is considerable skill exercised in the making of the balsa, as these reed-boats are called. Centuries of experience have taught the Indians the process, which has been developed to a remarkable stage of perfection, enabling them to defy the storms which are so frequent. The short, heavy waves make navigation dangerous even for much larger boats than the native balsa.

CAPITOL BUILDING IN SUCRE

Like the waters of Lake Superior, these are too cold for the swimmer; but the lack of bathing facilities gives the Indian but little concern. The greatest depth of the lake is said to be about 600 feet. Fish are plentiful, and the few Indians who live around the shores of the lake devote themselves principally to fishing. As far as habitation is concerned, other than Puno on the Peruvian side and Guaqui on the Bolivian, there are but a few scattered villages.

OPEN-AIR SCHOOL—GUAQUI, BOLIVIA

ON THE STATE ROAD FROM POTOSÍ TO SUCRE

Four steamers ply to and fro between these ports, connecting with the train service. These boats were brought from England, taken in sections by railway and put together on the shores of the lake. They are today used to transfer freight, which arrives by sea at a Peruvian or Chilean port, and is carried by rail to Puno, then across the lake to Bolivia.

Numerous islands dot the surface of the lake. One is of real interest. It is known as Titicaca Island. It has a population of about 300, but of that number there is but one man who can read and write. In all Bolivia, only 30,000 children attend school, out of a total population of 2,000,000. The aborigines do not seem to care for education, and the Bolivians of European race are few in number.

Inca Ruins

On a small island in Lake Titicaca is the ruined Temple of the Sun, another reminder of the days of the Incas. When that empire flourished, this portion of Bolivia was also under the domination of the Inca ruler; and even today, in some parts of Bolivia, one still comes upon numerous evidences of Inca rule, such as the ruins of buildings, temples and stone images, which plainly indicate that they were the work of that remarkable, ancient people. Inaccessible as is the country, for one who can

stand the journey it affords much of interest. If there were nothing more in Bolivia than the view afforded in looking down from the rim of the cup upon La Paz, this alone would tempt one to visit the country. The buildings of this city have the appearance of so many tea leaves left in the bottom of a cup, so tiny do they seem from above. Another glorious scene is that of the encircling mountains that surround Lake Titicaca, crowning it with a diadem of snow-covered peaks—a view that is unsurpassed among the world's natural wonders.

CITY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SUCRE

The Interior Waterways

Although Bolivia has no seaport, the country has a great network of rivers. The entire length of Bolivia's navigable streams is about 12,000 miles. These naturally provide excellent means of transportation and communication. The Paraguay River is navigable for about 1,100 miles for steamers of from eight to ten feet draft. The Itenes has about 1,000 miles of navigable water. Another river, the Beni, is navigable for 1,000 miles for steamers of six feet draft only. Other streams, such as the Pilcomayo, Mamore, Sara, and Paragua Rivers can accommodate light draft vessels for distances varying from 200 to 1,000 miles.

THE PLAZA IN SUCRE

From the ocean Bolivia can be approached through the ports of Mollendo, in Peru, or Arica and Antofagasta in Chile. These are all regular ports of call of the steamers between Panama and Valparaiso. From these ports there is railroad communication to Bolivia.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

BOLIVIA, THE CENTRAL HIGHWAY OF SOUTH AMERICA *By M. R. Wright*

BOLIVIA *By P. Walle*

PLATEAU PEOPLES OF SOUTH AMERICA *By A. A. Adams*

ACROSS THE ANDES *By C. J. Post*

THE SOUTH AMERICANS *By W. H. Koebel*

A SEARCH FOR THE APEX OF AMERICA *By Annie S. Peck*

THE SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR *By Annie S. Peck*

SOUTH AMERICA *By James Bryce*

THE BOLIVIAN ANDES *By Sir Martin Conway*

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

Let me tell you about our daily mail. We get letters of appreciation and letters of suggestion—hundreds of both kinds. Many of them are addressed to the "Editor of The Mentor," others to "Dear Mr. Editor"—and some to "Mr. Moffat." I like the last form best, for I know that when a member of The Mentor Association writes in a personal way, with a message of encouragement or a valuable suggestion, The Mentor has found a real friend. I like to see the spirit of personal interest growing in our daily mail. It is the best assurance of the vitality of The Mentor Idea that we could have. Fellowship spirit is the soul of all mutual endeavor.

★ ★ ★

It is pleasing to see how close an interest some of our members take in the details of The Mentor work. The following letter came to me a day or so ago—and it is too good to keep to myself.

"*My dear Mr. Moffat:* When I opened the Hawaiian number of The Mentor, I was delighted to find a greeting from you on the inside of the front cover page. Now that you have moved over there, why don't you stay? Of course, I don't know anything about the workings of an editorial office, and it may mean a furious amount of trouble. You might have to move your desk and your whole staff, and even have to get out a new copyright, but from an outsider's point of view the move looks easy. And to my way of thinking the front of the magazine is the place for you anyway—if you will permit me to say so. There you seem to stand as a host at the threshold, offering a welcome to guests before they enter." *SYLVIA.*

★ ★ ★

"Who is Sylvia? What is she?"—so Shakespeare and Schubert sang. And if they couldn't tell who Sylvia was, how can I? Of one thing I feel sure: she is a faithful reader of The Mentor, for she has taken note of our goings and comings, and our various forms of editorial expression. The notion of my being the "host" is an inviting one. It is a role that one should be proud to fill, especially when the feast to which he invites his guests is the wealth of the world's knowledge. The thought of assuming that role, however, is a bit staggering. Thanks, Miss Sylvia, but perhaps I had better play the more generally useful part of planning, preparing and making up The Mentor feast. Your welcome to the second cover page is appreciated. I have been there many times before, however, when the page has borne no signature. No number of The Mentor appears, Miss Sylvia, without my being around somewhere. I have no preference for one particular page. I find occupation and joy on every page of The Mentor from cover to cover.

★ ★ ★

Here are some of the things that we do in reply to letters.

We answer questions in the various fields of knowledge. We look up sources of information for our readers and give them full replies. We have just mailed a letter in which answers were made to historical questions that called for a morning's research by one of our staff.

We supply programs for reading clubs and lay out schedules for a whole season of meetings.

We supply material extracted from reference works for the benefit of members who are pursuing courses of reading.

We occasionally read essays or papers that have been prepared by members, and offer helpful editorial suggestions. Aside from club work, we lay out reading courses for private individuals who are pursuing special studies.

In some cases, where a member lives in a remote spot and cannot conveniently obtain books, we get them for the member at publisher's prices. Occasionally, where books could not be had in the market, we have lent copies from our library.

We give full information and service in art, telling our readers where and how to get good pictures—we also give travel information.

These are but a few of the things that we do. We have a booklet in which we describe The Mentor Service. Send for it. If you have not had the benefit of our service, you will be surprised to see how wide and varied it is.

★ ★ ★

The Prize Contest Letters have been coming in fast. There are so many good ones that it will be difficult to make a choice. I am going to print extracts from some of them. A part of the first letter appears on the opposite page. It tells of The Mentor as a *friend.* Could there be any happier note to begin with than that? Other letters will tell of the many ways in which The Mentor is or can be made valuable in home, school and social life. The story of one reader will help another, and the sum total of the information will be of benefit to all.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

A FRIEND IN THE HOUSE

A MESSAGE FROM A MENTOR READER

"Some time ago a very neat stranger called at my home and made the hour so pleasant, that he at once became my friend. Now this friend has a permanent place in my home, and is known throughout the vicinity as 'The Mentor.'

"The reason why so many are acquainted with this friend of mine is because of his value and usefulness manifested in every subject and service. The Mentor has a permanent personal and social value. There might be added that also of inspiration. The Mentor has a message of interest and importance. It has a voice with a true ring, that speaks, as it were, from personal experience.

"In company with this companion and friend, one may be charmed as the story of the distant past or that of unfamiliar and remote things, people and places is being unfolded. Hardly can there be found any one so generous, considerate and tactful.

"The Mentor calls twice a month to inform, enlarge the vision, to inspire and encourage old and young, men and women, in all walks of life.

"The social value is vital. Whether it be in the home or elsewhere, The Mentor furnishes food for intelligent conversation that has weight and depth. The personal value is realized more and more as the weeks come and go. Impressions are left on the mind which in time ripen into principles.

"If I wished to make a friend more friendly, I would give him The Mentor. If I had an enemy—well—I would send him The Mentor. It might make him my friend."

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NOVEMBER 15 1917

SERIAL NO. 143

THE MENTOR

RUSSIAN ART

By WILLIAM A. COFFIN, N. A.

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 19

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

The Mentor Prizes

NOTE the plural—not "prize," but "prizes." Some months ago we asked our readers for letters telling us what The Mentor meant to them and suggesting ways of extending its value and usefulness. We offered a prize for the best letter. The replies came thick and fast—and most of them were so good that the duty of picking out the ***best*** letter became daily more difficult. There were so many ***best*** letters. We found that we could, by a careful process of sifting, pick out the best letter from a teacher telling of the value and usefulness of The Mentor in school work; or the best letter from a mother telling of the place that The Mentor held in her home life and that of her children; or the best letter from the farm or ranch telling what The Mentor meant to those that live far from centers of intelligence; or the best letter from busy office workers who found The Mentor a pleasing and profitable means of "brushing up" on things that they ought to know.

* * *

BUT how could we decide that one of these letters was better than the others? Each letter told of a distinct, vital need met by The Mentor in a life that was essentially different from the others. And which one of these could fairly be called "best"?—the letter from the school teacher, the mother, the isolated farm wife, or the business man or woman? And then there were so many others, all good—letters from officers of reading clubs that used The Mentor for their season's courses; from women busy with social affairs that found it a "perfect boon" in odd moments; from men absorbed in commercial life who said that it "broadened them"; and from clergymen who found "helpful suggestions" in it.

* * *

WE finally decided that the way out of the problem was to give six prizes—one for the best letter in each of six different spheres of life. We selected the six spheres in which The Mentor's value and usefulness seemed to be most vital and far reaching—School Life, Home Life, Child Life, Social Club Life, Business Life, and Individual Life. On this basis of selection we have assigned the first prize of $10.00 to Miss Norma Storrs Hazeltine, of Peekskill, N. Y., who wrote one of the letters telling of The Mentor in School Life. The additional five prizes—each of $5.00—are awarded as follows: Mrs. R. A. Grover, Gorham, Maine, for the best letter on The Mentor in Home Life. Mrs. C. T. Stone, Pasadena, California, for the best letter on The Mentor's place in Social Club Life. The prize for the best letter on the value of The Mentor in Business Life—and a mighty good letter it is, too—goes to Miss Hester Fulton, Chicago, Illinois; while the prizes for the best letters on The Mentor in Individual Life and Child Life go respectively to Miss Helen M. Luth, St. Louis, Mo., and Ralph B. Allan, Newark, Ohio.

* * *

IN addition to these prizes, we would like to make honorable mention of fully a dozen more. We shall make use of some of these letters, as well as the prize winners, in future numbers of The Mentor. They are all vitally interesting, for they show the wide reach of The Mentor, both in territory and in helpful service. One letter comes from an army officer stationed in northernmost Alaska, where the winter days are only three hours long, another from Australia, and a third from China. Some write from crowded cities, others from remote points in the wilderness. And all of them tell us that The Mentor helps.

* * *

THE full and cordial response to our request for letters has been very gratifying to us. We compliment the members of the Association on their interesting, intelligent and helpful contributions, and we thank them from our hearts for their expressions of friendly feeling.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

NOV 14 1917

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
NOVEMBER 15, 1917

THE OUTER DOOR OF PARADISE, BY VASNETSOV
Detail of a mural painting at Kiev

RUSSIAN ART

By WILLIAM A. COFFIN, N. A.

MENTOR GRAVURES

RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST, BY MAKOVSKY · BURNING OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW, BY VERESHCHAGIN · CHURCH PARADE IN KURSK, BY REPIN · THE VIRGIN, BY VASNETSOV IN THE SPRING, BY VELTS · STATUE OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE, BY ANTOKOLSKY

THE earliest and certainly the most noteworthy specimens of the primitive painting of the Russian School are in the great art collection of the Vatican, at Rome. They were given to this celebrated museum by the Capponi family, one of whose ancestors received them as a testimonial from Peter the Great. These early works consist of five small pictures, with religious subjects, and are signed with the names of the artists, Andrey Illine (Ahn-drey′ Il-line′), Nikita Ivanov (Niki′-ta Iva′-nov) and Sergey Vassiliev (Ser-gey′ Vah-sil′-yev). It is thought by the best authorities that they were painted in the tenth century, though others assert that they were executed some three hundred years later, and so belong to thirteenth century art. These little pictures are very carefully painted, almost in the style of miniatures, and show remarkably good drawing, considering the period. Next after these in historical sequence come manuscripts and vellums ornamented with vignettes and miniatures, painted by Russian artists from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, and pictures of religious subjects executed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by ikon*

*A holy picture, especially one representing Christ or the Virgin.

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painters of Novogorod and of the Strogonof (Stro′-gon-off) School, some of which are signed with the artists' names, such as Fedor Savin (Sah′-vin), Stephen Refieve (Reh′-fyev) and Istomin (I-sto′-min).

THE ALEXANDER III. GALLERY OF ART, PETROGRAD
In this famous building are kept many of the greatest art treasures of Russia

Early Sacred Art

About the middle of the fourteenth century the cathedrals of the Assumption, Saint Michael and the Transfiguration, Moscow, were adorned with mural paintings and decorations by Russian and foreign artists. Greek painters decorated the church first named, native "court painters" the second, while the work in the third was by the hand of a foreigner, Guiten, whose nationality has not been recorded. Some of these frescoes are to be seen today in good preservation, and show the unmistakable traits of the †Byzantine School and a high degree of finish.

TRETIAKOV GALLERY, MOSCOW

In the fifteenth century the monk Andrew Roublev (Roub′-lev) had become very prominent as a painter of religious subjects, and his work was so highly esteemed by the heads of the church that the Metropolitan‡ issued orders that all Russian painters must closely follow his style. This order dates from 1551, the celebrity of Roublev having increased with the passing of the years, and it was followed in 1553 by naming four master painters in Moscow whose duty it was to supervise strictly the work of all other painters, in order to prevent the exhibition to the people of any works except those that were approved as orthodox, and to forbid to all the practice of religious painting unless they showed themselves capable

PORTRAIT OF SERGEY MICHAILOVITCH TRETIAKOV, BY VALENTIN SECOV
Tretiakov, who lived from 1834 to 1892, and his brother were the founders of the famous gallery of that name at Moscow

†By Byzantine art is meant the art of Constantinople (called Byzantium) and represents the art which followed the classical, after the transitional interval of the early Christian period.

of fully comprehending the sacred iconography (the science and study of sacred art). Art was thus shackled, and it is not strange that it did not develop in any direction outside of the inflexible boundaries laid down by the clergy. Of course, while these rules were promulgated especially for Moscow, they governed every Russian painter of the period. Even the style of treatment of a subject was often dictated to the artists by the clergy, not only the arrangement, or composition, and the character to be given to the personages, but also, in many instances, the flesh tint for the faces and the colors for the costumes were ordered to be as the law prescribed. The Marquis de Custine has written as follows in this connection: "The Eastern Church has never favored the fine arts . . . it has done little but benumb thought and originality with theological doctrine. Even in our day the faithful in Russia discuss very seriously the question whether it should be permitted to depict the natural flesh color in the face of the Virgin, or whether artists should adhere to the traditional tint of bistre which, it is held, was always used by Saint Luke, the Apostle, patron of the arts." He goes on to say that the manner of representing the figure of the Madonna is also in dispute; that it is considered improper to *paint* the body at all, but that it should be represented in metal and enclosed in a chased metal cuirass, allowing only the face to show. And, again, that extremists do not even permit so much as that; the cuirass may have only slots in it, through which the eyes of the Holy Mother may be seen, and the arm pieces may be cut at the wrists in order that the hands may have free movement. It is extraordinary, but it is explained in this way. The Greeks covered the walls of their churches with frescoes in the Byzan-

ECCE HOMO! BY ANTOKOLSKY

MARC ANTOKOLSKY

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow

PORTRAIT OF GLINKA, THE COMPOSER
BY REPIN

‡Metropolitan in the Christian Church is the title of a bishop who has the oversight over bishops of subordinate sees.

tine style, and a foreigner who sees them respects the holy subject thus depicted because he thinks they are very old, and a heritage of ancient days. The truth, however, is that the old frescoes have been repainted in our own time, and in many ways resemble the religious works which were taken from Greece to Italy in the latter part of the Middle Ages, with the object of causing a revival in the fine arts. In Italy, as we know, art did take a new birth and culminated in the glories of the Renaissance, but all through that splendid epoch the Greeks of the Lower Empire and the Russians, following suit, continued in the traditions of the eighth century, and produced their pictures of the Virgin according to the formula prescribed by the Church. It was meaningless, childish, if you will, from the point of view of art, but powerful beyond description in its effect on the faithful beholders. For centuries art in Russia was devoted to but one end—to decorate the churches and to embellish the religious ceremonies.

THE ICON OF THREE HANDS

The icons, or religious pictures, are much venerated in Russia. The one reproduced above is three hundred years old, and is the wonder icon of Moscow

Peter the Great as an Art Patron

It was Peter the Great who brought about a change. He wanted his palaces and his public buildings decorated, and he wanted, above all, to employ the arts to add to his prestige and adorn his reign. He was not able, for a multiplicity of reasons, to realize his plans for the establishment of an academy of fine arts, plans which he made practically impossible to carry out by the incorporation of industrial art with the fine arts, but he did send young men to study in Italy and elsewhere, and when they returned they brought the principles and practice of the Italian Schools. A portrait of Peter by one of these young artists, Mathveev (Matve'-yev), may be seen today in the Fine Arts Academy at Petrograd. Mathveev became the court painter of the Empress Anne, who, in furtherance of the project of her predecessor, devoted a sum of twelve thousand roubles to establish the academy, but it was not until 1757, in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, that the institution was

HEAD OF CHRIST, BY VASNETSOV
Fresco in the dome of the Church of St. Nicholas, Kiev

actually founded. Its scope included many pursuits not closely related to the fine arts and interfered with its success, but it did mature a number of pupils of ability and merit. The most notable among them was Anthony Lossenko (Los-sen′-ko) (1737-1773), who went to France to perfect his art, and also to Italy for the same purpose. On his return to Russia he was appointed director of the academy. Lossenko painted subjects such as "Prometheus Bound," "The Sacrifice of Isaac," and historical works, including an important composition connected with the career of the Grand Duke Vladimir.

In the Alexander III Gallery, Petrograd

THE LADY OF SMILES, BY C. VENIG

This young lady is dressed in a typical Russian costume

Akenoff, who died in 1814, and Ougrioumoff, pupils of Lossenko, after traveling and studying abroad, painted historical works and mural decorations for churches in the style of the day in France and Italy.

Catherine's Service to Art

Art in Russia was in this stage of its development when Catherine II, in 1764, reorganized the academy and limited its teachings to the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Lossenko was retained as director, and pupils flocked to the classes. But then arose the old difficulty. The students, instead of persevering in their studies, got as much practical instruction as they could in a comparatively short course, and then left the school to manufacture religious images and ikons, for which they found ready sale among the people. Catherine sought to stem the tide, and to educate the upper classes at the same time, by forming a collection of masterpieces of various European schools—works that

MOSCOW WOMEN AND GIRLS AT CHURCH IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Painted by Andrew Ryaboushkin, 1861-1904

we now term "old masters" — and placed them, with other objects of art, in some of the great rooms of her palace. Because she liked to seclude herself and meditate among these great works of art, she gave the name of "The Hermitage" to this section of the palace. Now her collection, with many splendid additions, is known far and wide as the Hermitage Museum at Petrograd, and ranks with the most famous art museums in the world. One must not only go to the Louvre, to the Prado, to Florence, Rome and Venice and London to see the choicest works of art from the Renaissance downward, but also make the long journey to Russia and visit "The Hermitage." The Empress did much more. She held "salons" to promote the arts. She encouraged small talk at these assemblies to make people feel at their ease while she led them to appreciate the masterpieces before them; and by her example in every way, did everything possible among the great people and the nobles in her court to make art an essential factor in civilized life and to spread knowledge of it among her subjects of lowlier conditions. The nobles began to form collections; châteaux and churches in the provinces were decorated; artists of note came from France, Italy, and Germany; and others sent their works on orders from the nobility

In the Alexander III Gallery, Petrograd
THE COSSACK'S JEERING REPLY TO THE SULTAN BY REPIN
This letter, written by the Captain of the Cossacks, was an answer to the Sultan of Turkey, their old time enemy, whom they had defeated

ILYA Y. REPIN

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow
THE VALIANT KNIGHTS, BY VASNETSOV

In the Alexander III Gallery, Petrograd
THE CEREMONY OF THE KISS, BY MAKOVSKY

KONSTANTIN MAKOVSKY

and the rich of the middle class.

Russian Art in the Eighteenth Century

The eighteenth century produced some Russian painters of a fair degree of merit, all of them following the principles of the French School and showing the influence of Boucher (Boo′-shay), Van Loo, and Chardin. During the reign of Paul I, Russian artists devoted themselves almost entirely to fresco painting, with the decorative compositions of Watteau as their models. Under the Emperor Alexander more originality appeared, and painters such as Brulov (Bru′-lov) (1799-1852), Vorobyov (Vo-rob-yov′), Shchedrin (Shched-rin′) (1790-1830) and others covered the whole range of pictorial subjects, from the religious and the historical to the portrait and the landscape. The landscapes, however, were not Russian, but purely Italian. The Marquis de Custine wrote, in 1839, after a visit to the Academy of Fine Arts at Petrograd: "I found all the pupils under a sort of military discipline, formed into companies of a regiment, uniformed and commanded like naval cadets. This one fact is enough to show the profound disdain for the arts it is intended to protect and foster; even more, crass ignorance of the laws of nature and the mysteries of art. There is nothing free in Russia except those things to which

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow
IVAN THE TERRIBLE, BY REPIN
This powerful painting shows the remorse and horror of the Tsar Ivan after he had murdered his son for some trivial offense

the Government is indifferent; but it is not indifferent to art and overwhelms it with stifling care." Art was still shackled and made to conform to a government program in place of the clergy's formulæ of earlier days. It was the middle of the nineteenth century, and there was as yet no purely Russian School of painting, in the sense of the word as we are accustomed to use it. The Paris Exposition of 1867 was the occasion for assembling a great collection of Russian art. In it figured the work of a long list of painters and a goodly number of sculptors, a list too long to name even the best of them. The collection showed modern Russian art at that time as a compound of French and Italian practice, with a strong seasoning, in some cases, of the rugged North. If Russian art at this period was not characterized by national traits, it was, at least, beginning to show the art spirit, struggling to adopt what had been learned abroad to the home environment. Much as the young Americans who returned from Paris and Munich in the late seventies and the early eighties continued to paint as they had when in Europe, so it was with the Russian artist a decade or two earlier. In Russia, French influence is still overwhelmingly strong. However, as in the Scandinavian countries, the out-of-doors painters and the subject painters of homely manners and customs are showing a pronounced trend toward the depiction of things as they see them with personal vision in their native land. These men, many of them of fine talent, delight in painting fêtes and ceremonies, weddings or parades, village gatherings, and family scenes in the homes of the peasants or in the halls of the

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow
A FAMILY TRIAL IN THE POLICE COURT, BY MAKOVSKY

PORTRAIT OF VASNETSOV, THE ARTIST, AS A YOUNG MAN
BY KRAMSKOI

VASILI VERESHCHAGIN

rich. Their art is largely illustrative, but the work is well done. In this lies the best hope for the future. Russian painting may yet rival Russian literature. This great people, now imbued with the spirit of liberty, must surely go forward in its art as it marches onward in its general education.

Vereshchagin

In the United States, if one speaks, outside of the professional art circles, of Russian art, the name of one man is invariably pronounced—Vereshchagin (Ver-reshcha′-gin). So numerous and varied are his works (some of the canvases are of enormous size) that they have been grouped in series. To quote the classifications will give an idea of the wide scope of his observation and activities: Early Pictures, Caucasian Series, Turkestan Series, Russo-Turkish War, Indian Series (including twelve historical pictures), Syria and Palestine, Napoleonic scenes and miscellaneous. His works have been exhibited in the great cities of Europe and America, drawing vast crowds on every occasion. Quite a number are now owned in the United States. He was a great illustrator rather than a painter, but a man of power and of most fertile invention.

Makovsky

There is another instance of American popular acquaintance with Russian art to be noted in the two pictures, "Choosing the Bride" and "The Russian Wedding Feast." They are by Makovsky (Mah-kov′-sky), and depict brilliant scenes in luxurious apartments. They are painted cleverly, and the figures are sumptuous in the display of rich stuffs, lace, gems, and gold and silver.

Perhaps beyond the works that have just been mentioned American knowledge of the present day art of Russia does not go very far, except with those of us who have seen specimens of it in the great European exhibitions, such as those held in Paris in 1878, 1889, and 1900. It will not be enlightening to give many names of Russian artists of celebrity and the titles of their best works. Besides, the history of art in Russia up to our time is much more valuable than anything else in placing before our readers a conception of its development into what it is now, namely, a school of painting with

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow

A BOYAR WEDDING, BY LEBEDEV

a very considerable amount of national flavor and technically about on a level with the art of the Scandinavian countries.

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow
THE PEDDLER, BY NIKOLAI KOSHELEV
A scene in a typical Russian peasant home

Russian art is less exuberant than that of Scandinavia and much more sober. Sometimes it is dark and tragical with color schemes cast in somber tones. Again, in the out-of-doors pictures and the interiors with figures, depicting the Russians of all classes at home, it shows a friendlier note, but there is always a certain quiet reserve and sobriety. Yet the people in Russia are not morose. They love to dance and they love to sing. But there is a feeling of reserve combined with docility. Life as it was before the Great War and before the recent revolution has been portrayed by many Russian artists of talent, and portrayed in a manner that, technically considered, compares not unfavorably with the work of other European schools.

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow
FOR MEDICINE, BY MAKOVSKY
This painting, which depicts a phase of peasant life in Russia, was done in 1884

Certainly such painters of portraits and figure subjects as Serov (Se′-rov), Repin (Re′-pin), the author of "The Cossack's Jeering Reply to the Sultan," "Ivan the Terrible and His Son," and "The Bargemen of the Volga," impressive pictures all; Levitan (Le-vi-tan′), landscapes and marines; Philip Malyavin (Mah-lya′-vin), Sergey Malyntine (Mah-lyn′-tin) and others who rank with them present an artistic body of men who are both able and progressive. "A Portrait," by Malyavin, showing a three-quarter length figure of a young peasant woman, or Serov's portrait of the Russian art patron, Tretiakov, both soundly painted and full of character, may serve as examples of a superior level in this branch of artistic performance. Such a landscape as "In the Spring," by Ivan Velts, with the winter's snow still on the ground and melting from the roofs in the sunshine, is as

distinctively Russian as the landscapes of Redfield and Schofield, with Eastern Pennsylvania subjects, are American. "The Peddler," by Koshelev, a farmhouse interior with nearly a dozen figures, strikingly composed, may be cited as a representative work in the field of peasant life and manners, partaking of the qualities of the earlier subjects of the Frenchman Dagnan-Bouveret, or the German Von Uhde, the Dutchman Kever, or the American painter of simple home life, Thomas Hovenden, the painter of "Breaking Home Ties." The work of all of these artists is better known to Americans than that of the contemporary Russians. The comparison is made to suggest the technical ranking of the abler Russians, as well as their truthfulness of observation. A great deal may be hoped for in the future of Russian art, if vagaries of startling color effects do not get too strong a hold and if the latest insanities that have died out in Paris and that are rapidly dying out in America leave behind them no trace. After the World War is over, too, there may in time be another renaissance in art, which, while it will adhere to the best traditions of the great masters, will also show a new inspiration, due to the reconstruction of statesmanship and social life.

In the Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow

THE BOYARINA MOROSOVA ON HER WAY TO TRIAL AT THE KREMLIN, BY SURIKOV

She was a relative of the Tsar Alexis, who had turned away from the dominating Church of Russia, and had become an Old-believer. For this she was tried, convicted and exiled to Siberia

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING . . . . . *By A. N. Benois*

THE RUSSIAN ARTS . . . . . *By Rosa Newmarch*

**Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

While little is known in the United States of Russian Art, two of the most familiar and popular pictures in the art shops of the country are Russian. And both of them are by the same artist—Konstantin Makovsky. We reproduce "The Russian Wedding Feast" in gravure. Its companion picture, "Choosing the Bride," appears on this page. Like many of the great Russian paintings, this is a story-telling picture—and here is the story:

© 1887, by Charles W. Schumann On exhibition at Schumann Sons, Inc., N. Y.

CHOOSING THE BRIDE. By Konstantin Makovsky

In 1645 Tsar Alexis Michailovitsch came to the throne of Russia.

He was only sixteen years old at the time, and he had for a tutor the Boyar Boris Ivanovitsch Morosov, a clever and unscrupulous man. The young Tsar gave a great deal of power to his tutor, but did not allow himself to be governed by him.

Morosov did not like this, and wished to secure more power, so one day he said to Tsar Alexis that it was time for him to plan for marriage. The Tsar protested that he was too young. Morosov insisted, however, and announced that a selection would be made from all the eligible maidens in the kingdom. It was planned to have these young ladies presented to the Tsar at the palace, so that he might make his choice.

Alexis did not fancy this. He was youthful and romantic, and believed that love should enter into a marriage, even of a Tsar. So, without consulting Morosov, he persuaded his sisters to invite the selected maidens to a private concert at the palace.

There were six maidens from all the Empire that were considered eligible to become Empress. Among them were two sisters—Marie and Anna Miloslavski. Morosov schemed to marry Marie to the young Tsar, while he planned to marry the younger sister, Anna, himself. In this way, becoming the brother-in-law of the Tsar, he hoped to increase his power over the youthful ruler.

Among the six maidens was one named Eufemia Vsevoldoski, renowned for both her beauty and innocence. She did not want to marry the Tsar, but was persuaded by her parents to take part in the affair.

At the concert Eufemia chanced to glance up at the orchestra and found a young handsome musician staring at her intently. She was annoyed that one in his position should be so impertinent—but at the same time she felt a certain sensation of admiration. She could not resent the bold attention as much as she would have liked to.

And the Tsar—for of course the young musician was he—fell in love at sight with the maiden whose name he did not know.

After the concert, Eufemia tried to forget the attractive young man but could not. She did not want to be presented to the Tsar. In spite of her parents, she resolved that if the Tsar selected her she would beg him on bended knees to choose someone else.

The six maidens, on the day of the presentation to the Tsar, waited his coming in one of the rooms of the palace. Morosov had arranged so that Marie Miloslavski and her sister, Anna, were placed near the throne. Eufemia willingly kept a place in the rear, where she was half hidden by the others. At last Alexis entered, accompanied by his tutor. Morosov pointed out Marie, but the Tsar's eyes anxiously sought another face. At last he found Eufemia. She raised her eyes, and recognizing her young musician as the Emperor, drooped half fainting. This is the moment that Makovsky depicts in his painting. Alexis hurried past the others to where Eufemia stood, caught her in his arms, and, to the disgust and anger of Morosov, declared her to be his choice.

Great preparations were made for the wedding. But during these preliminaries a rumor was spread that Eufemia was a victim of demons. Before the wedding Eufemia was loaded down with heavy jewels. Her head was bound tightly in a coronet. She protested to her maids that it was too tight, but they asserted that it was the custom and must be worn that way. When the ceremony was about to begin, she looked up and caught the evil eye of Morosov. The room swam before her and, with a loud cry, she swooned.

There was great confusion. Morosov said that she was undoubtedly possessed of demons, or, at least, afflicted with epilepsy. He remarked on the good fortune of the Tsar in escaping such a marriage. Eufemia's father angrily denied that his daughter had ever been ill; and, for that, Morosov had him and most of his family sent to Siberia. The wedding plans were set aside.

Years afterward Alexis married Marie Miloslavski, as Morosov wished. When she died he married again and his son by his second wife, born in 1672, became Peter the Great.

A long time after the sad ending of his youthful romance Alexis learned that he had been deceived, and he then restored Eufemia's family to their position of power in Russia. Eufemia never married.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

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(Continued on next page)

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THE MENTOR

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government
Harvard University

DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 20

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

The United States Constitution

DOMINATING the complicated social structure of the nation—with its clubs, societies, orders, churches, associations, fraternities and home circles—stands the solid framework of Government which holds the whole mass together, and translates the will of this immense number of people into laws, administration and national policy. The Constitution of the United States does not mean simply the document framed by the Federal Convention in 1787, nor the laws that have since been made, nor the decisions of administrators and the judgments of courts. The real constitution includes all that, and also State constitutions and laws, city charters and governments, political parties with their machinery, the press and other means of affecting public opinion. In the large sense, the Constitution includes everything that goes to make up public life, and to control the action of public bodies. The Constitution is the way we do things politically. Out of the infinite detail of that system we may separate three important features.

DEMOCRACY

Though the idea is as old as history, the United States has been the first to adapt the democratic form of government to the needs of a great nation. It is founded on the principle that no one in this country is born with any special political privileges or rights; in the eyes of the law all human beings are equal; and all male citizens of sufficient age are entitled to vote. In more than a third of the States the democratic equality principle is pushed to the logical conclusion of woman suffrage. Nowhere in the world has there ever been so great a State in which all the citizens have the same privileges and are called upon for the same duties. The idea that the voters may not only elect officers, but may take part in lawmaking is carried out through the Referendum, in which the voters have the opportunity of recording their opinions for or against a new State Constitution or city charter, a constitutional amendment, or an act which has passed the legislature. The Initiative goes further by allowing a sufficient body of voters to propose a statute or constitutional amendment which has not gone through the legislature, and to have it submitted to the votes of the people.

REPRESENTATION

Under all the variations in our form of government, the greater part of the laws are made in councils and legislatures and Congress by representatives chosen by the people. This method of carrying on governments by a small part of the community, chosen by the votes of the rest, and then acting according to their best judgment without instructions from their constituents, is a comparatively modern idea, but has been taken up all over the world. It puts at the head of affairs men who are accustomed to speak and think about public questions. It makes possible an intimate discussion. It furnishes the opportunity for compromise and agreements between men of different habits of thought. It makes public men acquainted with each other. Representation is a discovery like that of the steam engine. Neither of them created power, but they both furnish a convenient method of applying the power that exists.

THE FEDERAL IDEA

Throughout the world the United States of America is known as the greatest and most successful Federal government that the world has ever known. The Federal idea is an old one, but it was dying out in Europe just as the United States came into being. The success of the Americans in devising a form of government which is enough to provide for the needs of an empire is one of the greatest political successes of time. Federation relieves the strain on the central government by leaving to the States control of their local affairs, while, at the same time, their wealth and physical strength are at the service of the Union whenever they are needed. It has been the puzzle of mankind to discover a government which was stiff enough to stand the strains and shock of national life, and yet flexible enough to avoid the conflict of geographical sections. The United States has been a model for other prosperous federations, including Switzerland, Canada, Australia and South Africa. Its success may prepare the way for a coming Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

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THE CAPITOL

The Capitol faces east and stands on a plateau 88 feet above the level of the Potomac. The cornerstone of the original building was laid on September 18, 1793, by President Washington. On August 24, 1814, the interior of both wings was destroyed by fire, set by the British. The damage to the building was immediately repaired. The original building was finally completed in 1827. Its cost was $2,433,844.13. The value of the Capitol building and grounds is now about $26,000,000. The entire length of the building from north to south is 751 feet 4 inches; and its greatest dimension from east to west is 350 feet. The dome is of cast iron, was completed in 1865, and weighs 8,909,200 pounds. The bronze statue of Liberty which crowns the dome is 19 feet 6 inches high. and weighs 12,985 pounds. It was modeled by Crawford. The Capitol houses the Senate Chamber, the Hall of Representatives, and the Supreme Court

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government, Harvard University

MENTOR GRAVURES

TREASURY BUILDING · STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING · POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE · BUREAU OF STANDARDS · SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

"HOW are the American people governed?" What sort of question is that? Does not every American understand that in this free country everybody is a governor and none own to being governed? Do the people not govern themselves? Is it not a people's government, the splendid boast of which is that every citizen of the Republic is a participant? Did not old Josiah Quincy boast that his "friend Copley went to England and became a lord because lords are the product of England, while I remained in America and became a sovereign, because sovereigns are the product of the United States"?

Yet governed we are. Not simply by ourselves and our neighbors and freemen of our own state, by upholders of the great principles of personal liberty, but by speakers of forty different languages, if only they are born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the

Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1913, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1917, by The Mentor Association, Inc.

jurisdiction thereof,—all acting through a complicated machinery of government.

Where Is Government?

In ordinary times city and state governments come nearest to us, and most impress us with the authority delegated by the citizens of the Republic to certain elected or appointed individuals who hold the scepter for the time being. Nevertheless, particularly in times of war, we always feel the strength and majesty of the national government, which (in all affairs international) is our father and mother, and stands between us and national danger. Where is this vast government to be found? Wherever there is a letter-carrier in gray or a mail clerk or a rural free deliverer, or a regional bank or a post-office building, needed or otherwise. Wherever the khaki uniform is worn, wherever the Stars and Stripes float from building, or flagstaff or ship. Most of all in the capital city of Washington, named for a soldier-President, studded with magnificent buildings, the central brain of the body politic. Let us then alight at the handsome terminal station of Washington, the entrance hall to the seat of government.

THE WHITE HOUSE

The Executive Mansion and the home of the President. This was the first public building to be erected in Washington, and President Washington was present at the laying of the cornerstone in 1792. John Adams was the first President to live in the building (1800). The architect was James Hoban, and its cost up to now exceeds $1,500,000. In 1814 the British set fire to the building; but it was repaired and painted white to cover the ravages of the fire. In this manner it received its name

Congress

A few hundred feet from the platform rises one of the most majestic domes ever erected by the hand of man. A white, airy, floating vision of national architecture, yet solid enough when you enter the Capitol, and realize that you are in the midst of the home of Congress. In the building, the dome of which is surmounted by Miss Liberty in her Indian garb, reside the two houses of Congress. First, let us seek the Senate Chamber. In that hall dedicated to the sittings of the august body may be found from ninety-six to half a dozen members, according to convenience and the importance of the pending business. By the common consent of mankind our Senate, which directly springs

THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES—adjoining the White House

from and represents the states, is a triumph of political wisdom. It has made federal government possible, not only in the United States but in our admiring imitators, Switzerland, Canada, and Australia and South Africa. It is a body small enough for rational debate, large enough for full council, and the term of six years is sufficient to give a member opportunity to learn the ways and show his talents.

The Senate is a legislative body, in every respect equally powerful with the House of Representatives, and, in two particulars, its superior. The Senate, by a majority vote, confirms nominations to several thousand offices, or if it is cross, or disappointed, or highly patriotic (as the case may be) declines to confirm. The Senate has further the function, which is destined to be even more significant, of passing upon the treaties of the United States with other nations. Many a promising treaty has hopelessly run aground on the shoals of the necessary two-thirds vote. Many great agreements have been ratified and become a part of the law of the land.

A dignified lot are these Senators,—former governors, promoted members from the lower House, able lawyers, and, notwithstanding the comparatively new system of choice by popular vote, numerous captains of industry and finance. The Senate talks easily and occasionally is eloquent. Contrary to general belief, it is much affected by public sentiment as it reveals itself to the mind of the thoughtful Senator, who quickly learns to distinguish between the prejudiced columns of the metropolitan daily, the batches of inspired telegrams, the leading articles in country newspapers, and the practical heart-to-heart talks and letters of political friends who know the state of the country.

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
In the Executive Building adjoining the White House

At the other end of the Capitol sits the House of Representatives, a livelier, more democratic body, which has been allowed slowly to increase to 435, and encamps in a hall so big that a member must speak forcibly to reach the ears of the whole House. The two-year term makes the Congressman less likely to stay a long time; but in the House, as in the Senate, if a man has the capacity to be reëlected times enough, he will gradually grow distinguished on the same principle as the centenarian—simply because he has outlived his rivals. For, in the House as in the Senate, a man is estimated not alone by his powers of speech and the loftiness of his mind, but by his place on committees; and as members above him on the list drop out, he advances; so that a very ordinary kind of member may come at last to be chairman of the powerful House Committee

of Ways and Means, or of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, with its immense influence on world affairs.

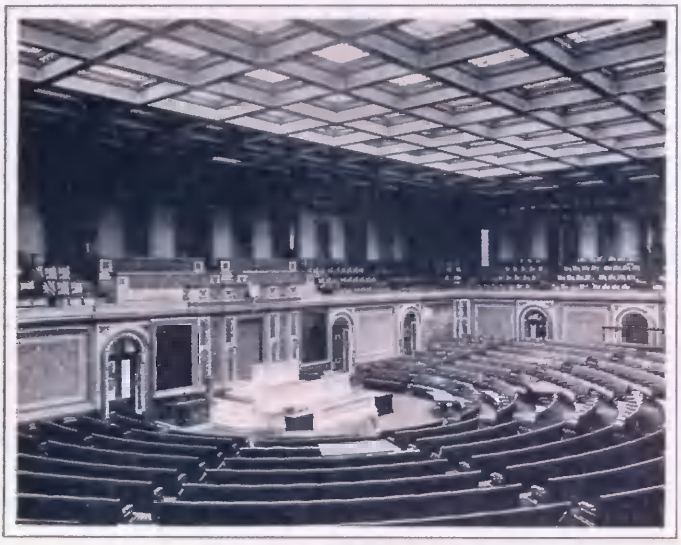
A difficulty with the House is that it is too big and too diversified to act together. In ordinary times it is divided sharply between two parties, but the majority party have at least 218 votes, and there are too many leaders in that number to allow of real leadership. From Henry Clay to Tom Reed,—that is, for about eighty years,—the House was usually shaped by its Speaker; but when in 1910 Joe Cannon was unhorsed from his dictatorship, that office became to a large degree ornamental. In ordinary times the House is practically managed by a steering committee of the majority party, acting in a loose sort of understanding with a similar committee of the Senate, and subject to electric shocks from the President. The two Houses together are the "United States in Congress assembled," charged with the great function of making laws for over a hundred million people. Since both Houses must exactly agree in the text of statutes, down to the insertion of a comma, there is plenty of opportunity for differences that are hard to adjust. Most important bills are finally settled in their text by conference committees, which occasionally insert in their report provisions to which neither House has previously agreed. In all legislation Congress must take account of the veto power of the President, which gives him in practice a direct power equal to that of fifteen senators and seventy-two members of the House. He exercises an even greater indirect influence, which causes Congress frequently to hold up or alter a bill, through the convic-

THE SENATE CHAMBER

It is 113 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 36 feet high, including the galleries, which extend all around and will accommodate 1,000 persons. Each desk bears a silver plate with the occupant's name. Lots are drawn for a choice of seats —the Republicans sitting at the left and the Democrats at the right of the presiding officer. The chair of the Vice-President of the United States, who is President of the Senate, is a magnificent piece of carved mahogany, a gift to Vice-President Hobart. Busts of all the Vice-Presidents are being placed in niches in the walls

THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING

Opposite this is a similar office building for the Congressmen



THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

It is 139 feet long, 93 feet wide and 36 feet high. The "floor" is 115 by 67 feet. 1,200 persons may be accommodated in the galleries. The press gallery is above the desk of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and within call is the sergeant-at-arms, whose symbol of authority is the mace, a bundle of black rods fastened with bands of silver, surmounted by a silver globe, on which is a silver eagle. When the House is in session, the mace is placed on its pedestal; when it rests on the floor, the House is in committee of the whole

tion that otherwise the President will use his veto. Congress has a life and vigor of its own which makes it wonderfully attractive to many of the members of both Houses. Did you notice that old fellow in the frock coat of half a century ago, hanging about the lobbies and cloakrooms? He was a dashing member of the House in his time, and then an eloquent Senator; and he cannot quite persuade himself that he has long since ceased to be a power in legislative halls.

In the Capitol is a room where the President of the United States at times deposits himself so as to sign bills of Congress in the last hurried frantic hours of a session. President Wilson, in the last four years, has frequently come to that room on his way to address one or the other of the Houses, or both sitting jointly; for he has rediscovered the power that comes from closest contact with Congress, and from an appeal through Congress to the constituents throughout the country. The home, the habitat, the signal tower of the President, is, however, the White House,—a building renowned for its proportions, and for more than a century remarkable for its elaborate inconvenience as a home for a family. Now the offices of business have been separated and placed in the depressed west wing, and the main building is left a stately residence, through which walk memories of Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln and Cleveland and Roosevelt.

BUREAU OF STANDARDS—Administration Building

The President

The office of the President has in our times expanded beyond the compass of ordinary men. More than one respectable and able President has paid the penalty

of weakness. The direct powers of the executive are enormous, and the war has more than doubled them in a single half year. He appoints, with the confirmation of the Senate, individuals to five thousand offices, including the ten heads of departments; through them and through other executive organizations, he gives direction to the vast executive machinery of the nation. He appoints the persons who appoint or designate all the other civil servants of the Republic; he decides on the policy of the administration; he has the power of pardon for all offenses against the federal law; he may, and not infrequently does, call on militia or troops to protect by force the laws and the officials of the United States from violence.

SUPREME COURT CHAMBER

In the Capitol. On the dais stands the "bench"—nine chairs—of the most august court of the United States. The Justices sit in order of seniority. In the center is the Chief Justice; upon his right hand is the Associate Justice longest in service, and beyond him the second, third and fourth; and then, upon the left of the Chief Justice, the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth, or youngest in rank of appointment

At present the President's greatest power is over foreign relations. It is his to direct, and often with his own hand to write, the correspondence with foreign governments. He decides upon the external policy of the government, up to the very verge of war. He also appoints, with the consent of the Senate, every commissioned officer of the United States Army, Navy, and Marine service. More than that, as commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States, he directs in person or through his subordinates the whole conduct of the war; selects the fields of naval and military action; designates and transfers command; takes responsibility for the movements of troops and ships. With the single exception of the German Emperor, not a prince, power, or potentate in the world has such tremendous influence over the affairs of his nation and of mankind.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Library was established in 1800, destroyed in 1814 by the burning of the Capitol, and afterward replenished. The present building, opened to the public in November, 1897, cost $6,347,000; the land, $585,000. It is the largest and most magnificent library building in the world

The President's Home

As you enter the White House there is little evidence of all this enormous power. No royal guards in white uniforms and brass helmets protect the head of the nation. He lives like a republican gentleman, with simple equipages and table service. To be sure he is always surrounded with a little cloud of Secret Service men, the necessity for whom has been made evident by the assassination of three Presidents in a little over half a century. Some Presidents have received visitors by the hundreds daily; some, a small number; all depend on the members of their Cabinet and their special political friends in both Houses to keep them informed.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE BUILDING

A wise President avoids any display of personal power. Yet, in addition to their great executive duties, the three Presidents since 1901 have all felt it a duty to take the vacant place of leader of Congress, by coming forward as the proponents of legislation. Most of the trust, railroad, and public benefit laws of that period have been thought out in the White House and then brought to the attention of Congress. Many of them have been pushed through by the unyielding drive of the President. All the world knows that the Mann-Elkins Trust Act, under Roosevelt, the stiffening of the railroad acts under Taft, and the Federal Reserve, Tariff and many other measures under Wilson, have become laws against the will of one or both Houses of Congress. They could not stand the pressure when the President appealed over the heads of Congressmen to their constituents. By this process, also, most of the measures for social betterment have finally been brought into a form where they were accepted by Congress and at the same time satisfied the country. In peace or in war, the President of the United States is the main motive power of the Government.

INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
The collection in this library is the largest on the Western Hemisphere and the third in the world. It comprises, among other things, nearly 4,000,000 printed books

Supreme Court

Over in the Capitol, in the room once occupied by the Senate and made forever famous by the great debates of the Webster period, sits a body of nine men who in some respects are more powerful than Congress or the President. It is the Supreme Court of the United States, which nominally is created in order to hear and adjust difficulties between individuals arising under the Federal Constitution, laws and treaties. This function, at its narrowest, has immense possibilities, for the Court deals with the constitutional rights of scores of millions of persons and with property values of thousands of millions. In addition, under the American system of government, the Court has power to decide whether acts of executive and legislative departments fall outside of their authority as defined by the Constitution, and hence are legally no acts at all, and may be disregarded by the Court in making its decisions. This power, commonly called "declaring acts void because not in accordance with the Constitution," has been used of late years to set aside an income tax, and to hold the acts of great government commissions, like the Interstate Commerce Commission, to be beyond their powers and therefore likewise void. Such tremendous authority, against which few protest, gives to the body of nine learned gentlemen the right to an apparent supremacy over the co-equal departments of government, yet has been but little abused.

PENSION BUREAU

This building, which cost $902,569.48, is said to be fireproof—a statement which caused General Sheridan to exclaim, "What a pity!" About 1,000,000 beneficiaries are carried on the rolls of the bureau, and the annual outlay is about $145,000,000

BUREAU OF FISHERIES

This building was formerly an arsenal. Now it contains various aquaria filled with plants and inhabited by fishes, rare and common, and other quaint and interesting things that dwell in rivers and sea. On the upper floor are the offices of the Fish Commissioner and his assistants

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

Separate and distinct from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The officer in charge is known as the Public Printer

Constructive Legislation

As you pass to and fro through Washington, the vistas are interrupted

by great buildings occupied by the executive departments—State, War, Navy, Interior, and others. These are the office buildings, the clerical centers of the great functions of the Federal Government. In ordinary times that Government has been paying out a billion dollars a year, which will be increased five or six or ten times over by the necessary war expenditures. For many years the Government was contented to keep up the modest war and navy establishments, the Patent Office, the Post-office, the Treasury, and other essential parts of the government machinery. After the Civil War the pension system turned public attention in a new direction, that of aiding those who appealed to the beneficence of the Federal Government. Ever since 1862 Congress has given land and money to agricultural colleges throughout the Union. In the last twenty years it has created a Forest Service, has spent millions in teaching people proper methods of agriculture, has developed protection for miners, has passed acts for the benefit of laborers on government works and railroad employees engaged in interstate transportation, and has recently added a Child Labor Act. Congress has also created several great commissions, which are partly legislative, partly executive, and partly judicial,—the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Banking Commission, the Tariff Commission, and others. That is, Congress and the whole government have recognized the duty of the United States not simply to protect the nation from invasion and to keep up the departments of government, but to go out and look for constructive methods of bettering the condition of the uneducated, the poor, the defective, and the workingmen and work-

COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY

This scientific branch of the Department of Commerce maps the coast, charts the waters, and investigates and publishes movements of tides and currents and so on, for the benefit of navigation

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

It has issued thus far about 900,000 patents, and its earnings have been far in excess of the cost of buildings and all expenses since its origin

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM

This is the depository of the national collections. The main building, devoted to natural history and including the National Gallery of Art, is a new structure that cost $3,500,000

ing-women. At the same time there has been provided an elaborate machinery for keeping in check the powerful corporations.

NAVAL OBSERVATORY

Situated north of Georgetown, near Washington. This is the astronomical station of the Government under control of the Navy, and presided over by an officer of high rank, whose main object is the gathering and disseminating of information of use to mariners

Council of National Defense

The tremendous import of the Government of the United States is revealed just now in a new organization for the war, of which the nerve center is the Council of National Defense. This body is made up of the heads of six of the main departments which have closest relation to war and finance, the sinews of war. Appointed by and acting under direction of this council of six is a monster organization including an Air-craft Production Board, a General Munitions Board, a Committee on Shipping, a Committee on Woman's Defense Work, a Committee on Railroad Transportation, a Committee on Labor, and about forty other committees and subcommittees, including a Committee on Public Information which makes it its duty to inform and arouse public opinion. All this prodigious accumulation of energy is in the last resort responsible to the President.

PAN-AMERICAN UNION

Maintained by the 21 Republics, in North, Central and South America for the purpose of developing mutual interests and friendly intercourse. The buildings and grounds represent an expenditure of $1,000,000

Thus what starts at Washington is communicated to every part of the National Government, and also to the great private organizations, commercial, social and fraternal. The purpose of our Government is not simply to secure obedience to national law, but to stir up every citizen of the United States,—man, woman and child,—to the necessity of using every effort and straining every nerve, to preserve this great Government intact, and to hand its blessings down to posterity.

BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

This building is 505½ feet by 295½ feet, and it cost together with the site $2,869,000. Here are designed, engraved, printed and finished all of the securities and similar work of the Government, including United States notes (paper money), bonds, stamps, commissions, and so on

Uncle Sam's Payroll

Nobody in the United States knows more about the employees of the Government than Mr. Herbert Brown, chief of the Bureau of Efficiency, an office which exercises general oversight over matters relating to the personnel of all the Departments. Hence, when we could not locate information about the Government payroll in any reference book, we applied to Mr. Brown, and learned from him that complete figures on this subject have never been compiled.

"At the request of Congress," said Mr. Brown, "we recently made a rough estimate, and you will not be far wrong if you state that, just before the United States entered the war, the total salaries and wages of civilian employees amounted to very nearly four hundred million dollars a year. Of course this amount has been greatly increased under stress of war conditions."

Every two years the Government publishes a huge directory of its civil employees, called "The Official Register of the United States." According to the issue of 1915, the last published in peace times, the total number of such employees was 488,711, of whom 42,064 were employed in the city of Washington. In the postal service alone there were 297,531 employees.

These figures do not include the Army and Navy, the total strength of which in the middle of the year 1916 was 174,129, and the total payroll $105,863,036 per annum. Thus it appears that altogether, shortly before the war, Uncle Sam gave employment to upwards of 660,000 people, and paid them more than five hundred million dollars a year.

The best-paid servant of the Government is, of course, the President, who draws a salary of $75,000 a year, besides $25,000 for traveling expenses and a house to live in. Nobody else in this country works as hard as he does for this modest stipend.

The Vice President receives $12,000 a year; Cabinet officers, $12,000; the Chief Justice, $15,000; Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, $14,500; the Senators and Representatives, $7,500; the Governor General of the Philippines, $18,000; Ambassadors to the leading countries, $17,500. When Dewey was Admiral of the Navy he drew a salary of $13,500, but at present the best-paid generals and admirals receive $10,000 per annum. —*The Editor.*

PLAN OF THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH
Two Volumes *By James Bryce*
The great standard work on the subject.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
Illustrated *By Frederic J. Haskin*
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CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT *By A. C. McLaughlin and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart*
Three Volumes

***Information concerning these books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

We were asked some time ago how we could cover the United States in a single number of The Mentor? We don't attempt to *cover* it. The Mentor does things in its own special way. The History of the United States, the Great Men that have shaped its destiny, the Natural Wonders and Resources of the country, the great Highways and the Commercial and Economic Life of the Republic—all these and other American subjects have been, are being, or will be, treated in turn in special numbers of The Mentor. This number is concerned with just one thing—how the Government is conducted.

In this Open Letter I want to consider an inspiring phase of the subject that has been suggested to me by Professor Hart. Just what is meant by the title "United States of America"? What is its national significance, and what does it imply as far as the other nations of the world are concerned?

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When Congress, in July 1776, headed a certain immortal document as follows: "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America," none of those who framed the words realized how far their sound was to go, nor the might and majesty which the great Republic would attain when, instead of thirteen, there should be forty-eight United States of America. The words "United" and "States" have both a historical and political significance. "United" harks back to the "*United* Colonies of New England," which in 1643 drew up the first Federal Constitution in America; and the framers of that instrument were thinking of the Union of Utrecht, formed by the "*United* Provinces of the Netherlands," in 1579. Thus there is a chain of connection through these documents all the way to the Federal Constitution of 1787. The word "United" is the root stock of many of our finest phrases: "United we stand, divided we fall"; "In union there is strength"; "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." It is the key-word of that Federal idea, which is one of the greatest contributions made to mankind by the people of the North American Republic.

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"States" is another significant word. When it was first used, people were thinking of a State as an organized, independent community. France was a State, Great Britain was a State. Massachusetts and South Carolina also liked the comfortable self-governing term "State," as against their old name of "Colony." State meant the right to make laws and constitutions according to the will of the people. Yet the moment the word "State" was used as a part of the title of the new government and of the people who were carrying on the Revolution, the idea of the independence and sovereignty of each of the thirteen separate communities was given up. As Abraham Lincoln put it in 1861, "The Union is older than the State; the Union made the States and not the States the Union." Not one of the new "States" was able to defend itself without the aid of its neighbors. Not one framed a Constitution without the good-will of Congress, which represented them all. The thirteen States were born equal sisters, and thirty-five others have been admitted to the blessings of the Union on the same footing, in what Chief Justice Chase called: "An indestructible Union of indestructible States."

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For many years the attention of the United States was fixed upon itself—opening up its territory, increasing its population, developing its resources, improving its social and political institutions. Inasmuch as the country produces the necessities of life in great abundance as well as materials for manufacturers of textiles, wood and metal, it has felt little dependence upon other parts of the world.

But this "policy of isolation" has been giving way ever since the Civil War. The United States could not refrain from a special interest in its Latin-American neighbors, which has given rise to a new form of the Monroe Doctrine. The improvement of steamship travel and telegraphic communication has brought Europe and Asia much nearer in trade and commerce. The immigrants have broken down the barriers between the American born and the foreign born. In the Spanish War of 1898 the United States came out from behind its breastworks, and reached eastward and westward for territory. The possession of the Philippines made the United States an Asiatic power. Porto Rico gave it a footing in the Caribbean Sea. Since the Spanish War it has brought under its protection, substantially as dependencies, the five nominally independent nations of Cuba, Panama, Santa Domingo, Nicaragua and Hayti. Notions of trade have also changed because the United States is now selling enormous amounts of manufactured goods to foreign countries.

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The people of the United States have, therefore, reached out in thought far beyond the boundaries of the forty-eight States. American troops joined with Europeans in marching up to Pekin in 1900. The annexation of Hawaii has made the Nation a mid-Pacific power. It is acquiring a great influence in Central America, and it is concerned with Mexico. Americans have been thinking in larger terms, have foreseen a broader future, expect a wider American influence. The United States of America has now a footing and an interest in other quarters of the earth

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

PRIZE LETTER NO. 1

THE VALUE OF THE MENTOR IN THE SCHOOL

By Norma Storrs Hazletine, Peekskill, New York

MENTOR DAY! How the faces of our high school pupils light up at those magic words! To them this day is by far the most interesting, and perhaps the most valuable of all in their English work. How can we use The Mentor in our English classes? An easy question, for there are infinite possibilities. Everyone loves to look at good pictures. Naturally, the textbooks with the greatest number of illustrations are the attractive ones to the child. Small wonder then that The Mentor attracts. First the pictures may be used as a sort of lure to catch the interest. This lure has never failed. How much more real Shakespeare becomes to the red-haired, freckled-faced, wriggly youngster after he has seen the beautiful Mentor pictures of his birthplace, Anne Hathaway's home, and so on. He concludes that this vague person must have been a real man and possibly a boy who liked to fish in the Avon. And Sir Walter Scott! Our young man concludes that if those pictures really represent scenes from his books, he doesn't know but that he would like to read *one* anyway.

The Mentor pictures are gradually but surely broadening the lives of our pupils—opening up new worlds, teaching them to keep their eyes open. Few have at home what may be called really good pictures. With the help of The Mentor one can teach the qualities that make a well executed, artistic picture. And what an aid The Mentor is on composition day, when we are studying description! The girls and boys soon have word pictures quite different from the hackneyed ones over which they have labored in years past.

There are few numbers that we cannot correlate with our literature. Of course we use all of the literature numbers, most of the travel and a great many of the music and nature ones. The number on Greece comes out every year in connection with the study of the "Odyssey," "Women Writers of England" with "Silas Marner." How valuable will be the recent one on "Russia" when we study "The Promised Land," and "The Hudson" with Irving's "Sketch Book."

All the numbers are useful for material for both written and oral compositions. It is not an irksome task if the English lesson is assigned from The Mentor. Stories may be written from the scenes depicted. One pupil may attempt to "sell" The Mentor to the class, thus getting training in both exposition and argumentation.

The Mentor is valuable too in showing the contrast between good and poor English. So simply and interestingly are the monographs written that the pupils have right before their eyes examples of perfect paragraph development, sentence structure, diction, etc. They learn how to make their work effective.

But best of all The Mentor is a tiny leaven, softening a mass of open-minded, uncultured little citizens, and doing a big bit in bringing into their lives a love for better reading and better pictures, a broader knowledge of the things about us, and what must follow—an added refinement.

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

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★ ★ ★

SOME very attractive issues are in preparation—numbers that no one can afford to do without. On January 1st will appear "The Picture on the Wall." This number, by text and illustration, will show exactly what pictures are good art, and what pictures everyone should frame and place upon the wall. Then the number dealing with "Lafayette," that noble and chivalrous soldier who during the American Revolution brought a message of sympathy and support from France—this number will tell the story of the great Frenchman, and will be illustrated by many interesting pictures that never before have been gathered together in one article. Later on, such issues as "Russian Literature," "American Composers," "Grant and Lee," "Photography," "Balzac," and "The Metropolitan Museum of Art" will cover many subjects in which everyone is interested, and concerning which everyone should know something. These are but a few of the many interesting numbers that will appear during the coming year, and the twenty-four issues, when gathered together, will make a compact and entertaining little library of knowledge.

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ALL you need do is to send us the names and addresses of your friends. We will enter their membership, commencing with the issue of January 1st, and will send them, FREE, "The Story of Christmas," the annual Christmas number of The Mentor, so that it will reach them as near Christmas Day as possible. We will also send by mail an attractive Christmas card stating that you have presented them with a gift membership in The Mentor Association.

★ ★ ★

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THE MENTOR

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

By FRANCIS LORING PYNE
Author and Editor

DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE AND ART

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 21

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Is There a Santa Claus?

HELLO, SANTA CLAUS!

(Drawings by Thomas Nast)

Some years ago a little girl wrote as follows to the New York *Sun:*

DEAR EDITOR: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA.

HELLO, LITTLE GIRL!

THE letter came into the hands of Mr. Frank P. Church, a member of the Editorial Staff of *The Sun.* His answer to Virginia's question, printed first twenty years ago, has been reprinted many times, and it now holds a place in the hearts of thousands, who treasure it as one of the rarely fine and precious bits of sentiment in our language. We are glad of the opportunity to give it to the readers of The Mentor:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

The Story of Christmas

By FRANCIS LORING PYNE

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE NIGHT
By Correggio

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI
By Peter Paul Rubens

MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN ALSACE
By P. Hey

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THE NATIVITY—By W. L. Taylor

MENTOR GRAVURES

CHRISTMAS BELLS
By E. H. Blashfield

HAULING IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE
By R. Swain Gifford

THE GODDESS OF OUR KITCHEN
By F. S. Church

CHRISTMAS is, like one of its own plum-puddings, an amalgamation of many ingredients. It is a festival that has been sinking deeper and deeper into the heart of man for many hundred years. Some of the customs and emblems that we follow so unquestionably from year to year have their origins in ancient pagan rites. We do not stop to ask *why* we hang up wreaths of holly and suspend the mistletoe bough. It is a part of Christmas to do this; and we do it lovingly.

Christmas coincides with the winter solstice, or the turning-point of the sun and the lengthening of the day. As far as history can carry us we find early races holding a Midwinter Festival and rejoicing in the birth of the New Year. A very, very long time ago man discovered that the Sun, which he worshipped as a personality and the source of warmth, light and fertility, had a birthday, and that it came nearest to the earth when the days were shortest. When man wanted light and warmth for himself, he made a fire; and to his mind *fire* was an emblem of the Sun. Sun-worship and Fire-worship were closely related. Northern races called the Sun the Fire-wheel and lighted fires to the Sun-god when he was farthest away in Midsummer and when he was nearest in Midwinter. This sacred fire in the winter season was kindled indoors. *It was the*

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Yule Log! This Midwinter Festival was kept everywhere by special religious ceremonies and general rejoicing. Everything that was done at this season was either a religious symbol, or was intended for a charm to bring about prosperity, fertility and increase during the coming year. Animals were sacrificed, blood was sprinkled, trees were beaten, straw and grain from the last year's harvest were laid on the ground and in the nests of the fowls, crumbs from the festival-loaf were scattered over the fields, and various offerings were made to the gods and goddesses. Temples and houses were decked with green boughs, logs were kindled, candles were lit, and many special dishes, cakes and drinks were prepared.

JOURNEY OF THE THREE KINGS—By Benozzo Gozzoli
From a fresco painting in the Riccardi Palace in Florence

While these and other primitive observances were taking place year after year and century after century in Darkest Europe, the Romans had been celebrating for five hundred years before the birth of Christ their Midwinter Festival, the Saturnalia, commemorating the equality supposed to have existed on earth in the golden reign of Saturn. The Saturnalia was a period of general merry-making and relaxation. People gave each other presents, went about masquerading in fantastic garb, and wished each other "Io Saturnalia," which meant about the same thing as "Merry Christmas."

The little band of early Christians, who often celebrated their own rites beneath garlands and other decorations of the Saturnalia, displayed for the purpose of safety, had not the power to combat such long established practices. Consequently, they absorbed some of them. And, as Christianity spread from Rome throughout Europe, the missionaries found it impossible to crush deeply-rooted observances. Consequently, to the number of Christmas customs that came from the Saturnalia of the highly civilized Romans, gradually were added rites and customs with which the ancient Germanic tribes, the Scandinavians, the Gauls, the Celts and the ancient Britons celebrated the beginning of their New Year.

"Thus," says a modern writer, "all the pagan winter festivals were transmuted and sanctified by the Christian Church into the beautiful

festival that keeps the world's heart young and human. The Church also brought from the ancient observances a number of lovable customs, such as the giving of presents, the lighting of candles, the burning of the Yule Log, the Boar's Head, the Christmas Tree, the mistletoe, the holly, laurel and other greens, and the mince-pies."

The Hallowed Season

We regard Christmas as the most hallowed season of the year, the season of beauty and bounty, the season of love and charity, the season of gentle thoughts and tender greetings, the season when we pause to listen to the choir invisible singing "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men."

CHRISTMAS MORNING
From a drawing by A. Forestier

"Noël, Noël, the sacred strain
From heavenly voice and viol rings,
And lo! the children's window pane
Is curtained by angelic wings."

How beautifully Washington Irving writes:

"Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations.

"It is a beautiful arrangement, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bonds of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the enduring mementoes of childhood."

Christmas Holly, Mistletoe and Tree

At a season when everything was chosen to commemorate, or invoke, the spirit of growth and fertility, the holly, mistletoe and ivy, which bear fruit in the winter, became particularly precious. Beautiful, cheerful holly, with its glossy, prickly leaves and coral berries, was a sacred plant

in the childhood of the world. We may make garlands of laurel or bayleaves, ropes of crowsfoot or smilax, and bring into our rooms bunches and pots of poinsettia, but nothing ever takes, or will take, the place of holly in our affections. In our literature its place is high and honored. All the old carols seem to be wreathed with it. It adorns all our Christmas pictures, and it appears on our Christmas cards. It symbolizes the spirit of Christmas.

HOSANNA!
A reproduction of one of Birket Foster's illustrations of Milton's Hymn on the Nativity

In some old English carols holly and ivy are curiously associated. They often appear as personalities contesting for the mastery, Holly being the man and Ivy, the woman.

Ivy has never been a Christmas plant in our country; but in England, where it gracefully clothes all old buildings with a lustrous garment of dark green, it is easy to realize that ivy is a part of life and an inspirer of sentiment. Next to holly we love the mistletoe, with its waxen berries of greenish white. For some strange reason mistletoe has never been used as a church decoration. York Minster is the only place where it is allowed.

The mistletoe, the "all-healer," is a mysterious plant. It was so sacred to the Druids that it was never allowed to touch the ground. At the New Year the high priest cut it from the oak with a golden sickle, while other priests held a white cloth to receive it as it fell. Even today we do not like the mistletoe bough to fall. We say "it is unlucky"; but somehow, far back in the unconscious inherited memory of thousands of years, we keep alight the spark of reverence for the Golden Bough. The Welsh call the mistletoe the "tree of pure gold." The sun's golden fire was believed to be an emanation from the mistletoe, and in it the life of the oak was thought to reside. Today very little mistletoe is found on the oak. The strange parasite prefers the apple-orchard. Its supposed marvellous powers of healing sickness and averting misfortune and its influence in promoting fertility and prosperity made the mistletoe a magical plant, beloved and reverenced alike in farmhouse, manor, baronial hall and castle. From the fact that it was dedicated to the Northern

CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN ENGLAND
Drawing by Birket Foster

Goddess of Love, the idea of kissing under the mistletoe bough was undoubtedly derived.

The presence of the Christmas Tree in the house is not so old. It did not become general until the nineteenth century. Germany claims the Christmas Tree; but there is no recorded instance of the use of the Christmas Tree in Germany before the seventeenth century. The origin of the Christmas Tree is obscure. Even its symbolism is a matter of conjecture. Dr. Alexander Tille thinks it came from a union of two elements: the old Roman custom of decorating houses with laurels and green trees at the Kalends of January and the popular belief that every Christmas Eve apple and other trees blossomed and bore fruit. Others consider it emblematical of Christ, who was often regarded as the "Tree of Paradise." In some of the early Christmas plays a Tree of Paradise—a juniper, adorned with ribbons and apples—was introduced. "The thought of Him," says Clement A. Miles, "as both the Light of the World and the Tree of Life may at least have given a Christmas meaning to the light-bearing tree and helped to establish its popularity among pious folk."

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Reproduced from a painting, bearing no artist's name. The subject is most striking. The faces of modern children gaze down upon The Light of the World as it shines up from the manger

Authorities agree that the first record of a Christmas Tree comes from Alsace in 1604. An old writer, describing Strasburg, says: "At Christmas a fir tree is put into the room, and upon it are hung roses made of colored paper, apples, wafers, tinsel, and sweetmeats. Usually a square frame is made around it."

Another glimpse of this Alsatian custom we get from the Baroness Oberkirch, about 1781. "We passed the winter at Strasburg," she writes, "and at Noël we went, according to custom, to the *Christkindelsmarkt.* This bazaar is held for children for a week before Christmas till midnight. The great day arrives. They arrange in each house a *Tannenbaum,* a pine covered with candles and bonbons with a great illumination awaiting the visit of *Christkindel* (the little Jesus), who will reward the good children; but they fear *Hanstrapp,* who will hunt for and punish bad children."

In Berlin the tree is traced to about 1780; Goethe saw one for the first time in Leipsic, in 1793; in Hamburg it first appears in 1796; and

in the nineteenth century it was carried to all parts of Germany.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND
From a drawing by F. O. C. Darley

Christmas Service: Midnight Mass, Hymns, Carols and Crib

Christmas would not be Christmas, even to the unbeliever, without the beautiful stories that cluster around the birth of the Holy Child—the Shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night; the singing of the Angels; the strange, luminous Star that guided the Three Magi to the manger; and the hush and solemnity that pervaded all nature when the Light of the World came into being.

One of the beautiful customs of Christmas is the Midnight Mass, which was introduced in the fifth century. All over the world this is celebrated. "Few rites," says a modern author, "are more impressive than this Midnight Mass, especially in country places. Through the darkness and cold of a winter's night, often for long distances, the faithful journey to worship the Holy Child in the splendor of the lighted church. It is a reënactment of the visit of the Shepherds to the cave at Bethlehem, aglow with supernatural light."

The Midnight Mass is just as impressive in the cathedrals and churches of the large cities. At this mass is always heard the favorite Christmas hymn, "*Adeste fidelis*" (O Come All Ye Faithful), composed in France about 1700. From the fact that it was sung in the Portuguese Embassy in London in 1797, it is also called the "Portuguese Hymn." Many are the Christmas hymns that are dear to our memories: "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," etc.

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD
A Christmas custom of the olden time

The carol has more of a poetic than an actual significance to us. We go to concerts to hear carols. We do not sing them ourselves. We do not burst into carols at the appearance of the plum-pudding adorned with holly and burning with Yule fire; the beautifully browned and crisp Christmas

turkey stuffed with chestnuts, or oysters, is welcomed with no part-song of uncertain intonation and wavering rhythms; the mince-pie is not greeted with an ancient "Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!" We prefer to hear our Christmas music beautifully rendered; and as a part of the tribute we pay to Christmas we gratefully listen to the special music that churches provide at this season, and we buy tickets for Handel's "Messiah." We also buy books of carols and anthologies of Christmas poetry. The carol is kept alive in our *minds* rather than in our *voices*.

The arrangement of a realistic manger is an old and picturesque custom.

This material representation of the manger is today in Italy and Spain what the Christmas Log is to England, France, the Southern Slavonic countries, and what the Christmas Tree is to Germany.

CHRISTMAS SINGERS IN OLD ENGLAND
Drawn by Birket Foster
"Give way, give way ye gates."

DRAGGING IN THE YULE LOG

THE CEREMONY OF THE BOAR'S HEAD

Christmas Legends

On this night when, according to ancient belief, the New Year began by the sun turning on its course, for one brief moment the sun was supposed to stand still. It was a wonderful, strange and weird instant. Mountains opened and revealed their treasures, water of the springs turned to wine, and strange things happened. The Christian legends are still more wonderful. On this Holy Night sunken bells rang, caverns were lighted mysteriously, bees sang, cattle knelt in their stables in memory of the cattle at the manger; sheep walked in procession in commemoration of the glad tidings to the Shepherds; and cocks crowed all night long to scare away the evil spirits.

In addition to the above superstitions, horses were supposed to be endowed with human speech for an hour, and plants blossomed for the same

period. Legendary blossoming trees are many; but the most famous of all is that of the "Glastonbury Thorn." In the old Abbey of Glastonbury in England, Joseph of Arimathea planted his staff and, the legend goes, it took root and always blossomed at Christmas. Any cutting from it possessed the same miraculous power. In the reign of Charles I the custom still existed of persons going in stately procession on Christmas Day to Glastonbury to cut a branch of the sacred hawthorn and bring it to the King. Cromwell's soldiers burned the Abbey, and the bush perished.

A CHRISTMAS EVE SCENE
Specially interesting as picturing the home of the poet Wordsworth — Rydal Mount. He wrote a Christmas sonnet here

Two lovely flower legends are associated with the manger. In France they say that the lucerne (Saint Foin, or Holy Hay) burst into blossom for the first time around the head of the Holy Child, who had no pillow but this. The other is of the Christmas Rose, also called the black hellebore, a wax-like flower with pink-tipped petals. The story goes that a shepherdess stood by the sleeping Child, looking at the rich offerings the Three Magi had left and wishing that she, too, had a gift for the Christ Child. An Angel, seeing her distress, stopped, and, brushing aside the snow, showed her these flowers, saying: "Nor gold, nor myrrh, nor yet frankincense are offerings more mete for the Christ Child than these pure winter roses."

Of all Christmas legends the most thrilling is that of the Three Wise Men, or Magi, who came out of the mysterious East following the Star of Bethlehem. Melchoir, King of Nubia, the smallest, brought a gift of gold; Balthazar, King of Chaldea, of ordinary stature, brought frankincense; and Jasper, King of Tarshish, "a black Ethiope," a very tall man, brought myrrh. They came with many rich ornaments belonging to kings, and also with mules, camels and horses loaded with great treasure, and with multitudes of people to do homage to the Christ Child, an infant of thirteen days, lying in a lowly bed in the manger of a stable!

THE MISTLETOE DANCE
By Birket Foster

Melchoir's gold typified the royalty of the promised King of the Jews; Balthazar's frankincense, the divinity; and Jasper's myrrh, the sorrows.

The barbaric splendor of these mysterious Kings of the East made

their visit a favorite subject with the great painters of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance. Great lords liked to pose in the costumes of the Kings, and many pictures of the Adoration of the Magi are portraits. In one of Botticelli's, for instance, nearly the whole Medici family is represented. The costume of the rustic Shepherds made no such appeal; and, consequently, there are few Adorations of the Shepherds by the Great Masters in comparison with Adoration of the Magi.

BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE
By R. Caton Woodville

Christmas Observances

Of the many names that Christmas has in other countries, the word Yule* is the only one that we have adopted. We rarely use the French *Noël;* we never use the German *Weinachten. Yule,* we employ in a poetical sense and in combination with another word. We light the Yule Candles, we burn the Yule Log, and, sometimes, we write a "Happy Yuletide"; but we invite our friends to a Christmas dinner and we wish them a "Merry Christmas." We do not keep "Yule." *Yule* brings no picture to our minds.

But ancient Yule is not yet extinct. The Boar's Head is a survival of the Yule Boar of Scandinavia. In very ancient times a real boar was sacrificed at Yule. Later, in certain places, there was a custom of dressing up a man in skins to represent the Boar, and he was attacked by an old woman with blackened face who pretended to sacrifice him. In some northern countries today a little pig is roasted whole and served on the table under the name of the Christmas Boar. In Sweden and Denmark the people bake a loaf in the form of a "boar-pig," which they call the Yule Boar. This stands on the table all through Yule, and, as superstition connects it with wheat, some crumbs are kept until sowing-time and mixed with the grains of

"'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"
One of F. O. C. Darley's pictures made for an early illustrated edition of Clement Moore's popular Christmas poem

*"The Saxons and Northerns kept a feast in honor of Thor and called it the Mother Night, as the parent of other nights; also Midwinter. It was likewise called Gule, Gwyl, Yule, or Iul, and half a dozen similar names, respecting the meaning of which learned antiquaries differ, Gebelin and others stating they convey the idea of revolution, or wheel, while others, equally learned, consider the meaning to be festival, or holy day, Gwyl in Welsh and Geol in Saxon, both signifying a holy day; and as Yule or Iul also signifies ale, an indispensable accompaniment of Saxon and British feasts, they were probably convertible terms. The word Yule may be found in many ancient metrical romances, and some of the old mysteries as applied to Christmas, and is still so used in Scotland and parts of England."

THE OPEN LETTER

In the midst of the hideous clangor of war, is there a chance for the Christmas carol? While the roar of the "Busy Berthas" and the long "75's" rend the air, can the voice of Tiny Tim be heard crying, "God bless us every one"? When the airmen whirl through the sky do they hear echoes of the "music sweet that never was by mortal fingers struck"? When the searchlights sweep the heavens do they find there any trace of the Star of Bethlehem? Has the Prince of Peace no place?

★ ★ ★

Millions now forego the holly and mistletoe to face shrapnel and shell and poison gases. At home the Christmas bells are ringing, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." *Out there* the men are fighting, bleeding, dying, that peace for all mankind may be assured. The world war of today is not for conquest, but rather to conquer the spirit of conquest and to enforce the principles of enduring peace. In a world where conflict has marked the course of existence from the beginning, and the law of the survival of the strongest has cruelly determined the destinies of nations, permanent peace for all mankind must be bought at a terrible price. Its message is not borne to the doors of the nations by the dove with the olive branch, but voiced sternly from the mouth of the cannon.

One hundred years from now the people of the earth will read the history of our time and exclaim: "Oh the wonder of the age and the day when the Peace of all Nations, the blessings of which we now enjoy, was finally achieved! Out of the most awful war in the history of the world emerged the principles that ended war."

★ ★ ★

Is it too much to expect that it shall so be written in history, and that the people of the coming century shall lay their laurels and their blessings on the heads of the millions that are now *out there*—declaring that "these dead shall not have died in vain . . . and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"?

★ ★ ★

That is our Christmas thought, and it is inspired by the faith that though the world is today ablaze with war, these very flames are at work in the cause of humanity. The old order changeth, and we look forward to the dawn of the day when the message of Peace and Good Will shall be heard throughout the world, and the spirit of human fellowship shall prevail in the affairs of mankind.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

Christmas Bells

☆ ☆ ☆

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

—TENNYSON

THE MENTOR *in the* HOME

A PRIZE LETTER FROM A MENTOR READER

MY primary reason for subscribing for The Mentor was to provide myself with the means of using the limited time at my disposal to the best advantage. I was desirous of doing some instructive reading, and I live too far away from a public library to avail myself of the privileges that such an institution affords. Each Mentor contains a vast amount of information in a condensed form, and the pictures make the study of each subject so interesting that there is a pleasure now in reading, which I never could enjoy before.

Then, too, The Mentors can be carried around with one, and spare moments can be used to improve one's mind instead of being wasted. Only last week "The Story of Russia" helped me pass a tedious hour waiting for a train that had been delayed.

I have found The Mentor a great help to my son and daughter in high school. In writing compositions, valuable facts have been found in The Mentor, and this has saved much time hunting in books for information.

Being especially interested in the study of music, and the study of the violin being my particular hobby, the numbers of The Mentor devoted to musical subjects are especially interesting to me.

I have found The Mentor more suited to my needs than any other magazine I have ever seen. I am a married woman, with a family of three children, and have to work too hard to be able to give very much time to study. It is my idea that the business of being a mother is the biggest job that is ever given to women, and it means hard work of many kinds. The opportunities for getting an education are so much better now than they were when many of us mothers were young that most of us are able to give our children opportunities and advantages that we never had. So, if we aim to keep in touch with the interests of our children, we must use our spare moments to the best advantage, and for busy people like myself, with little leisure and less money, The Mentor is a very great help.

MRS. ROY A. GROVER, Gorham, Maine.

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A POPULAR INTEREST IN ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, HISTORY, NATURE, AND TRAVEL

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IT would be difficult to select a more appropriate and more pleasing present than the twenty-four attractive issues of The Mentor that will go to them during the year. Twenty-four times will they look forward with the greatest delight to each issue of The Mentor. Twenty-four times will they be reminded of you. And, in addition to the worth while knowledge contained in each issue, they will receive during the year one hundred and forty-four beautiful gravure pictures, each one suitable for framing.

* * *

SOME very attractive issues are in preparation—numbers that no one can afford to do without. On January 1st will appear "The Picture on the Wall." This number, by text and illustration, will show exactly what pictures are good art, and what pictures everyone should frame and place upon the wall. Then the number dealing with "Lafayette," that noble and chivalrous soldier who during the American Revolution brought a message of sympathy and support from France —this number will tell the story of the great Frenchman, and will be illustrated by many interesting pictures that never before have been gathered together in one article. Later on, such issues as "Russian Literature," "American Composers," "Grant and Lee," "Photography," "Balzac," and "The Metropolitan Museum of Art" will cover many subjects in which everyone is interested, and concerning which everyone should know something. These are but a few of the many interesting numbers that will appear during the coming year, and the twenty-four issues, when gathered together, will make a compact and entertaining little library of knowledge.

* * *

ALL you need do is to send us the names and addresses of your friends. We will enter their membership, commencing with the issue of January 1st, and will send them, FREE, "The Story of Christmas," the annual Christmas number of The Mentor, so that it will reach them as near Christmas Day as possible. We will also send by mail an attractive Christmas card stating that you have presented them with a gift membership in The Mentor Association.

* * *

YOU can do nothing that your friends will appreciate more. Send us their names early—today if possible. We require no money now. Merely send us a postcard with the names and addresses of your friends plainly written upon it, and we will forward you a bill for $4.00 for each subscription, which may be paid after January 1st.

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222 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

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JANUARY 1 1918

SERIAL NO. 146

THE MENTOR

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF
New York Public Library
Print Department

DEPARTMENT OF
FINE ARTS

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 22

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Painter, Picture and Public

THERE is a distinct difference between the painter and the public. There is a positive disagreement between the two, and not a little intolerance on both sides. The difference is largely about the subjects of pictures and the ideas expressed in them. The painter wants to paint one thing, and the average person wants him to paint another thing. The painter wants to picture beauty of color, form, tone, atmosphere, light; the ordinary person wants him to picture historical subjects, such as scenes in the life of Cæsar, Napoleon and Washington, or romantic subjects, some touching love story, or perhaps a simple homely scene of the life that he knows. He wants a little story in paint. In asking for this he overlooks the purely pictorial beauty which of itself is the primary aim of all painting. The charm of color, the sense of the beauty of outdoor nature, the feeling of the artist as shown in the light, form and air painted on his canvas are overlooked because he has not "told a story" in his picture—because he does not make clear to the public just what he means by his art.

This popular notion of Art takes pictures to be simply illustrations. "This is a cow; that is a vase of roses; that is a child crying over a broken doll." The meaning must be so plain and obvious that anyone can get it at a glance. And having got it all, one's interest in that sort of a picture quickly passes away. And then one looks to other subjects—and if he really loves pictures, perhaps *feels* Art without knowing it, he keeps on looking till he finds pictures of lasting interest—the pictures that he loves to live with.

On the other side the artist, extreme perhaps in his ideas—just because of his opposition to the popular point of view—often under estimates the value of an idea or a subject for a picture and gives undue importance to technic. "A broomstick is enough of a subject," he exclaims, "if one can paint it supremely well!" True enough, so far as it goes, but if a painter can paint a broomstick supremely well, why, asks the public, should he choose so ignoble a subject as a broomstick?

And so the public finds fault with the painter for the lack of ideas, and the painter insists that Art should exist for itself alone and that technic is all. The public declares that the artist should furnish it with ideas and stories, and the artist asserts that Art has nothing to do with ideas.

And what is the answer? Be patient, good Public, the artist is giving you ideas even when he is not giving you stories—ideas of light and shade in landscape, of the sweep and surge of the sea, of the amethyst of the hills, of the emerald of the forests, and of the splendor of the sun through its daily travail. And be considerate, Sir Artist, that same public that you rail at with such irritation is training its eyes to learn the meaning of the things of life as you see them. And make no mistake—if your art be all that you believe it to be, the life of it will be determined not by your fellow artists alone, whose good opinion you esteem above all, but by the appraisement of the people today and tomorrow. "Be not afraid," wrote Franz Liszt to Richard Wagner in his black hours, "be not dismayed by what the critics say. The people, though they do not altogether understand you, find a meaning in your art and believe in you." The worth while things of art have lasted. What has been lost to art has not been lost because the people failed of appreciation. Time gives the answer.

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JANUARY 1, 1918

THE WAVE. By Alexander Harrison

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF
Print Department, New York City Public Library

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE SHEPHERD, BY COROT · THE COLOSSEUM, BY PIRANESI · PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER, BY WHISTLER · THE SHEEPFOLD, BY JACQUE · THE DOCTOR, BY FILDES · THE NORTHEASTER, BY HOMER

EDITORIAL NOTE—The pictures selected for illustration of this number are but a small part of the good art of the world. They are printed here as examples of the art that is worthy of a permanent place on the wall. There are thousands of others. The purpose of this Mentor is to suggest good pictures, and the examples referred to here are such as can be found in the art shops at moderate prices.

MAN likes to see pictures on the walls of his home. That liking may find satisfaction in the original painting by Rembrandt that the millionaire railway magnate has acquired for $500,000 and proudly displays in his private gallery, or in the gaudily colored advertisement that some crossing-tender on his road has tacked up in his little coop beside the track. You may trace this instinctive love of decoration to the cave-dwellers, scratching figures of animals on the rocky walls that sheltered them. Fresco-paintings came in later centuries, also forming integral parts of the walls to which they were applied; then came the easel picture, intended to be hung up anywhere. No longer then was the picture a part of the wall, painted with distinct reference to the place it was intended to decorate. It might come down to-morrow to make place for another. The picture's importance became independent.

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Story-Telling Pictures

In the Church of Santa Maria della Grazia, Milan, Italy
THE LAST SUPPER. By Leonardo da Vinci

The pictorial element is the first to attract. In many works of art you will find reflected the life of the people, of their land and age, their costumes and customs, surroundings, habitations, utensils, and weapons. The result is a pictorial history of civilization. The ancient Greek statue, beautiful as a work of art, may show you how the old Greeks adjusted their garments. Gozzoli (got-zoe′-lee), painting the "Procession of the Magi" to Bethlehem, gives a remarkable picture of Florentine costume of the fifteenth century. Fragonard or Chardin (shar′-dahn), reflect the life of the gay nobility and of the more serious middle class in eighteenth century France. Dürer lets sixteenth century Germans pose—in their proper costumes and amid their accustomed surroundings—as Bible characters and saints. Chinese or Japanese painters, while offering the expression of subtle artistic feeling, show the beholder delightful bits of life.

In the Dresden Gallery
THE SISTINE MADONNA
By Raphael

This subject-interest makes today the first appeal. In the Metropolitan Museum in New York, Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Detaille's (dee-tie′), "Battle of Champigny" (shahm-peen′-yeh), and others that illustrate an incident or tell a story, attract crowds, which carefully avoid some special room in which is placed the cream of the collection. The story-telling pictures mentioned are by very able artists. But the subject-interest speaks to most people also from paintings that have little art quality to recommend them, even from the poorest color-prints and the most hideous colored comic supplements.

In the Pitti Palace, Florence
THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
By Raphael

NOTE—The familiar Old Masterpieces shown on this and the opposite page are examples of the very best in art. Such pictures belong forever on the wall.

Good Art in Story Pictures

In the Louvre, Paris
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
By Murillo

As to the story in a picture, there are stories and stories. There is the same difference between them that there is between some droll account of an East Side happening in New York City and a powerful pen-picture of the condition of the people in that region of the metropolis; between a joke concerning the Western wheat farmer and the vivid account of his activity, as we find it in the novel "The Octopus," by the late Frank Norris.

The story quality in pictures naturally has a strong hold on the plain, everyday man. These painted illustrations take the beholder into the realms of fancy, or the glory of battle, or the pomp of ceremony, or the events of everyday life, but always they depict for him the doings of his fellowmen. Of the art with which this is done most observers think only in so far as they note with satisfaction that *nothing has been left unsaid* by the painter—that the satins and silks and kettles and pans are painted to look deceptively like the real thing, not a detail being left to the imagination. Meeting our friends at this point, we can perhaps show them things just as interesting in subject-matter as those that they have been admiring—and better done. We might go with them into the European galleries, in which not a few are crushed into helplessness by the procession of Old Masters, and show them pictures of Dutch peasant life by Ostade (os-tah′-deh); of French eighteenth century gayety by Pater; of the sober bourgeois (boorzh′-wah) life of the same land and period by Chardin; of fifteenth and sixteenth century Venice by Bellini and Carpaccio (kar-patch′-yo); of eighteenth century England by Hogarth and by Morland, Hogarth painting in a vein of satire and moralizing, while Morland pictured rural labor and field sports. And, looking at these, we would see good art, presenting to us subjects that interest us because they meet our fullest human sympathies. Or we might go as far afield as the Japanese color-prints, strange, at first sight quite far from ordinary understanding. And yet when we see how they depict children at play, flying kites, busy at battledore and shuttlecock, blowing soap-bubbles or making snow-men, or women sewing and biting off the thread, applying rouge to the lips, or opening letters

In the Louvre, Paris
MONA LISA
By Leonardo da Vinci

WASHINGTON
By Gilbert Stuart

ELIZABETH BAS
By Rembrandt

BABY STUART
By Van Dyck

with a hair-pin, we feel again those touches that make the whole world kin. The problem, then, is simply this: if story-pictures are desired, they should be selected with care and thought. Not only the subject of the picture should determine choice, but the way in which it is told. Not only a good story is wanted, but also good art.

Racial Feeling in Art

There must be an honest endeavor on our part to understand the national and racial characteristics of art. We cannot, for instance, fully enjoy Dürer's pictures without putting ourselves into the period and country in which they were produced.

Then, back of all, there is the artist himself, through whose mind and temperament the various influences of time and place and race and inherited tendencies converge, as through a prism, to create a product which is the sum of all these influences—plus the artist's personality.

COUNTESS POTOCKA
By Alexandre Kucharski

AGE OF INNOCENCE
By Sir Joshua Reynolds

In Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
WALT WHITMAN
By John W. Alexander

The national feeling is of great importance. Art in its noblest form is the highest expression of its time, in which the aspirations of a people find voice. Here we are getting away from the mere matter of

NOTE—A group of portraits by old and modern masters—entirely different in character, yet all good art, and of enduring interest.

LADY IN BLACK
Portrait by W. M. Chase

HIERONYMUS
HOLZSCHUHER
By Albrecht Dürer

pictorial illustration of the outward form of life of a people—as we see it, for instance, in a Venetian procession by Bellini, or a tavern-scene by Jan Steen, or a bit of French peasant life by Breton, or a Tyrolean episode by Defregger. What I have in mind is the deeper, underlying character and significance of the art of a given time and people. Art is one phase in the development of humanity, one method of expression of thoughts and ideals. The artist must penetrate the outer shell of things, get at deeper meanings, express an inner, spiritual life. To study to look at the matter in this way is no more "highbrow" than is your preference for a writer who has something to say. You prefer a good novel or play to a weak one. The same holds good in regard to pictures.

It is evident that as you turn from the art of one country to another, or one artist to another, you must in a measure readjust yourself, change your point of view, just as when you turn from one language to another. To speak French one must, in a measure, think in French. To study the works of French or Italian or Spanish artists, you must, to an extent, put yourself into their way of seeing and thinking. To read Shakespeare you must feel with Shakespeare. To study and enjoy Rembrandt or Rubens or Reynolds, you must feel

THE SMILING CAVALIER
By Franz Hals

PORTRAIT OF W. M. CHASE
By John Sargent

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
By Thomas Gainsborough

MADAME VIGEE LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER. Painted by herself

THE GLEANERS. By J. F. Millet

THE YOUNG BULL. By Paul Potter

with Rembrandt, Rubens or Reynolds. To go back for a moment to the matter of subject-interest. The *genre* (zshonr) piece, the picture of contemporary manners, has had noteworthy popular successes in the so-called anecdotal *genre*, holding some quite particular occurrence, mostly with a strong dash of the humorous or the pathetic. We see this art at its best in pictures such as Wilkie's "Blind Man's Buff," Landseer's "Shepherd's Chief Mourner," Erskine Nicol's "Disputed Boundary," Defregger's Tyrolean scenes, Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties," and many others. At its worst it appears in paintings that are commonplace illustrations of trite pleasantries or mawkish sentiment, with a certain superficial realism. How many "Grandpapa's Birthdays," "Baby's First Footsteps," "Plighted Troths," "Lovers' Quarrels," and like pictorial offenses have not been committed!

AUTUMN OAKS. By George Inness

The Big Quality in Art

But there are also paintings dealing with general characteristics rather than with individual personalities and scenes. Cases in point are Millet's (mee′-lay) "Angelus," "Man with the Hoe," and—particularly—"The Sower." What a big view of life the last-named painting embraces! Could its subject be more simple? A peasant trudging over the field as the evening shadows close about him, scattering the seed broadcast from the bag suspended from his neck. Story? None beyond just what has been described. But the picture is full of significance. It shows not *a* sower, not a particular one, set out with a cheap

AVENUE AT MIDDLEHARNAIS. By Hobbema

SHEEP—SPRING. By Mauve

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS—MORNING. By Corot

MEADOW BORDERED BY TREES. By Rousseau

rural sentimentality, but *the* sower, the type of his kind. He works in the last glimmer of reflected light from the departed sun, alone with mother earth, the furrows opened to receive the fructifying seed. What a significant and noble conception of labor and its results! How simple and majestic a poem on the great natural mystery of creation!

Such a painting forcibly illustrates the all-important part that the artist's attitude plays in the success of his work. Or, put it in another way: his power to express the impression which scenes and objects and persons make on him.

What Art Means

Art is not a dead copy of nature. "Exact imitation of nature," wrote Taine, "is not the end of art. . . . A good cast is not equal to a good statue." Art is "nature passed through the alembic of men" (Emerson), "nature seen through the prism of an emotion" (Alfred Stevens). Irving Babbitt crisply says that the artist is not "one whose business it is to cheat the intellect rather than to enchant the imagination." Anatole France, again, "In all the arts the artist can only reflect his own soul." And Emerson, once more: "A work of art, of whatever kind, sets us in the same state of mind wherein the artist was when he made it."

VIEW ON THE SEINE. By Homer Martin

The Artist and Ourselves

Thus we have two most important factors. First, for the production of a work of art, the artist's attitude toward

his subject, his ability to feel emotions and to express them. Second, for the enjoyment of a work of art, our attitude towards it as a product of the artist's mind, our willingness to see and feel as he saw and felt.

THE HORSE FAIR. By Rosa Bonheur
A justly famous animal picture

A scripture subject by Rembrandt, a landscape by Corot (korroe) or Inness, a portrait by Holbein or Lenbach, may be cited, at random, as examples of the importance of the artist's attitude toward his model. There is much opportunity of studying this in landscape art. When Amiel said: "A landscape is a condition of the soul," he meant that a landscape will render to you what you see in it, what emotions, what moods your contemplation of it may arouse. Landscape paintings will grow in the strength of their appeal to you in proportion as their painters have drawn from the scenes which they depicted a full measure of the deeper feeling that they could arouse. Paintings by the artists of the Barbizon School (Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny) in France, or by American painters such as George Inness, Homer Martin, A. P. Ryder, A. H. Wyant, H. W. Ranger, will serve to illustrate this point.

IN A CARRIER'S STABLE. By G. Morland

Portraiture would seem at first sight to give the artist little leeway for any expression of individuality. There are plenty of well-painted portraits, presenting outward characteristics with a sufficiently happy touch—not by any means so many in which the artist has probed deeper, laid bare a human soul, given a sympathetic disclosure of personality. Hamerton once happily described the difference between Rembrandt's portraits, and those by so many others, by saying that his had dignity without pretension, and the others pretension without dignity.

THE CHRISTENING. By Jan Steen
A fine example of the Dutch *genre* art, which depicts the simple life of the people

Now all of this has been said not because it has obviously direct connection with the particular pictures that are on your wall or might be there, but because it is basic and fundamental. Our willingness to enter into an artist's

THE SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER
By Sir Edwin Landseer
An example of sentiment and good art combined

HOLLAND CATTLE. By Constant Troyon
Good both as an animal picture and as a landscape

state of mind constitutes the gateway to the fullest enjoyment of a work of art. One must *live* a work of art with its author, and the test is, that you can live with it and that it does not pall.

Choosing Pictures

Do not be afraid to have an opinion—but be sure that there is a reason for it. The mind should enter into the enjoyment of art. It will not do to say "I don't know anything of art, but I know what I like." A well-known American painter was wont to reply to that statement: "So do the cows in the field." No, as one critic has put it, the thing to say is: "I know *why* I like." One's likes should be based on reason; one should *think* before one *prefers*. This does not imply an "exalted" attitude, leading to the bad taste of superciliousness. Broad-mindedness, catholicity, are always to be commended. And the other person has a right to opinions, provided that they are bred by reflection, and not born of an unthinking brain. In so far as he honestly, intelligently, enjoys the sort of art that strikes his fancy, that art enters into his life. Art is the expression of a love of beauty, and many people, well-educated people, who look upon so-called "high art" as something rather above them, which for very awe they do not learn to know as they should, may yet be applying æsthetic principles every day in choosing a necktie that is becoming, arranging a bouquet of flowers, preferring one building to another, or finding one person handsomer than another. The love of beauty may find expression in the designing of a gown, the decoration and furnishing of a home, the laying out of a park, the designing of a poster, the government control of the sky-line of buildings on a street, and of advertising posters and signs. The regard for beauty in the surroundings of our daily existence is as necessary to the mind as fresh air is to the body. It should be as natural to exercise it as to use the table-knife for cutting purposes only.

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.
LIGHT POST COACH
Painted by James Pollard; engraved by F. Rosenbourg

The decoration of our walls is an important form of expression of ourselves—a way in which we can display our taste. After all, it seems fairly simple. What should we demand of a picture? Why, that it have something to tell us, and that it tells it well. To tell *us*, mind you. To tell *you*—you, the one who lives within the walls on which the pictures are to hang. It is *your* life that the pictures are to enter into, and beautify. Yours the choice, yours the enjoyment and satisfaction. And, the choice should be worthy of yourself. The walls of a room, with their decoration, are a measure of the taste of the occupant of the room.

MOONLIGHT—WOOD'S ISLAND LIGHT
By Winslow Homer

THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE. By J. M. W. Turner

THE ROARING FORTIES. By Frederick Waugh

Art Prints

What has been said of art in general and pictures in particular holds good—especially from the point of view of wall decoration—for prints. Prints (which term covers etchings, engravings on copper or steel or wood, lithographs, in fact all pictures produced by printing in any form) have this great advantage, that they can be circulated so as to bring the same picture before many people in many places. The painting that hangs in the National Gallery in London, the Louvre in Paris, the Pinakothek in Munich, the Hermitage in Petrograd, the Pitti Palace in Florence, the Metropolitan Museum in New York, or the Art Institute in Chicago, can be seen and studied only in the place in which it is located. The print, whether it be a reproduction of such a painting or an independent work of art, exists in each case in a number of copies—or impressions, to be more correct—which may be scattered all over the world, and give pleasure to many people in many places.

The print lacks one strong appeal of the painting—color—for most prints are in black and white. But it makes its own forcible bid for our interest, it has its own characteristics, and it has possibilities, at its best, of a delightful intimacy, which it is our privilege to enjoy. Where a man

Courtesy of Print Department, New York Public Library
PONTE DEL TRINITA, FLORENCE. By E. D. Roth
This and Pennell's picture below are fine examples of etching

might have one painting, he can have a dozen, or fifty, or a hundred prints. The field of print, while apparently a restricted one, is in reality exceedingly broad, and offers you the most varied and numerous possibilities of quiet enjoyment. There are a number of quite different methods of producing prints: etching, dry-point, aquatint, soft-ground etching, line engraving on copper and steel, mezzotint, stipple, wood-engraving, photography and lithography. Each of these has its well defined characteristics. Each is particularly well suited for special kinds of work. Certain of them have been especially identified with particular periods or nations or classes of people. And added to all these we have today the wide and varied development of "process" work, the so-called "photo-mechanical" processes—photogravure, half-tone, zinc-etching, three-color process, etc.

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.
NEW YORK VIEW. By Joseph Pennell

© Curtis & Cameron
HOSEA
By John Sargent
One of the figures in the famous mural painting of "The Prophets" in the Boston Public Library

To choose well from the products of these processes pictures that you can hang on your wall and that you will care to keep there and look at *with your mind through your eye*—that is your privilege.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

ART FOR ART'S SAKE *By John C. Van Dyke*
Illustrated

THE MEANING OF PICTURES
Illustrated *By John C. Van Dyke*

HOW TO APPRECIATE PRINTS
Illustrated *By Frank Weitenkampf*

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Illustrated

SCHOOLS AND MASTERS OF PAINTING
Illustrated *By A. G. Radcliffe*

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS
Illustrated *By Lorinda M. Bryant*

GUIDE TO PICTURES FOR BEGINNERS AND STUDENTS *By C. H. Caffin*

HOW TO JUDGE OF A PICTURE
Illustrated *By John C. Van Dyke*

***Information concerning these books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

I take it that there are pictures on the wall in every home in the world. The love of pictures is universal. The pictures that we put on the wall are, of course, the pictures that we like. Whether as a boy or girl, having one's own particular room at home to decorate according to choice, or man and wife making the common home attractive, or a single individual, living in apartments and seeking for a pleasing effect on the wall—in each case the condition is the same. The picture on the wall expresses the taste of the one that puts it there. We are all credited or convicted by our pictures.

★ ★ ★

A young woman would not appear at a disadvantage in her dress or conversation. She gives thought and judgment to these matters. A young man seeks the things that are most to his advantage. Young married folks want a home that shows that they know something and have some taste. All this is natural and right. It is simply following the line of human progress and development. It is inspired by the desire, inherent in most of us, to improve ourselves and make the most of our conditions. Then, young woman, with your own particular room in your parents' home; and young man or woman with your own quarters where you live your individual life; and young married folks, who are building up your new home—what about the picture on the wall? You have given a good deal of attention to the selection of your linen and silver, your curtains and rugs and furniture. Have you given like attention to the selection of your pictures? Do you want to have your friends come into your house, find enjoyment in your society and satisfaction in your hospitality—and then go away in wonder and amazement at the queer assortment of pictures on your walls?

★ ★ ★

Some give it all over to the interior decorator and rest content with the results. A comfortable way to settle the matter, if one has the comfortable means to settle the bill. But what does that mean? In that case one may not even know what one's pictures are—not even know that they are good when a discerning, intelligent friend says that they are. One can only say: "They ought to be good, for I paid a good price for them"—like those that fill up their libraries by contract and never even cut the leaves of their books.

Pictures and books are not material assets for display purposes. They are friends to live with—to know and love and to make part of our lives. "That picture means something to me. I know that it is good and I know why it is. I see more in it the longer I live with it." Can we say that of the picture on our wall? If we can, we know the real benefit and joy of art.

This number of The Mentor points out some of the qualities that one should look for in good art. If more information be wanted, that admirable little book by Professor John C. Van Dyke, "How to Judge of a Picture," will be a great help. After all your reading, however, the matter will finally rest with you. It will be your taste and judgment that will determine your choice. So read, look and listen! Read good books on art. Look at good reproductions of masterpieces. Note what intelligent lovers of art have to say of these works. In observing pictures, put yourself in touch with each artist in turn, enter into his point of view so as to see as far as possible with his eyes, and so estimate his art appreciatively.

★ ★ ★

"But what qualities shall I consider in choosing my pictures?" you ask. First of all, be honest with yourself. Don't choose pictures just because someone else says they are good, if they don't appeal to you. Get the message of art yourself. Pick out a picture that imparts that message to you—a message that appeals to you by its truth and sincerity, that lifts you out of yourself, that makes you feel better for dwelling on it—a picture that you want to live with always because it inspires you by its very companionship. It may be a portrait, it may be a landscape, it may be a sweep of ocean view, or a gentle scene in home life—whatever the subject may be, if the workmanship is good, if the expression is clear and eloquent, and if it stirs you with its fine message, be sure you may treasure it as one of your own chosen bits of art.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

THE NOMAD CARAVAN—A PRIZE LETTER

Edith Allison sat in the porch swing and gazed at her wrist watch with something akin to consternation in her eyes. Here it was three o'clock! That committee of which she was chairman was scheduled to meet at four, on this very veranda, and as yet not one feasible plan had she been able to concoct. She, the girl reputed to be so full of resource!

"Well," thought she, "I've half a notion to phone the girls not to come, for there's no use in—" But the sentence remained incomplete, for the postman came up the driveway at that very instant, a large buff envelope in his hand.

"Glory be! The very thing!" And Edith fairly bounced out of the swing.

"What's the excitement?" laughed the mail-carrier.

"To put it mildly," explained the girl, "I was up against it. Mr. Bishop, the educational director of our church, asked me to get up some novel and unique idea for the older young people of our congregation, in order to bring them together twice a month during the winter and spring. He wanted to retain the club idea, with its social and literary features, and yet have it different from anything that ever was."

"Whew!" whistled the postman. "Do you think you can fill that order with *this*?" and he handed her The Mentor.

"Indeed, I know I can. I will do some thinking over The Mentor during the next half hour."

* * *

As a result of that committee meeting, Edith met Mr. Bishop the next morning with a radiant face.

"You see," she began eagerly, "it's really a sugar-coated Travel Club, only it would never do to call it anything so bromidic as that. We all have the wanderlust at times, and therefore are nomads at heart, so why not call it the Nomad Club? Instead of a president, we'll call the presiding officer 'Sheik'; instead of a secretary, we'll have a 'Scribe,' and those are really the only two officers needed since there are to be no dues. The membership will comprise a 'caravan,' and when we meet each other, instead of the prosaic 'How-d'y'-do,' we can say 'Salaam.'"

"I get your idea," agreed Mr. Bishop, as she paused for breath, "although in true feminine style, you've explained the non-essentials first. Where are you going to get new and interesting material for your travel programs?"

"Don't you worry," she retorted, "we've planned all that. In the first place, you and I are the only ones among our young people who subscribe for The Mentor, so I've based our program on it. There—"

"But," interrupted Mr. Bishop, "The Mentor deals with many things besides travel, and I doubt whether you'll have enough numbers to last through the year. Let's see. I remember reading Elmendorf's articles on Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, Spain and Holland."

"Yes, and on Egypt, Japan, India, China, Palestine and the Philippines," supplemented Edith. "Before next May there surely will be one or two more travel magazines. A South American series is running now in The Mentor. We planned for sixteen meetings, fourteen of which will be program meetings. The last meeting will be a gypsy banquet—details to be worked out later. The first meeting will be chock full of novelty. We'll use the church parlor, and have a tripod with a black kettle hung under it and a make-believe campfire. The ceremonies of the evening will center around this. We'll have a processional to begin with as a sort of setting for the caravan idea. We've planned a little initiation ceremony for the Sheik and Scribe, bringing in the virtues that nomads should possess, kindness to strangers, for instance. They're to have symbols of out-of-door life to place around the campfire as the course for the year is outlined—perhaps something representative of each country that we shall study."

* * *

The plan worked finely, and at the gypsy banquet held the following May, every one of the twenty-four Nomads was present. The gay "Do you remembers" served as a review of the year's work. Week-end hikes to the mountains, in true nomadic style, were recalled, that had developed out of the good comradeship that the caravan had inspired. It was only natural that the subject of vacations should come up during the course of the evening.

"We are going to knit for the soldiers a great deal this summer, in our neighborhood," said one young woman, "and I believe I'll suggest taking turns reading some of the Mentors."

"Since you'll be knitting for heroes, why not study heroes and heroines?" said the quick-witted Edith. "The Mentor has a series that includes Washington, Napoleon, Lincoln, Cromwell, Joan of Arc, and somebody else—I forget the sixth one, anyway they have it."

"Oh say," called out one of the young men, "Miss Bureau-of-Information, a bunch of us fellows will take a hiking trip this summer; what would you suggest that *we* take to read?"

"Why, you'll be candidates for the series that treats of life in the open," laughed Edith. "There are Mentors on Game Animals of America, on Wild Flowers, Game Birds, and several others. If you'll come down, I'll give you a list and you can send for them. That gives me an idea"—Edith rose and tapped for silence. "Everybody listen a moment," said she; "it may be that next fall when the Caravan is called together, some of us will be teaching school in other cities, some of our boys may be in France, some of us in places of business in other states. But wherever we are, let's find congenial friends for a reading club. The Mentor Club Service is at your disposal. It will outline courses in Art, Music, Travel, Literature, Science,—in fact, courses that will fill the requirements of any club you might choose to organize. We've had so much fun, and gained so much from our one year together, we must pass it on. Everyone in favor, say 'Aye!'" The hearty response showed that Mentor seed had been planted in good soil. Here's hoping it may bear much fruit and increase the Mentor Service a hundred fold.

MRS. C. T. STONE
Pasadena, California

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During the past few months more than 400,000 previous issues of The Mentor have been purchased by the members of the rapidly growing Mentor Association. The idea of "Learning One Thing Every Day" is conveyed just as much through the previous issues of The Mentor, as it is through the current numbers. The foundation of The Mentor has been laid on things that are worth while, which gives them great permanent value. In reading through the list you are going to find a very large number of titles covering subjects that are of the keenest interest to you. It would be next to impossible for you to obtain this compact information with the attractive illustrations, from any other source.

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JANUARY 15 1918 SERIAL NO. 147

THE MENTOR

LAFAYETTE

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government
Harvard University

DEPARTMENT OF BIOGRAPHY

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Lafayette, Lover of Liberty

Lafayette died on May 20, 1834. On the 6th of September following a memorial meeting was held in Fanueil Hall, Boston, and Edward Everett, the most distinguished orator of his day, delivered a glowing and eloquent eulogy on the departed patriot. At the back of the platform hung a portrait of Washington, and beside the canvas stood a marble bust of Lafayette. In closing his oration, Mr. Everett turned and addressed his final sentence to the canvas and the marble.

"What was it which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness:—to the sanctity of plighted faith, to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *The love of liberty protected by law.*

"You have now assembled within these renowned walls to perform the duties of respect and love,—on the birthday of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place.

"Listen, Americans, to the lesson, which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye winds, that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips, teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!"

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF BIOGRAPHY
JANUARY 15, 1918

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON (1784). By Rossiter and Mignon

LAFAYETTE

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
Professor of Government, Harvard University

MENTOR GRAVURES

LAFAYETTE, BY BOILLY · AMERICA'S FIRST ALLY, BY PERCY MORAN · MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE · CHATEAU DE LA GRANGE—BLENEAU · LAFAYETTE MONUMENT, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, N. Y. · LAFAYETTE THE MATURE, BY ARY SCHEFFER

THE world loves a soldier, not merely because he is dashing and well appareled, not simply because he is good-looking and bold and fearless, but because he represents the gallantry, the devotion, the self-sacrifice which has for ages been supposed to be the highest trait in manly character. Whether our khaki-clad heroes walk, dance, or march, we think of them as the souls of chivalry, as ready to save a life as to risk their own. Thank Heaven that we have an imperishable list of gallant soldiers in our American annals, all the way from doughty Myles Standish, peppery Sir William Phipps, and fearless Hannah Dustin, hatcheting her Indian captors, through Israel Putnam, and brave Joseph Warren, and bellicose Andrew Jackson, and "give-them-a-little-more-grape-Captain-Bragg" to Farragut, lashed to the shrouds, and Jeb Stuart, the golden-haired cavalryman, and Custer dying in the midst of a circle of dead Indian foes, and Victor Blue, "carrying the message to Garcia." Histories, biographies,

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story-books, school-books, all are full of brave men and steadfast women who lifted the standard of human nature, with their "deeds of deringdo."

LAFAYETTE AS AMERICAN MAJOR-GENERAL
From a portrait by A. Chappel

Young Lafayette

Among the splendid company of glorious soldier souls, one stands out as immortally American, though he spent only about fifty months out of his seventy-seven years of life in the New World. This Monseigneur Marie-Joseph-Paul-Yves-Roch-Gilbert Motier de Lafayette, son of Monseigneur Michel-Louis-Christophe-Roch-Gilbert Dumotier marquis de Lafayette, baron de Vissac, lord of Saint-Romain and other places is known to the affectionate American heart as simply "Lafayette," a name perpetuated in counties in seven of the states of the Union, and in twenty-four other places within our boundaries. In all the brilliant galaxy of heroes, next to Washington stands Lafayette as the distinguished figure, the high-minded soldier, the cordial friend, the warm-hearted companion, the untiring and successful commander.

The Government of the United States at present thinks no youth under twenty-one competent to receive a commission as second lieutenant. Lafayette reached the United States about two months before his twentieth birthday, and Congress speedily made this stripling a major-general —a compliment intended at the time more for his country, his social connections, and his influence than to a soldier whose only experience had been that of a junior officer in a peace regiment. At first sight of General Washington the gallant young Frenchman was carried away by "the majesty of his countenance and of his figure—the affability of his manners and the dignity with which he addressed those about him." Washington instantly placed him on the staff, and to the day of his death felt for the young man the affection and the pride of a father.

LAFAYETTE
From a portrait by J. Guerin

What sent this young and gifted noble away from France, where everything promised a brilliant career, this member of a distinguished family, the son of an officer, owner of a great estate, married at the age of sixteen and a half

years to the daughter of the Duc de Noailles with 200,000 crowns dowry, this associate of the highest in rank and education? He later recorded that, at a dinner held about four months after the battle of Lexington and Concord, he learned that the American colonists were fighting against their mother country, Great Britain, and "before he left the table the thought came into his head, that he would go to America and offer his services to a people who were struggling for freedom and independence." In due time he offered his services to Silas Deane, the American representative at Paris, agreed with him to go to America, and made his departure under the assumed name of "Sieur Gilbert de Mottie, twenty years old, tall, and with light hair." His young wife encouraged him; he defied royal orders to remain; and that is how he landed in America, on June 5, 1777.

LAFAYETTE
From portrait painted by L. Barre

LAFAYETTE AS A GENERAL OF MILITIA
in Paris. From a rare unpublished print in the collection of Godefroy Meyer, Paris

Major-General Lafayette

Though not the first nor the last of the great Frenchmen who took up the cause of the enemies against their hereditary enemy, Great Britain, Lafayette brought a reënforcement of immense value to the struggling patriots. He did what Pershing has done in our times, by landing in France. He brought some men with him, but they were only the heralds of the men, ships, guns, munitions, and moral support, which were destined to turn the tide of war. With him came that excellent soldier Baron de Kalb, who shared in his popularity and was also made major-general.

Lafayette's first experience with the American army he himself thus described: "About eleven thousand men, rather poorly armed, and much worse clad, presented a singular appearance. In the midst of a great variety of clothing, sometimes even of nakedness, the best garments were a sort of hunting-shirts, loose jackets made of gray linen, very common in Carolina. They were

LAFAYETTE
at the conclusion of the Virginia Campaign, 1781. This portrait was dedicated to Washington

always drawn up in two ranks, the small men in front; but with this exception there was no distinction made as to size. In spite of these disadvantages, however, they were fine soldiers and led by zealous officers. Bravery took the place with them of science, and every day improved their experience and their discipline." When Washington intimated that things must seem unusual to a French soldier, Lafayette made the quick and memorable reply: "I am here to learn and not to teach." Indeed, no foreigner could more quickly and more completely grasp the American spirit.

LA GRANGE—BLENEAU. Residence of Lafayette

ADRIENNE DE NOAILLES, Marquise de Lafayette. From a miniature in the possession of the family

Active service quickly opened up for the young major-general. He was with Washington at the Brandywine, where he sprang to the front and did his best to rally the retreating troops, at Chadd's Ford, and received his baptism of blood by a shot in the leg, yet continued to do his best to check the rout. To his wife he wrote: "I trust, my dear heart, that you will not be uneasy about me." Before his wound was healed he was again engaged in a little fight at Gloucester, New Jersey, where under General Greene he had a small command of his own. Then he was made commander of a division, of which he was obliged to say: "It is weak in point of numbers at present, even in proportion to the weakness of the whole army; it is almost naked, though I have been promised cloth out of which I shall make clothes, and recruits out of which soldiers must be made." No service was possible during the memorable winter of 1777-1778 when the army lay at Valley Forge.

LAFAYETTE reviewing the citizen soldiers in Paris

Then Congress designated him as one of three commanders to lead an army to Canada.

With his characteristic vigor he started for Albany, only to discover that he was not provided with money or with a force sufficient for his purpose. He found himself in the midst of the infamous Conway cabal, and manfully stood by his chief, Washington.

The French Army of Relief

The treaty of alliance with France in 1778 changed Lafayette's status from that of a volunteer who had slipped away against the wishes and commands of his own king, into that of a representative of a powerful military ally, till French troops could reach the country. Lafayette continued in the American service, and the British all but bagged him at Barren Hill, where he had betaken himself in a somewhat rash reconnaissance toward Philadelphia. When the British retreated across New Jersey, Lafayette as usual pushed with all his might for an attack, manfully accepted a command under Lee, and when that officer at the battle of Monmouth traitorously attempted to cause the defeat of his own army, Lafayette stood his ground as best he could.

LAFAYETTE
in an interview with Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette

MAJOR-GENERAL
LAFAYETTE
From portrait by Le Vacher

When, later in the year 1778, the French fleet under D'Estaing brought the first actual French reinforcement, Lafayette was made joint commander of the American army which was to coöperate with the French fleet in the capture of Newport. The attack failed, and Lafayette again planned an invasion of Canada, at the head of a French force, a plan contrary to Washington's policy. Meanwhile general war broke out between France and England; and in January, 1779, he returned to France, and there had a decided influence in the plans for sending

LAFAYETTE OFFERING THE TRI-COLOR COCKADE
to the Municipality of Paris, August, 1789

LAFAYETTE AND FAMILY IN PRISON AT OLMÜTZ
From a painting by Ary Scheffer

a French army as well as a naval force to the relief of the Americans, whose cause was at its darkest hour. The command of this force, which came out in 1780, was given to Rochambeau, with Lafayette, who by this time was twenty-three years old, as a sort of official representative of France, though he retained his commission in the American army and visited West Point the day before the treason of Arnold failed. Lafayette's last opportunity for personal service to the American cause was in the final and triumphant campaign against Cornwallis. In February, 1781, he again took the field at the Head of Elk in Upper Chesapeake Bay. He pledged his own credit at Baltimore for the clothing of his troops, and the shoes that were bought with the guineas borrowed by Major-General Lafayette enabled some of the marching men to aid in defending Virginia against Cornwallis. This was Lafayette's only independent command, and it prepared the way for the brilliant joint campaign of Americans and Frenchmen that ended the war. In August, 1781, the Comte de Grasse with a French fleet blocked the entrance to the Chesapeake, and thus fended off aid to the beleaguered troops of Cornwallis, who were trapped in Yorktown. Meanwhile, Washington and Rochambeau marched southward jointly, were found by Lafayette, and on October 17th Cornwallis surrendered his whole army. The war was practically over, and the twenty-four-year-old hero returned to his own country.

LANDING OF LAFAYETTE AT CASTLE GARDEN
on his visit to the United States in August, 1824. From a drawing by Imbert

LAFAYETTE'S SWORD

MEDAL PRESENTED TO LAFAYETTE
by the Twenty-seventh New York Artillery on Washington's Birthday, 1832

Lafayette the Statesman

To the end of his days, Lafayette remained the friend, admirer, and defender of the United States—and, in return, he was always held as an idol in the hearts of the American people. In 1784-1785 he made a six-months' visit to this country, and was everywhere received with acclaim. Later, his experience in America was the basis of a new service to his own country, which no one else could have rendered. When the French Revolution broke out in

WATCH PRESENTED TO LAFAYETTE BY WASHINGTON

REVERSE SIDE OF THE SWORD

1789, and things American were in fashion, General Lafayette was a member of the famous States-General, where, after the taking of the Bastille, he presided for a time over the National Assembly. He was made commandant-general of the Parisian militia, and when the storm burst he attempted to protect the royal family. The Revolution speedily outran him, and though he was placed at the head of the army on the eastern frontier, the revolution government proscribed him, and in 1792 he was obliged to flee the country to save his life, and for five years was an inmate of Prussian and Austrian prisons. Escaping thence, he returned to France, but there was no place for him in the court of the rising Napoleon, and as in the case of many another French grandee and revolutionary statesman, his light seemed to be extinguished.

When the Bourbons came back to France, this general of the American Revolution and of France, this nobleman of the ancient regime, this well-wisher of Louis XVI and his ill-fated family, entered the parliamentary government of the Restoration. In America his star was still brighter, and in 1824, on the express invitation of President Monroe, Lafayette for the fourth time set sail for America. Never since the journeys of Washington from Mount Vernon to New York and from New York to New England, had there been such a triumphal tour. Two hundred thousand people welcomed him on his arrival in New York. He passed from place to place as the guest of the nation. He was received with great honors at Harvard College, visited the battlefield of Bunker Hill and paid his respects to John Adams, then nearing the end of his notable life. He returned to a ball at Castle Garden, revisited the scene of his wound at Chadd's Ford, was received in state at the national capital, and Congress substantially showed its gratitude by voting him a township of

MEETING OF LAFAYETTE AND ANDREW JACKSON
at the Hermitage, 1824

land. He took part in a celebration of the surrender at Yorktown, mourned at the tomb of Washington at Mt. Vernon, and everywhere was acclaimed as the national friend and hero.

For the third time in his life Lafayette was called to stand at the head of great affairs. When in 1830 the Bourbons in France were swept out of the throne, Lafayette by common consent stepped forward as a kind of dictator for the time being; and it was through his influence that the nation accepted the Orleans Louis Philippe king. Thus in his last days he returned to the experiences of his brilliant youth as a great national figure, a councillor of kings, and a general of the people.

Giving Back to Lafayette

In these times it is fitting to remember the passionate devotion of Lafayette and many of his friends to the cause of a republic which was almost perishing under the blows of an enemy. Lafayette drew glory, fame, and the plaudits of two nations by his American service; but he began with adhesion to a cause in which he had to brave hardship, danger, and destruction. He gave his money, his years, his reputation, and he gave far more than all that—he gave his belief in the cause of the distressed American colonies, he shared their determination never to return to the mastery of an external power. It is hardly conceivable that the French Government would have furnished that aid without which the little American Republic would have perished but for the example and the entreaties of Lafayette.

Could it ever have entered the mind of the French general and states-

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LAFAYETTE
Union Square, New York City. In the background is the huge wooden model battleship built for a recruiting station

LAFAYETTE MEMORIAL, Lafayette Square, Washington
This work, designed by the French sculptors, Falquiere and Mercie, was erected by Congress in memory of the noble Frenchmen who lent their aid in the Revolution. Lafayette, in bronze, surmounts the pedestal, which contains also figures of Rochambeau and Duportail, of the Army, and D'Estaing and De Grasse, of the Navy

LAFAYETTE. By Thomas Sully
In Independence Hall, Philadelphia

DECORATIONS ABOUT STATUE OF LAFAYETTE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
on the occasion of the visit of Gen. Joffre and the French mission, 1917

man that the time might come when the proud nation of France would need allies? When American generals, American ships and American troops would remember his warm and generous spirit, his passionate belief in the principle of free government, his willingness to do or die for the cause of another people besides his own? Some debts can never be paid to those from whom they were incurred; but grandchildren and great-grandchildren may receive the reward of services rendered by men who have long since passed into mould. Lafayette was the champion of world citizenship, of the brotherhood of republics, of the kinship of those who stand for human freedom. The man was great; the work that he did was greater. The man was long-lived, and his friendship for America has lasted for near a century after he passed from earth. In our day we seek to give back to Lafayette's countrymen something of his magnificent gifts to our fathers.

The death of Lafayette, in 1834, cast a shadow of sorrow across the surface of the civilized world. In America the expression of grief was deep-seated and sincere. Bells tolled and memorial meetings were held in many places.

Members of Congress were commanded to wear the badge of sorrow for thirty days, and thousands of the people joined them in this outward expression of the grief that filled their hearts.

From a thoughtful and intelligent student of Lafayette's career, we draw the following just estimate of his character and life accomplishment:

"His services to his own country and to America were many and valuable. But his personal example of character, integrity, and constancy was even more to America and to the world than his distinct services. What he *was* endeared him to all Americans, even more than the things he *did*.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE STATUE
Manhattan Ave. and 114th Street, New York

GENERAL PERSHING AT THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE (1917)

He gave his whole soul in youth to his world-wide dream of freedom—freedom under a constitution guaranteeing it, through public order, to every human being. He found himself in a world where monarchial government seemed the destiny and habit of mankind. He thought it a bad habit—one that ought to be broken. Sincerely and passionately believing this, he was willing to die in the service of any people who were ready to make the struggle against the existing national traditions. He made mistakes; he made the mistake of trusting Louis Philippe. In doing this he had with him the whole French people. But let it be said on the other hand that he did not make the mistake of trusting Bonaparte, whose blandishments he resisted during the whole passage of that meteor. And he was making no mistake when, to the very end of his life, he remained true to his love for the land he had aided in his youth. His visions did not all come true in exactly the shape he devised, but to the last he retained a glorious confidence that they would ultimately be realized in full." If Lafayette lived today might he not see clearly the fulfilment of his visions in the near future?

THE CHILDREN'S STATUE OF LAFAYETTE
This statue, designed by the sculptor, Paul Wayland Bartlett, was a gift to France, in 1908, from five million American school children. It stands in a court of the Louvre, Paris.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

LE GÉNÉRAL LAFAYETTE — *By Etienne Charavay*
Paris, 1898. Carefully studied, and illustrated with facsimiles, cartoons, portraits, etc.

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION — *By Charlemagne Tower, Jr.*
The standard account of Lafayette in America, with maps.

LIFE OF LAFAYETTE (2 vols.) — *By Bayard Tuckerman*

LAFAYETTE. Illustrated — *By M. F. Crowe*
A popular and interesting little book.

THE TRUE STORY OF LAFAYETTE. Illustrated
A brief, graphic biography. — *By E. S. Brooks*

LIFE OF LAFAYETTE — *By P. C. Headley*

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE LAFAYETTES — *By Edith Sichel*

***Information concerning these books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

Can any of our readers tell us something about the portrait placque of Lafayette that we print on this page? It was sent in by a member of The Mentor Association who lives in Hartford, Connecticut. The original placque is 3½ by 4½ inches. It is made of plaster of Paris, and is set in a thin, wooden frame. With it came this note:

I live in a house built in 1780. This placque of Lafayette must be over 100 years old. I send it to you thinking it might be of interest at this time.

It is evidently a portrait of the mature Lafayette. The placque may have been a souvenir of the General's visiting tour in the United States in 1824.

★ ★ ★

The story of the French officer, told in the Open Letter a short time ago, brought many stirring messages in response—notably the following:

Your letter in the October issue touched me deeply—where the loyal French soldier pressed the sod to his lips and exclaimed, "For France! France!" This was the more moving to me because of the fact that one of my family had just completed a poem that touches on this theme. I am enclosing for you a copy of these verses, full of tender appeal and soul-felt loyalty, just as when that other soldier of France kissed the sod.

Perhaps I should now tell you that this poem was written by "my little chum" and granddaughter, but just twelve years old. I am sure you would never discover a child thought or expression, had I not told this. F. H. W.

THE BUGLE CALL

"Somewhere In France"

By Catherine Parmenter

Upon the bare, deserted battlefield
A wounded poilu, suffering, shaken, lay,
And on his battered cheek, with awful heat,
The sun, impassioned, spread its scorching ray.

Then, clearly ringing o'er the ruined field,
The Bugle Call resounded far and wide.
It summoned every man within its reach
To fight for Truth, lest France be crucified.

The wounded poilu heard the bugle's cry,
And in his heart he lived the battle o'er;
While his weak body fought the fight with Death,
He dimly saw, through mist, the Other Shore.

Then later, in the gray of dawn, he died:
From bitter War came sweet Deliverance;
The Bugle Call had stirred his loyal soul,
And guarded, cherished in his heart, was France.

PORTRAIT PLAQUE OF LAFAYETTE

The prize letters have been selected, and some of them have already been printed in The Mentor. We have had all kinds of nice letters from the winners, and from some that did not win but were glad to compete ("for the sake of telling us how much they thought of The Mentor"—as several of them put it). Miss Hester Fulton, one of the prize winners, has written as follows:

I am very much pleased. You ought to ask what we are going to do with our prize money. I, for one, intend to put mine away for next year's subscription to The Mentor.

A very frugal and thrifty thought, and we appreciate it. I plant Miss Fulton's suggestion here on this page as a promising little seed, hoping it may bear fruit in the minds of others.

★ ★ ★

In a recent interview William Maxwell, vice-president of the Thomas A. Edison Company, stated what he would do if he were twenty-one again. Among the items was the following:

Were I twenty-one again, I should do a great deal of reading. Six hours each week of serious reading is not much, but it may mean the difference between the $20,000 a year executive and the $25 a week clerk.

We are glad to print this from so authoritative a source, for it states in a few forcible words one of the chief advantages that we have always claimed for the Mentor Plan. Our legends have been "Learn one thing every day," "Make the spare moment count," "Turn your odd moments into gold." Could we have any better confirmation of the soundness of The Mentor contention than Mr. Maxwell's words? The way of knowledge is the way of success, and the aim and purpose of The Mentor is to give its members, in a concise and interesting way, the essential things that they should know in the various fields of knowledge. And above all, The Mentor cherishes the idea that the path of knowledge should not be one of irksome toil and tribulation, but one of joy and satisfaction.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

THE PROGRESS CLUB

A Mentor Prize Letter

There are twenty-five of us girls working in the same office. One day in a discussion a girl said, "Have you ever noticed that when one is through school or college and begins earning her own livelihood, how one soon relaxes, and, finally, drops all educational pursuits? It isn't long before we discover that we are not advancing, but, in fact, slipping into a rut—going backward, and growing dull on subjects we were once certain that we would never forget."

We all admitted that this was indeed true. A few of the girls were college graduates, some had a fair education, some scarcely any. That very day we organized, with our manager's consent, a club which we called "Progress," and devoted an hour each week to our meetings. We first took up current events; but, after a few weeks, we found that the subjects did not hold the entire attention and interest of everyone present for the hour. The officers held a meeting to find some better method of making our hour mean something real to everyone of us.

A few days later, the president rushed in all excited, exclaiming, "Girls, I have the very thing." She told of finding "The Mentor" on a table at a public library, and that her eye was caught by the legend: "Learn one thing every day." A committee investigated, and, as a result, it was decided to subscribe for one year. That brought up the question of funds. So a collection was taken to pay the subscription, and, thereafter, regular dues were imposed.

The first "Mentor" produced much comment and enthusiasm. Then the officer decided how everyone could obtain benefit from the one book in one short hour. It was decided that one of the members (each would have a turn) was to read aloud from "The Mentor." The rest of us were assigned references which we "looked up" during the week and then reported at our weekly meetings. In that way we took advantage of the supplementary reading which "The Mentor" so helpfully gives us.

We found an hour was entirely too short to cover everything thoroughly, so now one "Mentor" does for two meetings and sometimes three; for we enjoy it so much that the enthusiasm does not wane. One picture each day is put in a certain place in the main office, where we may in our spare moments "Learn one thing every day." We all think it an excellent arrangement, as it gives everyone an opportunity to see and read the pictures.

We started this club over a year ago, and every "Mentor" to-day is greeted with eager interest. We all say we can see a marked improvement in our members,—we have truly progressed, and it is all due to our great teacher,—"The Mentor."

As soon as we accumulate twenty-five back copies they are distributed to the members for "keeps." This creates an interest in the home of each member. Some have framed their pictures. I know several of the members' families circulate the back copies around, and finally have subscribed themselves—that being the case with myself. I cannot get along without "The Mentor." I know of nothing that could bring greater value and interest to so many in such a short time as our "Mentor" has.

HESTER FULTON,
Chicago, Ills.

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

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THE MENTOR

AMERICAN COMPOSERS

By W. J. HENDERSON
Author and Critic

DEPARTMENT
OF MUSIC

VOLUME 5
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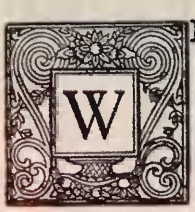
The Star-Spangled Banner



HAT is well begun is oft well done. So let us begin with "The Star-Spangled Banner." Functions of national interest are rousingly introduced by the National Song. It strikes the right heart-note and inspires all with patriotic sentiment. The very act of standing while singing the National Song is, in itself, a positive and definite assertion—a fervent affirmation of loyalty and devotion. On each occasion we pledge ourselves anew in song. Prompted by this same sentiment, we open this Mentor review of American music with a consideration of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

* * *

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was an inspiration. It was written, as we all know, by Francis Scott Key, at the time when he was detained by the British during the War of 1812. From the enemy's ship he watched the night attack on Fort McHenry, and in the morning, upon seeing the flag still floating from the ramparts, the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" took form almost involuntarily in his mind. He committed the lines to paper, and read them on his release to some of his friends, who received them with enthusiasm. The circumstances of his first reading and of the selection of the music have been told by a Mr. Hendon, who was one of the party, as follows:

* * *

"Francis Key read the poem aloud once, twice, three times, until the entire audience seemed electrified by its eloquence. An idea seized Ferdinand Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in my tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, until one called 'Anacreon in Heaven' struck his fancy. Note after note fell from his puckered lips, until he exclaimed, 'Boys, I have hit it!' and, fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first time the song of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' How the men cheered and clapped! The song was caught up in the camps, sung around the fires and whistled in the streets, and when peace was declared and we scattered to our homes, it was carried to thousands of fire-sides, as the most precious relic of the War of 1812."

* * *

The song was first sung with the complete words in an inn near the Holiday Street Theater, Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. The tune "Anacreon in Heaven" was composed by an Englishman, John Stafford Smith, between 1770 and 1775.

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AMERICAN COMPOSERS

By W. J. HENDERSON

Music Critic of The New York Sun. Author of "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music," "The Story of Music," Etc.

MENTOR GRAVURES

EDWARD A. MACDOWELL

HORATIO PARKER

HENRY HADLEY

HORATIO PARKER (1863)

MENTOR GRAVURES

GEORGE W. CHADWICK

REGINALD De KOVEN

VICTOR HERBERT

THE history of musical art in the United States is still young. Concerts we have had since Revolutionary times, and Italian opera since Manuel Garcia brought his company here in 1825; but music of our own make, and possessing true distinction, belongs for the most part to recent years. The country is still juvenile in its outlook. It still lacks the unity of thought and feeling that belongs to a nation. It has been intensely occupied with material development. And, most important of all, it has been without those deep-laid musical foundations on which rests the art of Italy, France, Russia, and Germany. All the European nations have had their own wild flowers of music to cultivate; we have had to import our plants. They have music which has grown up among their peoples, and which is a natural and powerful expression of their national life. We have only the Southern Negro and the Indian to offer as a musical basis, and neither has any direct relation to the slowly shaping spirit of our great national existence.

Our earliest composers are buried in oblivion. Those pioneers that still live in the histories strove principally to naturalize here the forms and methods of the great Teutonic masters. The string quartet and the symphony, as written by Haydn and Mozart, were their models. The

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songs of Schubert and Schumann pointed out for them the lyric path. In their infrequent incursions into the field of opera they sometimes selected American subjects, and tried to compose for them music like that of Donizetti or Verdi. In the last few years our composers from time to time have made brave efforts to express the vague, composite, still unsettled character of what we call America. The present war is more likely to delay than to further the achievement of success in this direction. It will probably be a vastly different United States after the war, and the musician that wishes to sing its songs will have need of a new and perhaps mightier vision.

JOHN KNOWLES PAINE
(1839-1906)
The first American composer of classic quality

Stephen Foster and Dudley Buck

Writers on the history of music in this country customarily and properly regard the works of the little group of Boston academic composers as the beginning of the practice of serious composition. But before their time that singular and untutored genius, Stephen Collins Foster (1826-1864), had indicated one road toward distinctive Americanism in music. He wrote "The Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and other similar songs, all couched in melodic accents resembling the lyrics of the Southern Negro. His best songs will live as long as our national life continues. They have the character that appeals to our love of sentiment, and some of them are unsurpassed examples of simple, direct song writing.

But our early Eastern composers and musicians gave them and their style no thought. Dudley Buck (1839-1909) was one of the first of our composers to obtain general recognition, but his music was the product of the Leipsic Conservatory, and his teachers, Moscheles, Plaidy, and Rietz. His church anthems are still heard. He was not the first American composer, indeed, but it would not serve the purposes of this article to speak of his predecessors whose names and writings are now buried in oblivion.

ARTHUR FOOTE (1853—)
A composer of fine choral music and many beautiful piano pieces and songs

The Boston Composers

The real forward movement of native composition began with the academic group influenced and nurtured by Harvard University. Harvard was the first institution of general learning to establish a department of music, and its first professor, John Knowles Paine (1839-1906), was the father of the Boston coterie of composers. Professor Paine himself wrote many interesting and meritorious compositions, in various forms, ranging

from an overture to opera. Theodore Thomas frequently gave performances of his music; but it has ceased to be a living issue. It was good music, but it was a purely intellectual product. It might have been written by any musician of Germany, for it was modeled after the creations of the great Teutonic masters. His most admirable productions were two symphonic poems on Shakespeare's "Tempest."

George W. Chadwick is generally accounted the "dean" of American composers, although Arthur Foote is one year his senior. Mr. Chadwick is the director of the New England Conservatory of Music, and this gives him an authoritative position. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, and studied his art first in Boston and later in Leipsic and Munich. Mr. Chadwick, while affected throughout his career by his absorption of Teutonic ideals, fortunately was gifted with a healthy love of plain musical speech, and his music has always been characterized by frank and buoyant melody, clearly cut rhythmic movement, and unforced harmony.

He has been a prolific writer in all forms except that of opera. His vocal works include not only many songs, but choral compositions, such as "Phœnix Expirans" and "The Pilgrims." Probably his most successful work is his overture, "Melpomene," which has been generally accepted as one of the most beautiful and poetic of all American productions in the classic forms. Mr. Chadwick has written also some excellent chamber music compositions. "Tam o' Shanter," an orchestral sketch produced at the Norfolk Festival of 1915, showed Mr. Chadwick as a progressive, fully able to handle the most advanced technic of harmony and orchestra, and to rear upon his classic past a fresh, original, and delightfully humorous outlook.

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MUSIC ROOM IN MACDOWELL'S PETERBORO HOME

Arthur Foote (born in Salem) was musically trained chiefly under Professor Paine. His compositions, which are marked by spontaneous fluency of style, include numerous songs, charming chamber music, an admirable suite for orchestra, and a very fine symphonic prologue to "Francesca da Rimini."

The group of Boston academic composers includes also Horatio

Parker. In recent years Mr. Parker, who is Professor of Music in Yale University, has striven to reach the ear of the general public by way of the stage. His opera "Mona" won the $10,000 prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera House, and was produced at that institution in 1912. He subsequently wrote "Fairyland," which was presented in San Francisco. Nevertheless, his best creations are in other departments, and his "Hora Novissima" (1893), a religious cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, remains his masterpiece. Uneven in merit, it contains some of the noblest music ever written by an American composer. Indeed, some of the great choruses would have been triumphs for an ecclesiastical master of any period. Mr. Parker has also composed many songs, some exceptionally good; some pleasing piano music; some very good organ music, and an interesting "Morning and Evening Service for Holy Communion."

ETHELBERT NEVIN (1862-1901)
One of the most popular and successful of American composers. His best known song is "The Rosary"

Frank van der Stucken, born in Texas in 1858, was never associated with the New England coterie, but was none the less an exponent of the German classic forms. He lived abroad much of his early life, and won warm praise from Grieg, Liszt, and others. After coming home to conduct the Arion Maennerchor of New York, he directed concerts of American music, and later became conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra. His most important compositions are his symphonic prologue to "William Ratcliffe," brought out by Liszt at Weimar, Germany, and his music to Shakespeare's "Tempest." But his songs are good, and his orchestral music shows a firm command of the technic of composition.

JOHN POWELL (1882—)

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS (1865—)
Known by many dramatic musical compositions and his arrangements of American Indian music

Edward MacDowell

Edward MacDowell left behind him a modest total of compositions with a substantial mass of quality. Readers of musical commentary must

have been puzzled by the variety of opinions expressed in regard to the value of Mr. MacDowell's art. The cause of the disagreement has been the partisan eagerness of his admirers to claim supreme greatness for everything he wrote. Like other masters, he composed some poor stuff; but his best is incontestably beautiful and even noble, and will probably live long to win respect for American music. He went abroad to study, and after leaving the Paris Conservatoire had the good fortune to win the interest of Joachim Raff, a German composer, whose romantic tendencies taught him how to put new wine into the old bottles of the classic forms; and later of Franz Liszt, who built the bridge between the symphony and the "tone poem" as now written by such masters as Richard Strauss. MacDowell was a man of solitary intellectual habits, given to self-communion and poetic brooding. Raff and Liszt helped him on the way toward freedom of expression. His music was heard in Europe before it was known in the United States.

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY (1858—)
A distinguished musician, organist, instructor in harmony, and composer of many celebrated songs and sacred compositions

WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD (1854—)
Celebrated pianist and composer

FREDERICK S. CONVERSE (1871—)

Mr. MacDowell's songs are now infrequently heard, except the ever popular "The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree." His shorter piano pieces, most of which are descriptive and have fanciful or poetic titles, have also been much neglected. His orchestral compositions, which have much value, are permitted to have occasional hearings. Among these is the "Indian Suite," which is one of the composer's best creations and one of the loveliest of all American orchestral works. In it Indian themes are heard, and there is a distinctly significant effort to give a local color to the music.

Without doubt, however, MacDowell's genius reached its most complete and convincing expression in his four piano works in sonata form, bearing the descriptive titles, "Tragica," "Eroica," "Keltic," and "Norse." These mark

the composer's brilliant advance along the path indicated by Raff's "In the Forest" symphony. They disclose the finest and rarest traits of MacDowell's delicate spirit. They are beautiful as music, and they are imaginative in content. They belong to the small list of American compositions that speak the universal language of music.

ERNEST H. SCHELLING (1876—)
A popular pianist as well as composer

Edgar Stillman Kelley has attracted attention by his orchestral suite entitled "Aladdin" and his "Macbeth" music. The former is descriptive writing of the modern type, while the latter is built on classic lines.

Harry Rowe Shelley has composed much excellent church music, and his cantata, "Vexilla Regis," ranks as one of the best works of its type produced in this country. Naturally, there is no especial Americanism in such music, nor in Shelley's orchestral suites, which Theodore Thomas was fond of playing; but they have solid merit.

ERNEST RICHARD KROEGER
(1862—)

WALTER DAMROSCH (1862—)
The distinguished orchestra conductor, and composer of the operas "The Scarlet Letter" and "Cyrano"

Herbert and De Koven

Before we turn to the younger writers the names of the familiar composers of operetta, Victor Herbert and Reginald De Koven, may be added to the list. Herbert, to be sure, was born in Dublin, in 1859, but his career has been wholly American. His operettas, especially "The Serenade" and "The Fortune Teller," disclose fine musical scholarship as well as fertility in melodic invention. But Mr. Herbert has also written much serious music. His "American Fantasia" for orchestra is better known, perhaps, than his admirable suite and his excellent violoncello concerto. His operas "Natoma" and "Madeleine," the latter a

HENRY HOLDEN HUSS (1862—)

one-act piece, have had numerous performances, and in the last act of the former the composer has risen to a height of great beauty and eloquence.

Mr. De Koven's "Robin Hood" is a classic of operetta, but his "Rob Roy" and his "Highwayman" are just as melodious and well constructed. In the field of the song Mr. De Koven has been generally successful. His opera "The Canterbury Pilgrims" was produced in 1917 at the Metropolitan Opera House, and found to show all its composer's characteristic style in fluent tunefulness and grace.

CHARLES W. CADMAN (1881—)

Henry Hadley

If we turn now to the younger generation of American composers, we shall quickly find the name of Henry Hadley appears on concert programs a little oftener than any other. Mr. Hadley has conducted opera in two European opera houses, and has had operas performed in them. But he is best known here by his songs and his restless, energetic orchestral compositions. His symphonies bear the titles, "Youth and Life," "The Seasons," and "North, East, South, West," which show the outreaching of a spirit striving to employ the old classic patterns for delineative purposes, as Raff did in his "In the Forest." At the Worcester, Massachusetts, festival of last October Mr. Hadley's setting of Dr. Henry van Dyke's "Ode to Music" had its first hearing. Several of the musician's works have been written for and first heard at the famous Norfolk, Connecticut, festivals. An opera from his pen is at this writing announced for production by the Chicago Opera Company.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA (1856—)
World famous band master, and composer of many stirring marches and several operas

Frederick Shepard Converse is another

who follows the romantic banner. His opera, "The Pipe of Desire," given at the Metropolitan Opera House, and his symphonic works, "The Mystic Trumpeter" and "Ormazd," all sought their materials in the land of legend and dream. Charles Wakefield Cadman, a native of Pennsylvania, is regarded as a California composer by reason of his long residence in Los Angeles. His mind has been occupied largely with Indian music, and his most popular song, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," belongs to a set of four Indian lyrics. He has composed a short Indian opera, called "The Robin Woman," which is announced for production at the Metropolitan House, New York.

BIRTHPLACE OF HORATIO PARKER
Auburndale, Mass.

WHERE VICTOR HERBERT SPENT HIS EARLY DAYS
The home of the famous Irish novelist, Samuel Lover, at Sevenoaks, Kent, near London. Lover was Herbert's grandfather

Powell and Carpenter

Two musicians of the latest period are John Powell and John Alden Carpenter. The former is a son of Virginia and the latter of Illinois. Both, however, have sounded individual notes, and both are in a somewhat elusive, but none the less discernible way, singers of the American ideas.

REGINALD De KOVEN (1861—)
From a photograph taken in youth

Mr. Powell has, perhaps, made the more determined effort to be national, and has succeeded in this at the expense of musical spontaneity. In his "Sonata Virginianesque" for piano and violin he intimates his purpose by the titles of his three movements, "In the Quarters," "In the Woods," "In the Big House—Virginia Reel." He sets out to delineate life on a plantation, and, of course, utilizes Negro melodies. He has also composed a very long and serious sonata entitled "Teutonic," by which he means to embrace all the nations of Northwest Europe sprung from Gothic stock. Mr. Powell is an artist of very

high ideals and music lovers expect much of him.

Mr. Carpenter is vice-president of George B. Carpenter & Co., of Chicago, dealers in railroad and ship supplies. In music he studied under Paine while at Harvard, and later under Sir Edward Elgar and others. He is a composer whose creations possess genuine individuality and fine artistic fiber. His songs are widely sung, especially the deeply felt and poetic "Green River," and in his sonata for piano and violin he has challenged the attention of musicians all over the country. Nothing else so original and delightful as his orchestral suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," has come from his pen. It is an orchestral companion to Schumann's exquisite set of songs called "Scenes of Childhood." The movements are entitled "En Voiture" (In a Carriage), "The Policeman," "The Hurdy Gurdy," "The Lake," "Dogs," and "Dreams," which will give the reader a hint of the pictures in the baby's mind, musically embodied by Mr. Carpenter with captivating humor and fancy, and with a master's command of the modern orchestra.

EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY
(1857—)
Composer of music for "Macbeth," and the opera "Puritania." His music shows great culture and fine taste

VICTOR HERBERT
At ten years of age

Still other American composers must be included in the list because of certain features that set their writings apart from those of the general mass. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach claims a place beside the men by reason of her elevated ideals, her vigorous conceptions, and her competent workmanship. She was chosen to write a "Jubilate" for the opening of the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition, and she produced a work of innate power and external beauty. Other important works are a mass in E flat, written before she was twenty-three, a sonata for piano and violin, and a "Gaelic" symphony. Mrs. Beach is known to thousands of her countrymen by her pretty song, "The Years at the Spring."

VICTOR HERBERT (1859—)
From photograph showing him as a violoncellist in Seidl's orchestra

John Philip Sousa claims recognition among our musicians because his military marches are original, spirited, and quite American in character.

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH (1867—)
A distinguished woman composer, known by musical works of maturity, dignity and power

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG
(1867—)
Composer of many admirable songs—notably several produced for children

FRANK J. VAN DER STUCKEN
(1858—)

Henry T. Burleigh (born at Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1867) is the foremost composer of the colored race in this country. His compositions are almost exclusively songs, and he has made a specialty of the "Negro spiritual." To this creation of the soul of his race Mr. Burleigh has applied a profound musicianship and a poetic imagination. It is chiefly due to his fine lyrics of this type that the composition of songs in imitation of the "spirituals" of the former slaves has had a rapid spread through the country. Mr. Burleigh has also composed songs having an oriental flavor. His "Saracen Love Songs" are particularly well done, but have no distinctive Americanism as his Negro songs have.

Photograph by Matzene, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER
(1876—)

Henry F. Gilbert must also be mentioned as one who has endeavored to be American in his music. His compositions include a comedy overture on Negro themes, five Indian scenes for piano, "The Island of the Fay" after Poe, for piano, and a fantastic orchestral work called "The Dance in Place Congo."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A retrospect of what has been presented in this article should convince the reader that the history of American music has barely begun. It is possible that the world war will mark the beginning of a new era for a reason given at the beginning of this survey. American musicians have habitually gone to Europe to study. A certain amount of preparatory work having been done at home, the young musician would hasten to European music centers to saturate himself with the musical learning of foreign masters. In all these places the schools were and still are efficient academies for the training of men in the rules of composition as laid down in the music text books.

The examples held up for imitation are the classic works of the famous masters,—not the works in which impetuous imagination has shattered old formulas and from the fragments made its new shapes of beauty, but those in which all the sacred traditions have been safely and dryly housed. Such training has indisputable value, but its tendency is to discourage originality and lead the youthful writer to fear incorrectness most of all things. The works of our composers show very clearly the struggles of eager young men to express themselves, but always with a deep veneration for

the methods of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Naturally, they could not have better models.

But it is one thing to create great music and put it into an old form, and another to regard the form as an essential. Brahms wrote symphonies in precisely the same form as Beethoven; but they are masterpieces, regarded by connoisseurs as the only symphonic works capable of standing beside those of the immortal Beethoven. Doubtless, if a Brahms were to be born in the United States, he would be able to say anything he desired, and still follow the rules laid down by music authority. In other words, no American has yet appeared who has shown himself equal to rising above his teaching.

ADOLPH M. FOERSTER (1854—)
A composer of many beautiful piano pieces, who gives distinction to the musical life of Pittsburg

Those that have tried most earnestly to sound the native note have followed advice given by the famous Bohemian composer, Antonin Dvořák (vor'-shock), who lived for several years in this country. He asserted that materials for distinctively national music were to be found in the chants of the Indians and the songs of the Negroes. He offered a demonstration in the shape of his E minor symphony, "From the New World." Straightway scores of young American musicians began to write pieces in which the melodies were either Indian or Negro, or original imitations of them. But the fundamental point that escaped their notice was that while the hand was the hand of Ojibway, or the slave, the voice was the voice of Leipsic or Dresden. They were doing the old familiar thing, in spite of their new materials. Dr. Dvořák's E minor symphony is by no means all Negro or Indian, and parts which are not are just as fine music as those which are; and the whole thing is coherent.

It would be impossible to make anything resembling a safe prediction as to the standing which will be accorded twenty years hence to the composers mentioned in this article. The historian of music has no such difficulty when he writes of the national arts of Europe. The past is large enough to be set apart from the present. No matter what the future may think of Richard Strauss, the places of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, and several other masters are fixed. But the case of American composers is far different.

WILSON G. SMITH (1855—)
In the garden of his home, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Smith has composed many popular piano pieces and songs

The art of composition must be regarded as yet in its childhood in this country. The men that were writing fifty years ago are practically all forgotten. The commentators are still wrangling over the works of their successors.

In so far, then, as this article has suggested any rank that may be accorded to a composer, it must be viewed as offering only the general opinion of the present. The experimental stage of American composition has not yet been passed, and nothing very definite can be expected until it has passed.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

AMERICAN COMPOSERS. A Study of the Music of this Country. Illustrated. *By Rupert Hughes* With additional chapters by Arthur Elson.

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF AMERICA AND ITS SOURCES *By Louis C. Elson* A work for general reader as well as student.

***Information concerning these books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

When I was a small boy I loved to listen to the singing of the negroes around the place in my home town. I took strongly to music from the beginning. So it was only natural that I should seek the keyboard of the piano even when I was so small that I had to be lifted up to reach it. I was taught to pick out with childish fingers selections from the standard operas—also a few romantic pieces, like "Monastery Bells" and "The Bohemian Chant." But I was always glad to get away to the kitchen yard and hear old Addison and Eliza sing "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Suanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," and "When Gabriel Blows His Horn." I could never resist the plaintive little break of the voice in the line "When Gabriel Blow-ow-ows—*uh*" (there came the break) "his-*uh*" (there another break) "horn." I would sit open-eyed and open-mouthed listening to old Addison chanting that quaint refrain, and when the quavering little break would come in the melody, I would thrill to the weird effect of it, for, instinctively, I caught in it an echo of the race spirit. "Do that just alone," I said one day. "It's so queer and shivery." "Bless yo, chile," Addison said, "Dat cahn't be done. Dat's emoshun. Dat break has got to come when de heart is full and ready to break." So I learned from the lips of Addison that music with him was very much a matter of emotion—an intuitive expression, an art that knew not itself, an instinctive spirit-cry of his people.

★ ★ ★

As I grew up and learned more of music, I found that what I heard in music centers was largely the kind of music that I had been taught to pick out with my youthful fingers on the piano—a music product, lovely in itself, but not of this soil. It was the kind of music that we dressed up for, and went and listened to under social auspices, in select recitals, in concert halls, or in great auditoriums, or else in the "glittering horseshoe" of the Metropolitan Opera House. We were the American hosts and hostesses that entertained—sometimes at great expense—the musical composers and performers of Europe; and we developed our musical tastes and talents under European tuition, and expressed our musical natures in European terms. Our own native American singers, in some cases, even adopted European names.

★ ★ ★

But the music that had drawn me to the yard—the music of old Addison and Eliza—was a music wild flower, uncultivated. It is true that it has found concert expression in the Jubilee Singers that have come from the South, but it is essentially folk music and sung chiefly by the people. And, with a few exceptions such as MacDowell's "Indian Suite," no noteworthy attempt has been made to develop native material into any of the higher forms of musical composition. Dvořák, the famous Bohemian composer, when he was in America, recognized the simple beauty of these folk songs. But when he produced his so-called "American Symphony" we found that, though several of his musical themes were American in spirit, his treatment of them was European.

★ ★ ★

The wealth of material is here. The wild flowers of music are ours—the music of the Indian, the Negro, and the country folk. It is the same kind of material that the great music composers of Europe drew their inspiration from—the folk songs and dances of their native land. When will our composers assert themselves nationally in music? When will we have native musicians who will forego foreign training and foreign influences, and build their art on our own soil—drawing their inspiration from original American music, and developing it into original American forms of musical expression? Russia has done it within the last fifty years, and Europe and America have come to know Russian national music. When will Europe come to know American national music? Sousa has delivered the message of the American military march to the whole world, and our rapid-fire, syncopated songs and dances have found popular recognition and acceptance in Europe and South America. But the time must surely come when the sweetest and finest flowering of native American music will be found in compositions that will be enduring expressions of our national spirit.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

The Mentor In My Life

A PRIZE LETTER

I had long desired to write to you of my appreciation of The Mentor, but I thought that you would not be interested. When I saw your request for stories of the value and use of The Mentor, I determined to try to tell you something of what it has meant to me.

I had always been fond of school, and as soon as I had overcome the feeling of awkwardness and loneliness experienced by a freshman at high school, I determined to enter a university, graduate, and take up teaching as my profession. My years in high school only served to strengthen my ambition, but I realized also that my chances for college were very uncertain. On the night of my graduation I knew that I should never enter college. On the contrary, I faced a life, not hard at all, since it merely meant staying home and helping with light household tasks, but nevertheless distasteful to me because I was not interested and because it meant the abandonment of my career.

I promised myself, however, not to forget entirely my ambition, but to continue my education by reading the best books and magazines. With the aid of my high school English course, I could select the best of the old authors. But the great field of modern literature, art, and music lay before me unknown and unappreciated. I felt the need of a guide, a teacher, to direct my efforts.

Then came The Mentor! The advertisement I read appealed to me, and I subscribed. When the first number came, I knew I had found what I had been seeking. It was the link that was to bind me to the world of art, literature, music, science, history, and travel. With it as a guide to further reading, I was to progress, to attempt to carry out my dreams. I hope I have given you some idea, some understanding of what The Mentor is to me—it is my college course!

HELEN M. LUTH,
St. Louis, Mo.

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